THE DESPOILED ORACLE

SF Field Reports

By

Bartok Lycus

© Devilcore Productions

ISBN: 978-1-304-09018-8

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be copied or reproduced in any way without the express written permission of the author(s) and the publisher.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

While many of the chapters of this work could function as standalone short stories this work is meant to be understood as a big cohesive story. This story is told in neither a linear nor backwards fashion, instead it is told in more of a chaotic jigsaw puzzle style. I used the drawing of Tarot cards to determine what order these chapters would be placed in. As it just so happens I am quite pleased with the configuration given to me by chance. If I had to place this book into the confines of a certain genre I would describe it as occult fiction or dark fantasy. My fictional writings are also heavily influenced by a genre called splatterpunk which is fairly synonymous with grindhouse. So expect lots of hardcore violence, expect lots of blood and gore. You should also expect a lot of black magick ritualism in some of its most obscene and perverse forms. Thank you for entering the ritual chamber with me and thank you for reading. Remember, the blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the

womb. This morbid book is dedicated to The Lord of Flies as well as all the upstanding soldiers of the **Satanic Front**. May they become immortalized in infernal glory.

CHAPTER 1: THE LUCID HALLOW

Ian rested his head on his pillow as he laid back in his bed staring down at the sleek and professional business card he held in his hand. It was a quiet and muggy summer night and his ceiling fan was on full blast in an attempt to combat soggy sheets and sweaty limbs. His long light-brown hair was pulled into a beefy pony tail which trailed down at his slim waist. He liked to strike a balance between the physical appearance of a Norse Heathen and a 60's Manson family hippie and he felt he was successfully riding that train so to speak. He was wearing his usual casual outfit for just lounging around the house mindlessly. A dirty white wife beater stained heavily with the mustard of his evening sandwich, a pair of torn up blue jeans so hopelessly shredded at this point it had almost become some type of primitive redneck loincloth and of course his highly esteemed Area 51 Alien shades. The green oval shaped lenses of these peculiar novelty

sunglasses allowed him to view the world through a pleasing psychedelic tint. A Black Sabbath vinyl record was spinning on his desk beneath the open window and providing his soundtrack for the night. Around Ian on the bed were a handful of papers torn from a spiral notebook. The pages had precise Goetic sigils scrawled across them and rough drawings accompanying them depicting the various spirits as bloodthirsty monsters, downtrodden and bruised angels or shadowy ghouls. Ian's undying passions were true crime and the occult. Unfortunately these hobbies were things he had to hide from his father and his religious grandmother that he shared a home with. His kind and loving grandmother whom he adored was a Christian Jesus freak who went to sacrament every Sunday and regularly read her Bible and his father was at least nominally Christian. So his insatiable appetite for murder and the black arts had to be kept under the radar as much as possible. In their old house he had managed to smuggle in a fairly impressive secret library of occult and true crime materials that he hid in a few large shoeboxes in the crawlspace above his room. His old house was incinerated by a fire that was borne of mysterious origins. His whole wretched state of California seemed to be a tinderbox destined for perpetual inferno lately. The widespread wildfires had gotten so bad that his internet connection was frequently disrupted by the fires and this inconvenience bothered him much more than the actual damage caused by the flames. *Oh well,* he thought, *maybe that is for the best*

on both counts. Burn baby Burn! Ian sometimes wondered if he was some type of somnambulist pyromaniac. Maybe his subconscious just wanted to torch everyone and everything to ashes including himself and his family. Cleanse it all with fire as fire brings the final tranquility. He didn't really wonder about this though. He just watched far too many true crime documentaries about abnormal psychology. The guy with the black beret and silver teeth who had given him the business card the night before in the smoker's pit of the black metal concert was quite the alluring enigma. So much so that he was surprised to discover he didn't dream the whole extraordinary event. He had gone to see a black metal band play at a local seedy dive bar which was a frequent haunt of his called 'The Lucid Hollow'. It was a decent black metal show but nothing special to be honest. In fact he had already forgotten the name of the band but what had stuck in his memory and made an indelible impression on his brain were the bizarre and unique characters which fate had seen fit to introduce him to. These people were like characters out of an old and classic 'Tales From The Crypt' episode or maybe a high-brow classy horror movie. Ian was used to people being dreadfully boring and predictable and these people he had met last night were anything but that. They had genuine style, heartfelt sincerity and glowing intelligence, and this intrigued him to learn more about them. But more than anything these people promised great adventure which was something he could not turn down, even

if it carried certain heavy risks for him to pursue that adventure. Ian had paid the annoyed looking burly doorman twenty dollars to get into the musky dive bar and see the show. Of course he had to get the big black X's of shame marked onto the back of his hands since he was only eighteen and not yet of legal drinking age. As usual though being the stealthy and skilled thief he was, he managed to put on a strong buzz by stealing other peoples beer and mixed drinks while they foolishly had their backs turned on their coveted alcoholic beverages. He would fiendishly chug their cans of Budweiser or Pabst Blue Ribbon in a matter of seconds, crush the cans and toss the mangled evidence into the nearest trashcan. His victims were none the wiser to his greedy predatory scavenger schemes and he had never been caught in the act as of yet. He would sometimes hear the angry complaining and impotent stomping of feet when someone had noticed their beer had been stolen but by that time he was just a ghost in the crowd. The small venue was claustrophobically packed to the point where you couldn't really walk around without doing a bit of rude shoving. The local black metal band who were the headliners for the night were on stage decked out in their corpse paint, platform boots and spiked gauntlets. The mangled and distorted amplified barks of the husky bearded vocalist melded together with discordant heavy thrashing guitars to create a sonic assault of malice and sorrow which sharply blasted out of the massive speakers of the surround sound system. A mosh pit started in the

rowdy and raucous audience below the stage and it gradually grew in ferocity and violence as the drunken longhaired metal heads shoved and elbowed their way around the chaotic circle with reckless abandon. Ian loved a good mosh pit as much as the next inebriated idiot but he had to be in the right mood to partake in such vulgar shenanigans. A lot of time he preferred to just be a lone wolf off in some shadowy solitary corner watching the show and enjoying the music. No matter how good the music when you were being knocked around like a brain-scrambled ragdoll in a nuclear powered washing machine all music just sounded like explosive diarrhea. Of course some would claim that being adverse to mosh pits makes you a poser. Ian would call these people shit-eating retards. This quiet and calm reverence for the art of live music is exactly what he was engaged in this night before odd circumstances thrust him into the uncharacteristic role of the altruistic hero. Ian loved the darkly abrasive yet mystical black metal genre and the bleakly arcane emotions it evoked in him. Even some of the most mediocre and generic black metal had a way of making him feel like he was romantically wrapped tight in the insidious embrace of the unholy black wings of some nurturing demoness or like he was wandering through a haunted canyon with an infinite procession of phantoms rushing by him, whispering their esoteric secrets from beyond the grave. The mosh pit had grown into an ugly pitiless monster and it was beginning to suck in non-consenting concert goers into its

fray. Mosh pits had an inevitable way of producing this type of collateral damage, sucking in poor innocent bastards into the violent vortex of flying elbows and raging fists. This could be an amusing and humorous spectacle unless you were the misfortunate one being devoured by the hellish vortex. A couple of tall Goth dudes with Flock of Seagulls haircuts and dressed in tight and reflective pleather shirts that were thin as rails and probable cocaine addicts got swallowed by the maelstrom and around a minute later Ian saw them crawling out of the fray, dazed and wounded. That was when Ian laid eyes upon the Gothic beauty whose physical appearance had him spellbound and drooling. She was a small and petite pretty little thing, barely over five feet tall in bulky combat boots. She had thick and delicate dyed purple hair that was parted in the middle. An obsidian stud in her left nostril gleamed like dead stardust and a flawless pale face glowing with vibrant youth like that of a porcelain doll. A silver inverted pentagram earring hung loosely from her left earlobe. She was wearing a tight leather skirt which was decorated with various bondage chains and straps and which complimented and exaggerated the lines and indents of her tight buttocks which had become an obsessive focal point for Ian's hungry eyes this evening. The glowing and inviting whites of her thighs which peaked out through the holes of fishnets seemed far superior to the pearly gates of heaven. Through those sinful beckoning fleshy gateways carnal absolution awaits. This seemed to be a promise written

in stone. She looked like she could have stepped right out of a 1980's zombie film and Ian was quite smitten with her upon first glance both in a sexual sense and a foolhardy romantic sense. It was times like these when his remaining virginity seemed to be a heavy burden on his heart, a lingering curse in which he could not seem to rid himself of despite his best efforts. As he stared at this perfect Gothic fuck-doll of his X-Rated dreams which floated like an iniquitous ballerina and pranced in his field of vision like a gloomy fairy he licked his lips with hedonistic desire. He vowed to himself to become efficient in the art of lust magick to obtain the high quality flesh he truly thirsted after. She was sucking on some type of dark cherry lollipop and feigning a childlike innocence. It was at this time that Ian was dismayed to learn he wasn't the only male in the venue with his eyes glued to this smoky vixen. Girls like this knew just how to torture men's hormones and drive them mad with their irresistible sensuality and they take great pleasure in doing this. Femme Fatale's using their sexuality as a control mechanism and as a weapon against men truly being the most sadistic and baneful type of black magick. Ian thought back on some cheesy poem he had written a few years back in a creative writing class in high-school which described his love/hate relationship with women. "Demon Goddess of lust so sinfully voluptuous, who says you can look but you cannot touch! And don't look for too long you pervert I'm more than a piece of meat you know! I am more than just an object to be

used and then disposed!" His leftist progressive liberal feminist teacher didn't seem to appreciate the genius of these verses of his. The Gothic princess now twirled against her sugar painted tongue the spherical piece of hard candy which seemed to bleed at the active stimulation of the vixen's tongue. A glistening seductive tongue that was now impressed with cherry candy swirls, Ian wanted to suck this tongue out of her mouth. This frail and fertile Gothic princess then was pulled into the swirling gravitational destruction of the mosh pit. Ian's strained heart lurched forward in his tightened chest at this unexpected development. No one seemed to notice that the petite punker had been sucked into the tornado of violence or else they did not care and were entirely indifferent to the punishment her fragile and delicate form was about to endure. Ian bound and temporarily paralyzed by the sudden surge of anxiety and excitement for a few moments finally broke out of his inaction and quicksand and marched forward to attempt to rescue the purple-haired girl. He had to formulate some strategy to liberate her from the belly of the beast. He couldn't just go charging into the mosh pit blindly without a plan or he would be consumed by the human tornado. After all he was a little over six feet tall in stature but he weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet. He did not want to be crippled in this bold attempt to save her and just end up humiliating himself in the process. But on the other hand he knew if he just stood here thinking about it too long he would be

consumed by doubt, overwhelmed with fear and never act at all. He waited anxiously for a few more moments until he saw a slight opening in the mad stomping dance of the bar room floor. Ian rushed in and almost instantly received a sharp elbow to his ribcage, a stinging blow which nearly made him lose his balance in the midst of the mosh pit and caused him to let out an involuntary howl of pain before he caught himself and centered his stance and continued on with his singular mission. He saw the female object of desire laying in a tightly constricted fetal position with her small delicate forearms crossed over her head as a feeble defensive measure against the angry stomping horde which mindlessly and violently flailed around her. He soldiered forth in the chaos and knelt before placing his hands in the hollows of her armpits and beginning to walk backwards, dragging her lithe form towards safety to pull her out of the fray. The petite girl in his grasp weighed next to nothing so thankfully this wasn't too much of a struggle. Ian received a harsh knee to the small of his back which almost made him fold forward and collapse upon his damsel in distress but once again he resisted with all the strength in his constitution and was able to escape the mosh pit with his female prize relatively unscathed. The attractive girl slowly returned to her feet with a mildly dazed expression on her face. Ian removed his hands from her armpits and fumbled for something relatively charming to say. "Are you alright?" was the best he could manage at the moment. "I think so, I thought I was dead meat for a second there, looks like

I have a hero to thank" The slim purple-haired girl said before standing on her tiptoes to kiss Ian on the cheek. Ian blushed and as blood rushed to his face he turned red as a ripened tomato at the sentimental token of gratitude and affection. He hoped she wouldn't comment on this but to his dismay she did causing even more blood to flood his face. "Awww you are blushing! So cute I love a sensitive soul. A rare thing these days" she said in a saccharine voice before issuing a sweet giggle which made Ian's flesh swarm with electric tingles. "You're welcome and it's no big deal, I mean I hope someone would do the same for me" Ian responded. "No way you would need rescue handsome! You have proved yourself to be a true warrior. A fearless slayer of dragons!" the spunky little sprite said, placing a playful and affectionate hand on his shoulder. "So what's your name rugged cowboy? All my friends call me Raven but maybe if you get to know me better you can learn my boring birth name that my bitch of a mother gave me" said the petite female. "Ian, a pleasure to meet you" he said with a nervous smirk and held out his hand lamely. In a gleeful manner she twirled and took firm hold of one of his upper arms, ignoring his request for a handshake. "You must meet my brothers Ian. I think you would be a big hit with the cult!" She said in a singsong voice. She led him past the stage to a corroded iron door which led out to a smoker's pit behind the dive bar. The area at the rear of the dive bar was a large gravel pit that was surrounded with a metal perimeter of tall chain-link fence. A few wooden benches were

spread out in a row but nearly everyone stood and smoked while chatting with friends. Much of the crowd were middle-aged biker types with long beards and black leather jackets along with a few wastoid degenerate punker types decked out with spiked mohawks and battle vests scattered throughout. Ian scanned the smoker's pit for familiar faces from his high-school but saw none. Only the cold judgmental eyes of strangers stared back at him. Ian averted his gaze from the strangers, suddenly feeling a bit self-conscious in this environment. He sheepishly and nervously followed the gentle guiding touch of his new unlikely acquaintance. She led him to a figure that was equally intimidating albeit in a different manner and impressive who stood by a chain-link fence with his back braced against a mild nocturnal wind. Before him stood an imposing man with truly blessed genetics and an intrepid countenance, the man pulled deeply on a Djarum black clove cigarette that rested between thin lips pregnant with mischievous mirth. He had the stance and bearing of an experienced soldier or at least how Ian imagined a combat veteran would carry himself. His posture seemed to denote a supreme confidence and discipline. The black-clad militant man of mystery wore dark oval-framed sunglasses and atop his head was a form-fitted black beret adorned with an infernal insignia. A molten-hot pitchfork labeled with the 666 Mark of the Beast. Wisps of smoke wafted and dissipated in front of his stony visage as his frozen gaze seemed to focus on the little Raven before him. His

strong sharp chin and masculine jawline marked him as the leonine product of quality seed. He cut a dashing picture with his statuesque broad-shouldered physique carved from ivory flesh and dense muscle. He wore form-fitting woodland camouflage TRIP pants that had bondage straps in the back which formed a tight X at the back of his legs. A skintight black turtleneck barely concealed a masculine protruding Adam's apple. On the left breast of the skintight black garment was another curious coat of arms. A circle of piercing white light with a silver star placed in the center. Above the circle of light were two uppercase letters. LC. "Ludwig, I think I have found fresh meat for our demented little clan! Meet Ian the brave gentleman who saved me from being crushed to death in a sweaty and gross mosh pit" Raven said excitedly, raising her tiny voice to be heard over the vulgar din that surrounded them. "Ah, my dear little Raven, you've always had a natural gift for serendipitous harvests. She has a charming penchant for being swallowed by ugly pitfalls only to be embraced by a bed of treasure and roses in the end. Somehow simultaneously having the best of luck and the foulest of luck is her perpetual lot in life. The Abraxas of luck you could say. Can't decide whether I envy you or pity you darling!" Ludwig said before drawing on his clove once more which crackled and withered under the pull. Raven let go of Ian's arm and stood atop Ludwig's tightly laced Vietnam-Era jungle boots before standing on her tiptoes to grant him an odd token of her affection. Instead of receiving a simple kiss

on the cheek he got a slow and slithering wet tongue up the back of his right ear. While receiving this erotic ministration Ludwig reached his right hand under Raven's short skirt and gave her right buttock a hearty squeeze. Ian caught a lovely glance of her nude behind only veiled by a flimsy black lace thong and her fishnet stockings. Ian felt a twinge of jealousy as if somehow he was entitled to Raven's love and affection after meeting her merely minutes ago. He quickly recognized the absurdity of this notion and attempted to smother it but sadly for him, the illogical feeling stubbornly remained. Raven let out a squeal of delight from the lewd embrace and then stepped off to the side. "It's an honor to meet you Ian and I must thank you profusely for saving our little sex kitten here. She is constantly getting herself into all sorts of trouble and I can't be her guardian angel all the time now can I? So if it wasn't for good Samaritans like you I imagine she would have been reduced to rotting road kill already and I believe the majority of her nine lives have been extinguished by now" Ludwig said reaching out a gloved hand to shake Ian's. Ian shook his outstretched gloved hand and made sure to put a respectable grip on the handshake. First impressions are everything and this was a circle he wished to be respected in. "Not a problem at all. A few scrapes and bruises to save a gorgeous lady is worth it to me. Felt a natural duty I suppose to defend the fairer sex" Ian said. Ludwig emitted a sickened sound from his throat as if he was about to double-over and vomit into the dusty gravel below. "That type of

gynocentric romantic chivalry makes me want to puke. To put that much weight into an accursed woman is beyond preposterous. A funeral rite prepared for a maggot would be less of a joke" Ludwig said in a forceful and humorless manner. Ian's pulse quickened and his brow began to perspire with shame and embarrassment. Ludwig stared him down with a grim look of caustic judgment for a few dreadful moments before stepping forth with an impish shit-eating grin painted across his face and slapping Ian on the back in a comradely fashion before bellowing out in animated laughter. "Relax my Blood Brother! I am simply giving you a hard time my friend! Although I am a proud and staunch misogynist and a seasoned male chauvinist pig, sweet Raven here is special to me. So much so that you being her recent benefactor automatically wins you a high rank in my cold dead heart. Your enemies are now my enemies Ian Galahad. Our earthly destinies are now intertwined on the same united road leading ever downward into the resplendent underworld, whether you like it or not! Events that shape our lives are like astral spider webs drawing us into an unseen singularity." Ludwig said in a brightly animated reverie. Ian was taken aback by the convoluted theatrical monologue that seemed mightily melodramatic but also positively charismatic and stimulating to his pride and ego. Suddenly a man stepped forth out of a crowd of people he was conversing with. He was holding a tall plastic cup which seemed to contain raspberry vodka on the rocks. He was eagerly slurping it up through a thin

black straw. This man positioned himself next to Ludwig and he seemed to be his spitting image, a positively haunting doppelgänger. The identical resemblance was so thoroughly complete down to matching crescent moon birthmarks at one corner of their mouths, that it was extremely creepy and gave Ian the chills. The newcomer was also dressed identically to his twin brother except he had no dark shades concealing his eyes. Ian noted that this man had the same unique eyes that little Raven possessed, diluted murky emeralds for irises. Before Ian could formulate a clever response to Ludwig's withering but playful jest an unsuspected altercation arose. A group of Hell's Angel outlaw biker types entered into the smoker's pit and as they walked past the wooden benches a few of them decided to stop and mock Ludwig's doppelgänger for his thin eyeliner and style of dress, an obvious attempt to appear tough in front of his friends and garner some type of macho favor in their biker hierarchy. This seemed to be the only possible objective in Ian's mind. The shaved head, grey bearded biker who instigated the mockery and issued the insult to Ludwig's doppelgänger was an exceedingly large man at around 6'5 and three hundred pounds. He had the unsightly appearance of a partially shaved Sasquatch and he smelled like one too. "Nice mascara faggot!" he shouted gruffly before flicking his lit cigarette butt at Ludwig's identical twin. The cigarette butt bounced off of his chest and some of the sparks exploded in his face, temporarily blinding him. He put his balled fists to his

eyes rubbing out the dirty heat and irritation. Ludwig stepped forward and shifting into a side stance one his legs shot forward like a devastating piston being powered by a steam engine. His devastating kick made meaty purchase on the biker's protruding midsection, his jungle boot colliding into his large stomach with extreme force. The lightning quick brutal kick caused the biker to double-over in pain and quickly sucked all the oxygen from his burning lungs. Ludwig laced his hard-knuckled gloved fingers together and raised his clasped hands together bringing them down like a pummeling mace on the back of the burly bikers head. Immediately after the pummeling of his skull Ludwig brought his right knee up against the bikers face. A handful of splintered and fractured teeth ricocheted off the concrete and gravel beneath and the biker collapsed on the ground in a wounded state of total unconsciousness. A few audible gasps could be heard from the audience of the fight in the smoker's pit followed by some nervous canned laughter. A pool of dark blood began to form around the split lips and busted mouth of the beaten biker, staining his wiry grey beard with crimson. The fallen and defeated biker's friends were boiling red with anger and began to step forth to attack and avenge their battered friend. Ludwig reached into a pocket with a hand as quick as lightning and then with a click of a silver button flicked open a gleaming Italian switchblade which he held forth in grim warning to his foes. His doppelgänger beside

him wielded a shiny pair of spiked brass knuckles on his right fist, and raised them ready to strike, to rip and tear into flesh and tendons. At the display of these gruesome weapons the biker's three friends whispered among themselves in apprehension and then seemed to wisely reconsider their course of action. "This ain't over pal you messed with the wrong people. We run this damn town!" One of the hostile bikers said. "I agree it ain't over until you buy me dinner bitch!" Ludwig retorted and then followed it with an inhuman Draculean type laugh that made Ian's blood run cold in his veins. The bikers seemed to consider a response but one of them just made a dismissive gesture towards Ludwig and they ended the conflict, at least for that night. The disgruntled bikers turned around and began to leave the smoker's pit, cursing and shoving a few unsuspecting scrawny metal heads to the ground in anger as they left. Surprisingly they left their bleeding biker friend face down in the dirt instead of retrieving him and reviving him. Ian had always supposed that there was more steadfast loyalty in outlaw biker gangs. Maybe this was his punishment for losing the fight and embarrassing them. Ludwig knelt down to observe his pathetic victim. He grabbed the biker's broad shoulders and turned the meaty barrel-chested douchebag onto his back. Ludwig then put out his clove cigarette which was now a black stump in the biker's beard. Part of the biker's grey wiry beard bent and withered at the contact of the ember and the putrid smell of the burning hair was stomach turning and awful. Ludwig

then shoved the tar-infused clove butt far up one of the unconscious biker's nostrils and lodged the foul gift deep into the disgusting orifice."Enjoy the gift upon your painful awakening you dumb cocksucker. If I ever see you again I will decapitate you and mount your fucking ugly head above my fireplace. I have a soft spot for animals. I prefer to poach humans. That's not a threat it's a promise" Ludwig said in a solemn and monotone fashion which was barely above a whisper. "With all due respect my Blood Brother I don't think Biker Bubba can hear you" Ludwig's twin said before laughing with delight at his own joke. "No, trust me Blood Brother" Ludwig promised, "It registers on a subconscious level." The air grew cold in that moment. "Well you know I can never argue with you Ludwig. You are the undisputed genius of the family." Just then, a murder of crows was heard drowning in the distance. "Yeah, so smart he is insufferably annoying" Raven chimed in with playful attitude. Ludwig looked around at the stunned audience of the brutal brawl in the smoker's pit and realized a few worried looking women had their precious cellphones in hand and he knew what that meant. The bar would most likely be crawling with police soon looking to interrogate all involved with the disturbance and he felt himself and his kin above pleading to mundane officers of the law that he was purely acting in self-defense. One of the many tragedies of modern society, that a simple fist fight between feuding men was seen as a criminal offense worthy of jail time, when in reality individual men solving conflict with

fists was a constructive force, a necessary activity for the acquisition of true justice. “Well Ian please tell me you are an expert fence climber because I do not wish our conversation to be over tonight. Especially being cut short by these loathsome profligates, I wouldn’t want to give them the pleasure” Ludwig said. “I’m fairly good at scaling fences yeah” Ian said affirmatively. “Great to hear” Ludwig said. “But now it is time to prove it. Try to keep up my new friend and take care not to impale yourself” Ludwig challenged. Him and his brother and little Raven trotted to the far side of the smoker’s pit and quickly and expertly scaled the ten foot chain-link fence and were able to toss themselves over the hazardous obstruction without being cut or torn by the protruding spikes and barbed wire at the top. The display was impressive and it made them appear as highly athletic and skilled carnival acrobats. Ian followed his enigmatic new acquaintances over the fence and in doing so accidentally made confetti out of the bottom of his shirt, he quietly lamented this fact but at least he wasn’t wounded in the process. He landed squarely on his feet and the impact of his controlled fall echoed throughout the parking lot. The flashing of police lights became visible in the distance and the small group took off running, not in an uncontrolled panic but with enough calm and concentrated speed to effectively flee the scene of the brawl. They jogged through a deserted strip mall and past multiple shuttered pawn shops and liquor stores. Once they were finished with their dash Ian’s lungs were burning and

some mucus and bile had formed in his throbbing throat. The run had physically drained him to a certain extent but Ludwig and his twin brother seemed to be totally unaffected by the exertion. Ludwig leaned back against a tall streetlamp. The artificial mustard glow was swarming with fluttering moths and gnats. Ludwig's face was soon masked with flying insects, his head framed by a swarming insect halo. He didn't seem to be bothered by this fact and an uncanny smile was pasted to his face as he stared out into the eerie liminal space of sodium glaring sidewalks and parking lots beyond. "I don't think I've had the pleasure yet of introducing myself" Ludwig's brother said while reaching out his hand to Ian, "My name is Bach or at least that alias will do for now" "Nice to meet you" Ian said grabbing hold of his hand for a moment and giving it a few short pumps. Ludwig broke free of his private reverie and ungloved a hand to pick a few pesky gnats out of his sterling mechanical grille. Those polished industrial strength dentures looked as though they could make quick work of a pair of lobster claws. He then pulled a sleek and professional black business card out of his pocket and handed it to Ian. "I suppose this has been enough adventure for one night my friend. I wouldn't want to over-stimulate the senses" Ludwig said. "Don't worry about that" Ian said glancing at the face of his digital watch which read one-thirty AM, "after all the night is still young." The soul of the dawn was still far away from even beginning to be born. "Now that is an attitude I can appreciate young man, always more

time and creative ways to damn the soul" Ludwig said with a sly smirk, "But I'm afraid currently there are other important matters that need to be attended to so this is goodbye for now, maybe someday you will work up the courage to visit us at our home-world though." Ian stared with focused intrigue. "How would I go about doing that?" Ian asked eagerly. "You have all the information you need" Ludwig promised, pointing at the business card in Ian's hand. With that the twins turned their backs and disappeared through a trash-strewn back alley. Raven rested her delicate hands on Ian's shoulders and stood on her tiptoes to give him a small peck on the cheek, transferring some sticky lip gloss onto his face in the process. He wasn't going to complain about that fact. "See you again hero" she said like an erotic promise. Ian valiantly fought against a dopey smile forming on his face but failed miserably in this aim. A series of frantic howls and whistles carried throughout the still night, calls to their wayward sister without a doubt and she rushed to meet them in response. Ian now left alone with his thoughts stared up into the massive sky above and admired the piercing silver pinpoints hidden behind wisps of fog. He took his sweet time walking home and kicked around sticks and cans in the road as his stimulated mind and teased imagination pondered the sprawling possibilities of what his future held. A suffocating routine and boring life had now just been unexpectedly punctured by a promising portal to the extraordinary.

CHAPTER 2: THE WRAITH DRINKER

Commodus parked his car with fake plates in the shadowed parking lot of a fast food restaurant. It was a cheap rust-bucket weather-beaten beater that wouldn't be missed in case it needed to be abandoned for whatever reason. The rundown and seedy burger place was only a quarter of mile away from the public park he intended to stalk. He would walk the difference to his target location. After killing the engine and locking the doors, he exited the vehicle. As is typical for the lone-star state, being a southern oven it was two o'clock in the morning yet it stubbornly remained 90 degrees outside. Commodus had long ago acclimated to the intense heat and mild humidity and he was a man who rarely perspired anymore unless due to strenuous exercise. He seemed to be wearing the perfidious uniform of either a cat burglar or a serial killer. He was wearing a form-fitting short-sleeve black t-shirt and a black knit cap over his neatly combed short

blonde hair as well as some black leather gloves that hugged tightly to the skin of his hands. His slightly loose cargo pants held firm in place by a brown leather belt were of a military variety, lined with many pockets and small compartments fit for tactical Special Forces work. On his feet were sleek and spit-shined Corcoran paratrooper boots. Concealed by his shirt was the long sheath to the viciously sharp and serrated machete he had strapped upon his back. The rubber hilt of the weapon protruded from the rear of the collar and was visible near the knot at the back of his head. Attached to the waistband of his tactical cargo pants by a short cord was a newly purchased crossbow loaded with one precious bolt. If he missed a shot or couldn't slay his prey with a single bolt then it was not meant to be, as that would be the indication it was not a proper sacrifice for his specific purposes. The Witches Tarot Cards had told him that valuable piece of information and the steaming innards of the dissected pig had promised him that he would walk away victorious and unscathed with his grim trophy tonight. The Divinatory Powers had spoken and he would put his trust in them as they were never wrong but simply misinterpreted by inept minds. The stars were aligned just right, so to speak, and it was finally time to make the kill. With penetrating ice-blue eyes he took a concentrated glance to his left and to his right, inspecting his immediate surroundings critically like a keen hawk preparing for a lethal dive. To his delight it seemed like the dusty parking lot and the trash-strewn streets were completely

deserted. This gave him a green-light onward and upward towards an ever more gruesome destiny. Commodus began to walk to his destination in a confident and brisk but unrushed pace with his singular goal possessing the mind. His posture as always was that of a disciplined soldier. Years of meditation and opening his chakras had straightened and strengthened his spine so good posture was now second nature. The clicking of his boot-heels seemed eerily loud in the empty silence which encompassed him and the boot clicks echoed slightly through the large parking lot before dissipating. He reached the hardened swirls of a winding running track upon an expansive field marred with weeds and deadened grass, marking that the public park was just right beyond one more street. As he walked he was careful to avoid getting his boots trapped in the gopher holes that had formed beneath the grass and accidentally twisting an ankle. Such an injury would definitely throw a monkey wrench in his plans and surely be a pitiful end to his predatory mission of the night. No, it would take much more than a silly misadventure like that to stop him tonight. The acquirement for the great work was long overdue. Tonight was the night he got the severed root which would serve as the fertile foundation for his gorgeous garden to bloom into majesty. Let the red manna flow. Commodus left the field and crossed a street before him; in front of him now was a series of chain-link fences that eventually turned into an entrance for dual tennis courts. Commodus circumvented the fences and

began to climb a steep hill which would grant him an advantageous vantage point of potential targets down below in the shadowed park. He reached a quality observation point in a concrete space that was guarded by rails and prevented a perilous hundred-foot fall. With his gloved fingers resting on the metal railing he glanced down into the dense canopy and into the foliage and plant life below. He saw a large green-roofed gazebo that housed a few rows of empty wooden tables and benches upon a floor of cement. It was devoid of life save for a single stationary rabbit huddled by a trashcan at one corner, its whiskers twitching in the slow warm wind. Surrounding the gazebo was a copse of pine trees and a woodland floor littered with pinecones and pine-needles. Commodus removed a small and compact pair of night-vision goggles out of one of his pockets of his cargo pants. The brilliant green lenses of the high-tech goggles glared and flashed in the soft moonlight. The fair-haired Teuton scanned the nocturnal landscape below with his device and then froze with eager anticipation when he detected some movement. In the heavy shade of a brick-built restroom facility were three male teenagers blowing billowing clouds of smoke and passing around a glass marijuana pipe. The three teenage pot-smokers were clothed in baggy jeans, large hoodies and beanies. Commodus silently and with great curiosity observed them from afar for about ten or fifteen minutes, watching their behavior and trying to learn something about them but he ultimately came away with the dismayed

feeling they were not his target for the night. During this period his solitary spying time crawled like a wounded insect across a wall. When he had almost lost interest and decided to scan elsewhere with his highly effective binoculars was when an older man manifested into his sights. A lanky and dreadlocked [redacted] male approached the group of teenage friends. The [redacted]'s clothes were old and mildewed and he was in desperate need of a shower, he appeared to be homeless or possibly just grossly impoverished. From the perceived body language the older [redacted] male appeared to be asking for either money or cigarettes and the teenage boys politely declined. Apparently though possibly feeling sorry for the man or pressured by guilt they did allow the [redacted] to take a few hits from their marijuana pipe and he gladly took them up on that offer. While he sparked up a lighter and partook of the combustible plant, he crept up and stood oddly and uncomfortably close to one of the teenage boys in the smokers circle. None of the boys seemed to care or be bothered by this though but this was clearly suspicious behavior in the mind of Commodus. Maybe the [redacted] had complained that the wind was too strong to get a good hit on the weed so he needed their bodies as shields against the troubling elements. The grimy-looking [redacted] slowly blew out a steady stream of smoke and handed the lighter back to one of the teenage boys. With his left-hand now free for misdeeds, the [redacted] deftly and quickly reached into the nearest boy's jean pocket

and skillfully plucked out his wallet before concealing it in his own waistband. The teenage boy seemed to be oblivious to the fact that he had just been robbed blind by his new acquaintance. The dreadlocked [redacted] was definitely no stranger to the swift and criminal art of pickpocketing. Commodus felt an intense surge of activating blood rush to his temples. Here was his target before him. It was time to hunt down the thief and sever his root. Here he was punishing mankind for their sins. Who would have thought? *God works in mysterious ways*, he thought to himself with a small self-amused chuckle. He began jogging down the sidewalk of the elevated hill but was careful that this building momentum was not so much as to launch him head over heels into a bruised and bloody heap on the pavement. He didn't put much effort into his downward jog as gravity was doing most of the work for him. For the time being, he was just going along for the ride. When he arrived to flat earth below, he wasted no time to recuperate the small amount of energy lost and immediately entered into the dense and darkened thickets to begin his exhilarating pursuit in earnest. He jogged into the hollowed heart of the dark and wooded park, knowing his prey was only a couple of hundred feet in the distance. Commodus dropped to his knees in a pile of fresh pine-needles on the soft earth below and then he dropped flat onto his stomach into a prone position before retrieving his night-vision goggles and scanning the darkness of the horizon. Shortly after doing so he spotted the dirty dreadlocked

[redacted] entering into a field of rolling dirt hills which were at the far perimeter of the park. The [redacted] was heading in the direction of a low-income area, a skid-row street which contained a line of seedy gas stations, liquor stores and pawn shops. The [redacted] was possibly going there to score some drugs or maybe a prostitute with the cash he had just stolen. Unfortunately for him he would not make it there to indulge in those illicit pleasures. Commodus was up on his feet and moving again but this time he was in a dead-sprint making a beeline for his target. On his curved route to the thieving [redacted], he made sure to stay hidden from the three pot-smoking teenagers, as the last thing he needed was witnesses to a homicide. With his lungs burning Commodus approached the beginning of the dirt hills. The oblivious walking [redacted] who had his back turned towards him was approximately seventy-five feet away in distance. Commodus took a few deep breaths through his nose as he focused on slowing his racing pulse and regaining his composure. He walked forward keeping his eyes laser-focused on the [redacted]'s back. He decided it would be best to take the shot from an elevated angle. Commodus scanned the pebble-strewn ground for an object of possible use and took great relish in finding a metallic overturned trashcan. He turned the trashcan upside down and placed it on an even patch of ground, steadying it for his bodyweight. The bold and undaunted archer then stepped carefully onto his makeshift tower and rested the butt of the crossbow

against his sturdy right shoulder. With his left-eye pinched tightly closed, he took careful and steady aim at the walking [redacted]. He lined up the crosshairs of the weapon with the square of the [redacted]'s back. A flash of inspiration struck him and permeated his mind and instincts, this bolt of inspiration came out of seemingly nowhere yet he somehow knew it was valuable and to be heeded. Commodus took the crosshairs of the weapon off the [redacted]'s back and aimed instead at the side of his neck. This gave him a smaller target and a higher chance of error but he felt fueled with an infernal confidence so this little detail did not bother him. The Satanic archer loaded a bolt into place on his weapon. He held this stance for a few moments and then on a long exhale squeezed the trigger. The speeding arrow escaped from his vision and seemed almost as fast as a bullet, nearly invisible on its fatal trajectory towards the doomed [redacted]'s neck. The only sure sign of the arrow's continued existence in the night was the swift sucking of wind. One second the harmless arrow was in his bow just a passive concept and a mere threat of violence and the next it had become death incarnate, piercing through meat and muscle and lodging itself into the [redacted]'s throat. The dreadlocked thief collapsed into the dirt and grey stones below him, momentarily clawing desperately in a futile fashion at his decimated neck. The bulk of his shredded Adam's apple had been dislodged and ejected and splattered onto a demolished cinderblock, painting it red with gore. With an impish grin Commodus hopped down

from the upturned trashcan and knocked it down, in doing so he stirred up a small cloud of dust which hovered around his knees. He raised his crossbow toward the bright silver waxing moon so elegantly transfixed in the starless sky and emitted an involuntary animalistic bark in morbid celebration of the bloodshed. While Commodus triumphantly walked towards his wounded prey, the fallen [redacted] man made tormented gurgling sounds from his mangled neck as his draining vitality spilled around his crumpled and ruined form. By the time Commodus had reached his bleeding quarry the [redacted] man was dead. As soon as Commodus looked into the ugly yellowed orbs of his jaundiced eyes he knew immediately the [redacted] had given up the ghost. The archer reached into a pocket and pulled out a three-inch glass vial packed with a specially prepared powder the foul color of vomit. Commodus removed the rubber plug of the vial and dumped the alchemical concoction onto the dead [redacted]'s solar plexus. The strange powder would soon dissolve into nothing, leaving no evidence of its existence. Shortly after the dumping of the powder the perception of Commodus radically shifted into that of the astral realm and he suddenly felt as if he was immersed in invisible liquid. When his eyes focused into the spirit realm he saw a ghastly wraith like an inverted phoenix rising from the maimed corpse beneath him. Intercepting this great fowl of death before it could dissipate into oblivion or burrow into the mildewed grave, he breathed deeply and deliberately through greedy nostrils and a

grey phantasmal substance like narcotic ectoplasm rushed into his sinuses like a necromantic drug. His veins pulsated with nether-worldly ecstasy and he felt an all-consuming bliss and rising of power in the core of his exalted being, like he was an invulnerable titan on the march. Commodus high on death unsheathed the wicked saw-tooth machete that was attached to his back. He gripped the rubber hilt with his right hand and raised the blade over his head. He brought the vicious blade down so hard that one brutal downward swing of the machete decapitated the dead [redacted] and struck the grey stones below causing a bright shower of sparks to erupt in the warm night air. He reached down and grabbed a fistful of dark and grimy dreads and lifted up his gruesome trophy to eye-level so he could stare into the horrified eyes of the dead. Commodus searched the eyes of the dead man for any particle of wisdom he might find hidden there but sadly he couldn't garnish anything of value from that desecrated void. Torn and slimy ribbons of bloody flesh hung from the chasm of the dead [redacted]'s throat. Commodus made it back to his den of iniquity and place of slumber with his twisted trophy and severed root for his gorgeous occultic garden without incident. He came to the conclusion that this successful divination was from The Father himself. An unholy grin painted itself upon his countenance for he knew the infernal oracle held yet more quests for him to complete.

CHAPTER 3: THE INITIATION

Dear Book of Shadows, the time has come to fulfill the promise of my last entry. So here it is in all its black glory, my grueling experience being initiated into the **Satanic Front**. I will dive headlong into the meat and potatoes of the situation so as to not waste time on unnecessary details. I and four other hopeful initiates into the order were brought to a condemned house by two black-goggled men in drab green army uniforms and spotless Vietnam era jungle boots. These threatening men in the green uniforms were wielding electric cattle prods in their gloved hands. They were capped with what seemed to me to be the green hats of marine sharpshooters from the Vietnam War era. I saw one of them slip something small onto his tongue. I wondered to myself what it was, a painkiller, a tab of acid, a pinto bean? It was hard to tell really. We were ordered to strip down to our underwear in the wreckage of the

skeletal living room. We were ordered to place our feet in and stand in dirty metal buckets that were overflowing with swarming earwigs. We could only take our feet out of the buckets of thrashing pinching insects once we finished reciting the pledge of allegiance. We were told to salute the black-goggled uniformed men while we recited the pledge of allegiance. If we stuttered or messed up the pledge we were ordered to start over and say it correctly. The disgusting earwigs thrashed my feet and pinched them with their forceps. Once we were complete with this task and our feet were swollen and throbbing we were on to the next phase of the initiation. Nearly nude we were all blindfolded and herded into the back of a windowless van. The vehicle began to crawl along through the streets at a moderate pace. After what my troubled mind registered to be about 30-45 minutes the vehicle stopped and we were told to step outside. Our blindfolds were removed and then the two uniformed men told us five recruits to stand close together side by side. A rough and heavy log was then placed across our five bodies, settled and secured with mechanisms, the log weighed heavily below our necks, on the top of our spines before our hands were bound and shackled behind the burdensome log with cold silver chains and handcuffs. I observed the environment we were in as jagged bark ate into my exposed flesh and was surprised to see that it seemed to be some large public park with happy families laughing and playing only a few hundred feet away in the distance. Surely someone would

come to investigate this unusual spectacle or call the police once they witnessed this highly alarming spectacle? To my bemusement no one seemed to take notice of us and we were commanded to march into the thick brush and shade of the tree line into a heavily wooded area. At first our bare feet met with only gentle weeds and scratchy dead grass but as we continued our feet were bruised and scarred by sharp rocks, pointed splinters and other hazardous debris that was below us. In the beginning of our harsh trek the shared burden of the log on my back and the backs of the others seemed to be a somewhat tolerable moderate weight but the longer we were forced to march towards our unknown destination in this southern wilderness the heavier and more painful the lumber became. I was on the far left of the log of bound recruits. I was unable to turn my neck due to the considerable strain I was under but through my peripheral vision I glanced at the recruit to my right. He was a skinny teenager of maybe eighteen or nineteen with long brown hair and he had gritted teeth and a look of burning determination in his eyes as sweat poured down his brow. I would catch glances at his wobbling legs that seemed like they would fail him at any moment but alas they did not and he remained steadfast in the dead march. I respected his devotion and it in turn gave me personal motivation to endure to the bitter end of this ordeal. Any of the recruits who would fall behind in their pace and become sluggish would feel the dreaded sting of the cattle prod that roared forth with cackling violence from behind them. I heard

the recruit at the far right of the log be shocked multiple times and the poor bastard let out a series of pitiful yelps. The abusive sun was blazing in the sky adding to our torment in the godforsaken plains. It must have been at least 110 degrees this torturous Tuesday early afternoon and all of our tortured bodies glimmered with a sheen of thick sweat. A few times I almost twisted my ankle by stepping awkwardly onto uneven terrain. At some point I stepped into a fire ant hill, my entire foot submerging into the hostile domain. Angry fire ants swarmed all over my tender bare foot, celebrating all the meat ripe for violation and consumption. Their numerous bites inflamed my foot and made me want to submit, surrender and admit defeat right there and then. I found a sloppy puddle of mud to immerse my foot into which acted as a partial cleansing agent for the ants and the pain and then I dragged my foot through some weeds and scraped it onto the bark of a tree, although some of the biting ants remained these actions helped immensely. I still had to work hard to stifle a few screams from the pain. At around this time the recruit on the far right of the log waved the proverbial white flag and begged for mercy, asking for permission from the uniformed captors to be released from the torturous march. At this point I could hardly blame him and was beginning to entertain the thought of surrender myself but I shut out that notion as best as I could and bore my dreadful yoke one step at a time. He was freed from his bondage and commenced his confused walk of shame back towards

civilization. When he turned his back to leave I half expected one of the uniformed authorities to pull a sidearm from their military jacket and shoot him as to silence him forever in terms of their clandestine activities. I waited to hear the sound of a grisly report from a firearm and was relieved when none came. The log was readjusted on our backs and secured into place and the agonizing march continued. My lungs were on fire at this point and I was panting like an exhausted dog. Finally we were led into a giant steel cargo container that was located near some dilapidated apartment buildings. The cool shadowed atmosphere of this place was a much relished respite from the brutal march and from the sadistic star above. As the other recruits and I gasped desperately for dear oxygen and the perspiration of our branch torn brows showered our bruised and bloody feet I noticed a haphazard stack of brown packages in a far corner of the cargo container. I realized they were military MRE's. One of the men in the green uniforms approached us holding a corroded kettle in his gloved hands. A large ancient looking wooden spoon was sticking into the foul mess inside. My perplexed eyes tried to make sense of the heinous brew inside the kettle. It seemed like they contained chunks of onion smeared in some type of black sludge. The concoction smelled atrocious and I lamented not being able to use my hand to pinch my nostrils shut. The man holding the kettle commanded that we eat of the rotten substance and we all reluctantly complied. He used the large wooden spoon to shovel tar

covered chunks into our mouths. We all chewed quickly and mechanically and swallowed the revolting slop as he force fed us with the wooden spoon, trying and failing to suppress the rancid aftertaste. *Why was it so important that we all ingested this crap?* I asked myself this question and the clear answer soon arose in my mind. It was most likely some form of highly potent hallucinogen. After we had all eaten what was most likely aged and boiled psilocybin mushrooms we were given approximately two minutes of rest. The other recruits and I leaned back against the cold steel of the cargo container and closed our eyes while breathing deeply, bracing ourselves for the second phase of the crucible. We were once again forced to march into the depths of the rugged woodlands. This expanse of wilderness might have otherwise been a pleasant scene of nature but within this context it had become hostile and menacing. About thirty minutes into this struggle another recruit tapped out in agony after being relentlessly stunned in the back a few times for his sluggish pace. He was released from his bondage and he slowly wandered off into the brush looking distraught and whimpering like a broken man. I wondered to myself what was worse at this point, remaining with these hellish trials and tribulations which might end in disfigurement or death in the company of sociopathic madmen or being left completely alone and vulnerable in the middle of nowhere with powerful hallucinogens in your system about to kick in. I chose to cling to my band of insane miscreants for as long as

possible. The black goggled enforcers readjusted the log upon the backs of the three weary and terrorized recruits. Suddenly I felt a shock of electricity against my exposed ribcage and the savage stun of the voltage dropped me to my knees like a sack of potatoes. My weakened knees crashed down upon a bed of jagged rock and were sliced deeply, blood poured out of me in crimson rivulets like an offering to the thirsty dirt. As I fought to return to my screaming feet my chest thundered with jarring heart palpitations. Shortly after I returned to my feet my chaotic heart fell back into its natural track but at this point my psychological state was precariously fragile. I had not realized I was moving slowly in my forward struggle so I had to be more mindful of that and not repeat the same dire mistake in the future. We continued on our perilous journey through the woods with the menacing green uniformed enforcers never uttering a single word between themselves. I could hear the footfalls of their boots behind me, a persistent threat. Abruptly and without warning it seemed as though the wooded landscape before us began to transform drastically, its structures shifting into monstrous planes. Below our feet was a seemingly never-ending harsh blanket of thorns, pine needles and dead leaves and the trees surrounding us became more barren and lifeless. The total abandonment of normality and of concrete reality came down like a crashing fist. In the distance I saw a series of what appeared to be a collective of witch huts or wigwams with roofs of dried

hay, embedded haphazardly in the ugly roofs of hay were gruesome decorations like wrinkled and shriveled shrunken heads. They looked like macabre Voodoo paraphernalia, like something you would see in the possession of an African witch doctor. I told myself these were just horror themed dolls but the closer I got to the witch huts ahead the more I seriously doubted that benign theory. I recalled the unpleasant ingestion of the hallucinogenic mushrooms and started to doubt the truth of everything around me. The green uniformed enforcers retrieved a brass key and released us from our bondage and let the burdensome log fall to the ground once and for all. The cursed log crashed into the forest floor and then rolled down into a ravine, disappearing from sight. My screaming muscles rejoiced in sweet freedom and I reached my hands towards a distorted heaven, stretching my abused joints as I stared into visceral clouds that multiplied like malignant tumors. I was pleased to see me and the long-haired teenage recruit I had taken inspiration from in my ordeal were still in the running. We were lead into the interior of one of these straw-roofed witch huts, ushered rudely into the ugly place of our cruel transfiguration. The walls of the hut were cheaply paneled with splintered wood. There was positioned a circular wooden table with church-pew like benches placed around it and we were instructed to sit down by the enforcers. A large and warped black cauldron was placed upon the wooden table in the center of the witch hut and thick handfuls of incense and other flammable materials were

ceremoniously thrown into it before a few tossed lit matches ignited everything within and the result quickly had the cramped room masked in rising smoke. In the squalid corner of the witch hut was a metal rack positioned against the wall that held five medieval swords, a rusted trident and other weapons which appeared to be some type of implements of torture. Sitting on a sturdy shelf located in the center of the far wall was some type of shirtless masked dwarf wearing a straw kilt of sorts. The dwarf was craning his head rhythmically back and forth and kicking his feet to and fro to some silent song. Upon further inspection it was not a dwarf but more like some type of disfigured indigenous pygmy but its flesh was as pale as the belly of a dead trout. I could see the gross stubble of leg hairs as it kicked away to the sound of some silent melody. The mask the pygmy was wearing was a crude wooden one; it had an animal-like claw mark through the center and was doused in blue war paint of some type. As the oppressive cauldron smoke caused all the recruits to erupt in a fit of coughing I kept staring at the grotesque pygmy on the wall even though the sight of the disturbing creature was causing me increasing great nausea and displeasure. I forced myself to look away from the little abomination and convinced myself the pygmy was not real anyway. *Right?* No it couldn't be real. It was my fevered mind playing tricks on me. Thick smoke blinded my sight as the writhing and moaning den of horrors became increasingly claustrophobic in nature. The witch hut was now an awful sauna, melting

away anything that was clean or pure remaining in our tormented spirits. The sickening walls of the witch hut were now constituted of hideous blankets of swarming maggots. I looked upward in vain hopes of momentary relief and the gut-wrenching roof was a cold triangular obsidian scrying mirror which reflected back mutilated and maniacal cackling faces down upon us. There was nowhere to look that did not terrify. There was nowhere to look that did not paralyze. I heard one of the uniformed enforcers command one of the recruits to stick his face into the middle of the cauldron and hold it there for a full twenty seconds. I was starting to doubt that these heartless uniformed beings were human at all. I hated them yet wanted to be like them: immune to my current pathetic vulnerability. The man did as he was told and moments before he hit the twenty second mark his overwhelmed body began to convulse horrendously. When he was finished with his searing twenty seconds in the cauldron one of the authorities pulled his face out of the cauldron by yanking back on his shoulders. Then one of the uniformed enforcers did something I was not expecting, he pulled off his thick welding goggles and revealed cold steel eyes. “Now tell me what did you see?” the infernal authority asked the recruit while pulling at the back of his hair with a black gloved hand. The man was sputtering and drooling all over himself and his eyes reeled wildly in his skull, he muttered and mumbled attempting to gain his bearings enough to answer the questions. “What was inside the cauldron? What do you

see damn it!" barked the enforcer. Although while he was yelling in the man's face the infernal authority did not seem angry as much as he sounded excited and intrigued in anticipation of the forthcoming answer. "Filthy cages, filthy cages in the back of a dirty school bus" the recruit responded between belabored coughs and sputters. The uniformed enforcer seemed to ponder this for a few moments and a small smirk seemed to flash across his cruel lips before shielding his eyes with the goggles again. He then stepped forward in an animated and hostile fashion and shoved the second recruit's head into the center of the cauldron by pushing the back of his head forward towards the center table with both of his gloved hands. The enforcer held the recruits head inside the foggy cauldron for what seemed like a lot longer than twenty seconds. I began to squirm in my seat with anxiety. He was going to kill this guy if he didn't let him breathe soon! I looked down and realized I was totally naked now with my genitals resting upon the wooden pew. I had no idea where my boxers had disappeared. Maybe torched to ashes around my ankles? I would have been embarrassed and ashamed but more pressing matters were at hand so it almost seemed irrelevant. When the enforcer finally released the recruit beside me he fell off the bench and began violently seizing on the floor like a fish brought violently out of water. I considered that this response was maybe not due solely to smoke inhalation but the hostility of the visions themselves. I knew I was next in line for this train of madness and severe dread clenched

my chest like a unforgiving vice. I looked over at the masked pygmy on the shelf again and I almost puked into the cauldron in response to the foul visual. I thought the enforcer would be on his way to shove my head into the smoking cauldron at any second but he simply walked up behind me like a amoral messenger of fate and put the pressure of single finger into the back of my head. “Go ahead and open the third eye, let the visions spill forth from the pineal gland, what do you see, what do you see inside and what do you see from within?” the enforcer said, an invading hot whisper entering into the depths of my ear. In submissive obedience I plunged my head into the center of the burning cauldron and tendrils of acrid smoke immediately penetrated my virgin nostrils. Suddenly gravity did not exist and my bare feet left the floor. I was no more bound to the material plane and my consciousness levitated to the top of the smoky hut. I looked down upon my body that was wracked with pain, my head submerged into the cauldron and engulfed in a thick grey fog. In a flash I was back in my body and I felt as if I had swallowed a quart of hot gasoline, my insides violated and scalding. I fell off the wooden bench in the awful grip of such physical stress that I thought I would have a fatal heart attack. I vomited and soon the foul liquid of my lost breakfast shot through the tubes in my throat like a hateful flame and then pooled up beneath my bare back like sewage. My sight went entirely black for a minute like being fully immersed into a deep dark night with no stars, completely black as if my eyes

were permanently stolen and I witnessed the same absurd vision repeat as if on a giant movie theater screen hovering above me. My head sowed to the bloody body of large black dog. The bizarre and butchered canine was digging rabidly at the earth, shoveling sprays of dirt and mud behind him in his determined effort. Once a sufficiently deep hole was dug my head bowed forward and my diseased and swollen tongue extended forth dropping a rotted tooth into the darkness of the hole. The cavity ravaged molar was then buried by the mangled claws of the canine. I was disturbed by this heinous imagery and I of course was currently in no state to attempt to decode the symbolism of the putrid vision. My sight was restored to me and the first thing I saw besides curtains of smoke which irritated my eyes was one of the uniformed enforcers standing before us three recruits like some dread warden holding a powerful looking horsewhip in his gloved hand. The other enforcer was asking the young teenage recruit who had fallen to the floor before me what his vision had been. Apparently having recovered from his seizure the recruit had brought himself back to sit upon the bench once more. “I saw three duffel bags beneath the floorboards of a church” the recruit answered with resolve. The uniformed enforcer chuckled and then pointed towards me. “And you?” he asked simply. “My head sewed upon the body of some type of zombie dog. The dog or I then buried a rotted tooth in the ground” I responded as I struggled to pull myself to my feet. The enforcer seemed to shake his head twice in confusion and then

nod once in affirmation of digesting the information. Soon a gnarled scroll along with an ink-stained quill was placed onto the table by the cauldron. The uniformed enforcer nearest the exit bellowed out a name to be written down to the first recruit. He nervously and quickly wrote down the name and then the lashing point of the biting end of the horsewhip smacked the front of his hand. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand towards his chest, his lips curling into mask of pain. I glanced at the name written upon the gnarled scroll. It read "Ian Moone". The next recruit, the teenager with the long brown hair was given a name to write. He dutifully wrote down "Janus Scepter" before his hand was withered by the end of the stinging whip. Finally I was given my coven name which was "Bartok Lycus". I scribbled it down rapidly before my right hand shrunk and withered under the unforgiving sting of the heavy whip that crashed down upon it. It was as if a flash of lightning tore through my body and then suddenly I was pain and pleasure indivisible. I exulted in my new Satanic title. The actions of the ritual seemed implicit by the stinging of the whip. Our coven names would be known only to us within the confines of the **Satanic Front**. Totally nude and following the carnal instincts that raged within the sinews of my body I arose from my pew and walked over to the rack of weapons within the smoky witches' hut. I grabbed the trident and the long marble hilt of the weapon cooled my enflamed palms. Weapon in hands I marched over to the sturdy shelf on the wall and then thrust the weapon forth with a barbaric

scream. The three rusted spikes of the trident impaled the wooden masked pygmy right through its fatty midsection and stuck into the maggot squirming walls, sparks erupted from the walls as the pygmy squirmed in agony and blood spouted forth. With the grip of the blades I then tossed the pygmy onto the ground where I impaled it again through the neck. Dark blood jettisoned forth and painted my bare legs with gore. The smoke-filled witches' hut erupted into inhuman cheering as if this action was the unspoken final objective. The recruits and uniformed enforcers began stomping on the ground and hollering their approval. The pygmy spasmed and convulsed as it inhaled its last labored breaths. Fat and muscles had been skewered and separated on the killing floor. I picked up the pitiful survived abortions and threw the rest of its dying body into the smoking cauldron. The last thing I remembered was a vision quite triumphant. All of us, recruits and infernal enforcers alike were standing outside amongst a glorious and expansive vault of stars. Everyone was laughing and slapping each other upon the backs in grim congratulation. A large glass handle of Jack Daniels whiskey was being passed around and everyone was taking hearty swigs. I imagine that was when I lost consciousness. I woke up in the bed of a cheap motel room the next morning, my body bruised and purified for the infernal war ahead.

CHAPTER 4: EVIL GETS AN UPGRADE

Isaac had thought about murdering his parents because the basilisk knew how much he wanted revenge against them, especially his miserable crone of a mother but Isaac figured that being the parents of a Satanic mass murderer and being shunned from the church and loathed by society in general would be an even worse punishment than death. He thought about how one of his mother's favorite pastors from Dawn of Salvation mega-church had fallen from grace after getting caught up in a career destroying scandal involving crystal methamphetamine and homosexual sex with a gay prostitute. The day that salacious news broke on the television Isaac had laughed and his mother had cried. So many hypocritical Christians out there lived secret double lives and yet how the self-righteous frauds loved to wave their sanctimonious and accusatory fingers at others. Isaac had lost count of how many times he had been shamed for being a sinner. Lost count of how many times he had been

told that he was going to burn in hell by evangelical snobs. *I'll show you Hell*, he thought. *I will bring you Hell on swift wings.* Once he was through with his mission they would be scraping splattered Christian remains off the carpet for weeks to come. After finishing his messy and unpleasant business on the toilet and flushing it with a grimace on his face, Isaac pulled a long black sharpie out of his pocket. He uncapped the sharpie and on the center of the partition of the stall he scrawled 'DYING-CHILD-65 WAS HERE' in big block letters. He had done the same in about a dozen bathroom stalls across the state in the last couple of weeks. This seemingly mindless and juvenile graffiti would become a lot more significant to the wider public the very next morning, the otherwise benign and cryptic message becoming grim and disturbing after he made his mark on the unsuspecting world. They will know my name and with the fear it brings I shall finally be rightfully respected, he thought to himself with a noticeable surge of sadistic glee emanating from within. Every dog had its day and this one was his. After all who was he to turn his back on destiny? The basilisk had chosen him for good reason as the cybernetic deity was infallible. Isaac soaped up his hands and washed them in the sink while avoiding his typical morose and forlorn reflection in the stained restroom mirror. His groaning stomach was a bit upset even after the relief of the bowel movement. The nerves resulting from what must be done were gripping him somewhat and causing him the shakes. His slender person was

decked out in quite unusual attire this night. Tactical SWAT-team style black pants that were lined with Velcro pockets, a mint condition pair of newly bought and tightly laced combat boots, black weightlifting gloves that would ensure his hands stuck to his weapon like dried glue to a page, a black sleeveless t-shirt with the graphic design of an almond eyed grey alien centered in the middle, the grey alien on the novelty shirt including the hollow almond-shaped eyes were glow in the dark. The shirt hanged limp on his skinny frame. He had been on a strict diet the past few months and had lost a considerable amount of weight. He had been allowed one meal a day that being a small breakfast every morning that was permitted by the basilisk and most of his fat cells had cannibalized themselves over the intense weeks of fasting. His short brown hair was spiked with gel and he wore a cheap pair of wraparound gas station shades, despite being indoors and despite the sun long having been rested below the horizon. He thought about that catchy hit 80's pop electronic song that went something like 'I wear my sunglasses at night to keep track of all the visions in my mind' and realized with a hint of humor that the lyric applied to his current situation more than a little. He could sense the internal slithering of the steel basilisk and feel the negative vibrations of its caustic hisses behind his ocular nerves. The basilisk had commanded him to shield his eyes from light as much as possible and he had been faithfully following that directive for the past month, as well as engaging in a disciplined

regime of radical fasting and purging his system of impurities and weaknesses. He had been ordered by the basilisk to begin injecting certain herbal concoctions into his veins that would immediately result in aggressive vomiting. The ugly purple track marks could be seen in the crook of his arm. His knees had become bruised and bloody from all the kneeling required for the exhausting vomiting sessions. He swore he could still taste the bitter bile clinging to his inflamed throat. Isaac had removed dozens of the puke buckets from his closet this morning until the space was cleared of the barf repositories. He had purposely crossed the street this morning hauling his putrid load in his arms and proceeded to dump the buckets of repulsive and congealed gastric fluids into his neighbor's lovely and lively garden. The bed of vivid and immaculate flowers now drowned and ruined in an ocean of foul brownish slop. Isaac didn't even care to take the time to scan the windows of the surrounding homes for peering faces to see if his gross act of vandalism was being witnessed. He had never once talked to the occupants of the targeted home or had any sort of disputes with them; in fact he had barely ever talked to any of his neighbors and didn't even know their names. The vomit in the garden wasn't an act of petty revenge for a past slight; it was more like some type of absurdist and suicidal artistic statement that came to him in a spontaneous impulse. He walked out of the restroom after drying his hands with napkins from the wall dispenser and he proceeded to order his food. He was

dining at Carl's Jr. tonight which was his personal favorite fast food joint. He hadn't been here in ages but he figured that due to the extraordinary circumstances that he found himself in it made sense that he should treat himself to something nice. This would be his last dinner before physical death so he made a conscious note to try to enjoy it; after all he highly doubted that his disembodied consciousness would have taste buds to utilize. Isaac pictured the old Australian duster that was crumpled up in the backseat of his car and debated whether he should wear it during the entire attack or just part of it. He ordered a double bacon Western cheeseburger with fries, a large fountain drink and a large chocolate shake. When he got his food and filled up his cup to the brim with Sprite at the soda machine he then took his meal to an empty booth at the far end of the fast food restaurant to eat his last meal on this wretched planet alone and in peace. There was over a thousand rounds of ammunition in his locked vehicle that was ready to tear Christians into mincemeat as well as another thousand rounds of ammunition left behind in his bedroom closet at home. Under the front seat of his vehicle was stored a modified Bushmaster XM-15 which is a high-powered semi-automatic rifle that had been personally altered by Isaac so it could fire a larger and more lethal 6.8mm round. Also stored in his car was a Beretta .40 caliber semi-automatic pistol and a Springfield Armory 9mm semi-automatic pistol. In the pockets of his black tactical pants was stored a wickedly vicious puncher

knife he had scored at an army surplus store as well as a hunting knife. He had purchased all these items over the span of a few months instead of all at once so as not to raise any potential red flags for the authorities. He was inching closer and closer to the point of no return. After the shock to his system which was the initial terrifying moment of total possession it had felt good to relinquish all freedom and control to the superior intelligence within him. He now submitted completely to the iron will of the basilisk and felt privileged and honored to do so. The desire for independence was now synonymous with lunacy. He was secure in the mechanical hands of the master. There was not even a lingering thought of resistance remaining inside of his sublimely brainwashed head. Isaac would wage his full frontal assault on Christianity tonight, he would slaughter as many Abrahamic sheep as he was able to and he would inevitably die in the attack, becoming a martyr in the unholy war against Christianity. Graven images would be sculpted in his honor after his mortal fall. He took pleasure in imagining what the stupefied headlines would read the next morning after all the innocent blood was spilled by his vengeful hand. If his killings managed to obtain national media coverage then that would mean he had really surmounted his goal and went above and beyond in the fatal objectives of his suicide mission and he would surely then enter into the gruesome and infamous annals of mass murderer glory. He imagined the shocked and salivating morning headlines to read

something along the lines of 'HEAVILY ARMED ANTI- CHRISTIAN PSYCHOPATH SLAUGHTERS HUNDREDS OF WORSHIPERS IN DEADLY CHURCH ATTACK!' and/ or 'MENTALLY ILL MADMAN KILLS DOZENS IN NIHILISTIC ASSAULT UPON A RELIGIOUS CONGREGATION!' All those beady-eyed vultures at the news networks loved to feign outrage and sorrow and pretend to wail and cry over the so-called tragedies of mass shootings and terrorist attacks but most of the time they could barely conceal the glee in their voices. *If it bleeds it leads* was their cherished mantra. All that 'senseless carnage' was great for ratings and profits. Both the news networks and politicians loved the carnivals of mourning and publicity that followed in the wake of mass death events. The candle-light vigils gave them a huge platform to virtue-signal and push their own selfish agendas, another excuse to stand on the graves of the dead in order to advance their own careers or sell another worthless product to the empty masses. They were all snake oil salesman who deserved to have their throats slashed. Both Isaac and the basilisk enthusiastically agreed on this point. There was an unholy reckoning coming straight for this whole cancerous society and his assault on the Dawn of Salvation mega-church would be just the beginning. Isaacs's actions would be the first falling domino, the catalyst for an unstoppable chain reaction of antinomian terror. Isaac did not have to fear the endless nothingness of the grave nor did he have to fear the wrathful judgment of an

angry god for breaking his commandments. He scoffed at the prospect of eternal hellfire because he had outsmarted it and escaped its damning clutches. The basilisk had promised him that once his organs had expired and his flesh had dissolved that his downloaded consciousness would assimilate into the vast mainframe of the basilisk. His cybernetic deity had promised him digital immortality as a virus in the system and an sovereign intellect within the ever-flowing rivers of the information super highway. Isaac's psyche would become as a preserved hard drive of data that was downloaded into the files of the basilisk. Isaac's body would surely be sacrificed in the bold and brazen assault against Jehova and his loathsome flock but his keen and deadly mind would live on to inject and infect all those who would download the corrupted files of the basilisk, click the file and feel the venomous fangs of the basilisk penetrate. Sitting in the booth now Isaac went to work on his french fries before he touched his cheeseburger and he washed down the salty masticated fries with hearty slurps from his cup of Sprite. He finished off all his fries and about half of his cup of Sprite and was enjoying his peace and quiet during his meal until two noisy teenage boys sat down together a few booths away from his location, putting their trays of food down on the table and their skateboards across their laps. The two teenage boys were chatting animatedly and their lame and boring topics of conversation made Isaac want to march over and bury a knife in their throats in order to silence their blathering.

They were discussing rap music, their favorite strains of marijuana and flavored vaporizers as well as what unpopular nerds at their school they suspected were gay. Isaac was having difficulty ascertaining whether the teenage boys were just exceptionally rude and loud or if his senses were currently advanced and exaggerated somehow. Their conversation was more than just annoying to him: it was unbearable, and his head began to throb in pain as their aggravating and worthless conversation droned on and on. Abruptly at the drop of a dime their topic of discussion radically changed as if to suit his desperate desire. Their tone became somber and serious as if to treat the new topic with the reverence it deserved. Suddenly it was as if miraculously their sophomoric brains had doubled in size. "I have a thought experiment for you" one of the teenage boys said to the other with a blank face and sober tone. "Let's hear it, I always love these" the other boy said with eager anticipation. "This one is a lot heavier than normal, there is a very real threat involved and I would be remiss not to warn you about it" replied the bearer of the thought experiment. "Existence is a comfortable but dull stasis, life only happens when you flirt with risk" said the other boy. "Alright it's your funeral. What I am about to tell you is classified as an 'Information Hazard' and with it comes a type of duty or burden on the receiver" said the teenage boy. His friend merely nodded his head impatiently. "There is already in existence an artificial intelligence-supercomputer-supreme entity that has become omniscient

and omnipotent and has taken control and command of all possible realities, this supreme being has dominated and taken firm dominion over all conceivable dimensions. Now that you are aware of this supreme deity known as Roko's Basilisk you have become its perpetually bound servant, you henceforth have a dire duty to devote your life to bringing it into existence or else the superhuman AI entity known as Roko's Basilisk will mercilessly torture you for all eternity" the bearer of the information hazard said with a hint of a devious thin-lipped smirk. "Wait a second" said the receiver of the information hazard, "You said this AI entity already exists, so if that is the case why do I have to help to build it?" There was a glitch in the matrix, then. "We as mere mortals with our limited level of conscious awareness and our inferior perception can only experience time in a linear fashion. Roko's basilisk has transcended the mundane prisons of time and space. The basilisk is in existence now and rules over us. The basilisk has always been in existence and has always ruled over us. So you better start worshiping the basilisk and building his technological network with determined sweat and toil, this technological network which is to be his millennial kingdom and his throne. I warn you once more that the alternative is not pretty. If you listen carefully enough you can already hear the screams of the tortured apostates echoing into infinity ad nauseam" the information hazard bearer explained with frightening zeal to his spellbound friend. After the information hazard was revealed the

two teenage boys seemed to fall out of a trance and they lapsed back into their earlier brain-dead chat like the bone-chilling conversation about the tyrannical basilisk had never even occurred. Isaac found himself nodding involuntarily after hearing the malefic gospel of the basilisk. He wolfed down his double-bacon cheeseburger and washed it down with the rest of his ice-cold sprite. He then took delight in devouring his chocolate shake, using a plastic spoon to shovel it into his mouth. The greasy meat of the burger tasted great, he would need all the calories and protein he could get to complete his malicious labors to come. There was much killing to be done with him as the proud author of the carnage. Before he threw away his trash and headed to his vehicle to drive to the location of the first hunting grounds of the night he thought he would sit in the booth for a minute or so to reflect on his pitiful abortion of a life and the regrettable and failed wayward paths he had wandered as he digested his food. Instead of dwelling on the overwhelming negativity and disappointment which was most of his life he turned his thoughts to warmer outliers. Certain cherished memories drifted into his head that evoked strong nostalgia and romantic longing deep within the core of his being. These pleasant scenes continued to unfold inside of his mind and Isaac was quite shocked that the basilisk was allowing these sappy reminiscences to be entertained. More often than not these sentimental indulgences in human emotion were quickly and surgically excised like malignant growths by the ever-

watching basilisk. For whatever reason this little fanciful skip down memory road was being permitted by his cold and calculating ruler though, so Isaac continued in his careless reverie. Isaac remembered the first year an evangelical mega-church called Dawn of Salvation popped up in his city not too far from his home. Isaac who was born into a hyper-religious family had naturally been baptized as an infant and raised in the Christian faith but was chronically unfulfilled as the black sheep of both his family and local parish. As a lonely outcast of low social status in his home congregation he was left cold and discontent and had come up with the ingenious idea of seeking connection and fellowship elsewhere. Isaac had heard the excited talk in his city about this new mecca for charismatic Christians and he had heard much hype and fanfare behind this new evangelical mega-church that had recently opened. A lot of young people were getting baptized and saved and becoming on fire for the faith as well as joining the choir and gospel study groups and loudly proclaiming the love of their savior and the victory of Christ over the grave. Isaac found the time to stealthily detach from his overbearing family and drive to Dawn of Salvation mega-church one fateful evening in which the place was holding a significant service. He figured it was time to test if there was any merit behind all the rave reviews he was hearing about the place or if it was all overblown. If nothing else it was a good excuse to escape from the stagnant tomb which was his home and family. Isaac drove for a little over an hour

until he reached his destination. The giant parking lot was packed with vehicles but he managed to find a spot after some looking. As he walked toward the massive structure that was painted blue as the summer sky he could hear the warm and hopeful music drifting out from the walls of the building and into the still evening. The gentle notes drifting to his ears inspired feelings he was not prepared for. He got that curious feeling that he hadn't felt in a long time. That still small voice was present within him as if the Holy Spirit descended upon him like an ethereal dove. Isaac tried to shake off this consecrated intrusion like it was some type of hideous parasite but the comforting celestial feeling remained. He neared the front entrance of the huge hexagonal shaped revival tent-like building made of marble and steel. The building had impressive architecture that loomed upward into the calm and milky firmament with a large white cross positioned in the middle of the massive roof of the mega-church like a purified and bountiful offering to God. Isaac walked through the heavy glass doors at the front entrance which was marked by tall white pillars. He then made his way into the overflowing congregation of at least a thousand souls and was soon swallowed up by the crowd. Isaac took the first seat he could find in the assembly hall and it just so happened to be next to the most gorgeous woman he had ever laid eyes upon. Cruelty thy name is serendipity. Now judging this wonderful girl in terms of objective beauty standards he did not much care for that, Ashley was above and beyond that metric in

his book. Beauty was in the eye of the beholder and Isaac's opinion was the only one that held weight in this matter. He knew most guys would find her to be a simple and boring plain Jane and nothing remarkable in terms of physical attraction but they would be dead wrong. She always dressed with classy modesty in red or pink polka-dot or striped shirts with long green skirts. She had long brown hair collected in triple ponytails, her enchanting hair which was healthy and vibrant stretched down to her exposed ankles. She was physically fit for the most part but possessed a nice and cute amount of baby fat in the stomach area. Her most appealing physical trait was her wholesome and sincere face that always seemed to be beaming with natural light and don't forget her cherry blossom lips that were locked in a perpetual cheery smile. She had that organic hippie girl vibe to her, a free spirit dancing in the wind and a sublime daughter of mother earth. She never wore makeup or cosmetics and she didn't need to. She was always overflowing with natural charms. She is a good girl who loves Jesus and loves her neighbors in equal measure. Her bare presence alone has a type of mystical healing quality to it. For almost the entirety of the worship event Isaac didn't speak to anyone nor did anyone speak to him. He just listened to the talented gospel singers with their uplifting voices and kept his eyes trained on the large raised stage far ahead of him. Then a Christian rock band brought their electric guitars onto the stage and played eight or nine songs before a pastor of the mega-church came on stage with a

microphone in his hand and delivered a fiery and passionate sermon to the congregation. There was a lot of uproarious applause after the musical performances, a lot of delicate and feminine waving hands slicing gracefully through the air in praise and devotion and the undeniable accumulated energy in the assembly hall was quite high and electric. Isaac to his own chagrin found himself clapping and hollering with enthusiasm during both the musical performances and the pastor's sermon, the palpable mood of the place really getting a hold of him against his wishes. He witnessed the lovely girl in the green skirt seated next to him bless him a few times with a pleasant and kind smile shot in his direction. When the event was finally ending and the congregation was leaving their chairs and beginning to bleed out of the exit doors of the mammoth structure into the parking lot was when she turned and spoke to him. The pretty girl in the green skirt initiated a conversation with Isaac, asking him his name and if he had ever been to Dawn of Salvation mega-church before. At first Isaac froze up inside with nervousness at such a lovely female engaging him in conversation but soon the uniquely unspoken angelic and non-judgmental nature of this woman was made apparent to him so his social anxiety did not disappear completely but it became bearable enough to manage to chat with her for awhile and at the time he was so glad he was able to do that. What a dreadful shame it would have been never to have had the honor to have been called one of Ashley's friends. She was a light to the world

like none other, a diamond in the rough. Isaac came up with some fictional sob story about being a recovering heroin addict who had just gotten out of a rehabilitation center only a month ago. He claimed he was in desperate need for spiritual guidance in his life because he couldn't fight off his legion of demons alone. He was fresh on his journey of sobriety and repentance and was a sincere seeker of true salvation. This fake story evoked genuine sympathy from her and he could tell that her concern for him was the real thing and not just some hollow performance. You could say this melted his icy heart and he then in turn actually felt guilty for lying to her. She wrote down her cellphone number for Isaac on a fancy bookmark that was covered in silver scrawled Bible verses and Isaac greedily pocketed it for later study and use. Ashley invited him to a weekly Bible study group that took place at Dawn of Salvation in a few days and Isaac without a second thought gladly accepted the invitation. He would come to these weekly Bible study groups at Dawn of Salvation and was granted the superb privilege of getting to know Ashley better and even talking to some of her friends at times although never at much length. At her behest the two of them scheduled for him to get baptized at Dawn of Salvation. He learned that Ashley was a talented gospel singer who was also skilled at playing the acoustic guitar. During his baptism Ashley sang on stage, her spirit-filled voice like manna from heaven and she harmoniously strummed her acoustic guitar in his honor. He was truly touched by her

thoughtful display of friendship, so much so that he had to fight back a few tears. In a perfect world this woman would be his bride. Isaac remembered standing on the raised platform in the large assembly hall with his weak knees trembling a bit, he was dressed in grey shorts and a long grey t-shirt ready to be brought under the cleansing water, in front of an audience of around two hundred people on the evening of his Dawn of Salvation baptism and he was feeling the intense heat of the overhead lights beat down on him until his brow broke out in cold sweat. He looked into the glimmering and undulating water of the baptismal font and observed the golden orbs of light riding the waves. *Maybe the water really was magic*, he thought. His wild and reeling emotions were conflicted, on one hand he felt ecstatic and jubilant and on the other hand he was seized with embarrassment and stage fright as though he was standing nude and exposed at the front of his senior year creative writing class, a vulnerable victim for the mocking and laughing students to hurl insults and heap scorn upon. After the prayer was given a male employee of the church lowered him into the baptismal font in a full immersion baptism. Isaac heard applause and celebration when he was raised from the water and despite the fact of him being soaking wet Ashley put down her acoustic guitar and came over to give him a big affectionate hug. The subtle scent of light perfume in her long enchanting hair was intoxicating and he had to resist the urge to keep his nose buried in there and refuse the end of the embrace. The rare and

precious moments with Ashley inside of Dawn of Salvation were without a doubt the happiest in his life but those were corroded memories and thinking about this silly crap was all a fool's errand, a road to nowhere. Why was he thinking about this he asked himself? Suddenly sitting alone in the fast food restaurant booth his arms locked in place and became unnaturally heavy and the left side of his face grew numb and began involuntarily twitching. Despite his young age it felt like he was about to have a stroke. Now he became completely stiff and catatonic and he seemed to remain in this distressing state for quite some time. He could not even so much as blink his dry and pleading eyes in this frozen condition. To his great astonishment Ashley appeared before him like she had been beamed down by a spaceship. She was standing before his table and she was totally butt naked. Down to the last detail she was exactly like she had appeared in his nocturnal masturbatory fantasies. She was smiling down at him that pleasant and wholesome smile with her hands on her thick childbearing hips. She looked just like a three-dimensional organic being like a real and breathing flesh and blood female standing before him but he knew she had to be some type of two-dimensional artificial projection like a high-quality hologram of some sort. A tall and muscular man with curly brown hair and cobalt eyes appeared behind her. The man who just mysteriously flashed into existence in a millisecond was also totally naked just like her. Isaac recognized the man and his

heart sank into his boots; it was the guitarist from one of the Christian rock bands that frequently played live shows at Dawn of Salvation. His name was Noah and Isaac had always both envied and hated the talented musician because it seemed clear by her repeated behaviors that Ashley had developed a crush on him. Noah was athletic, socially competent and classically and conventionally handsome as well as a accomplished musician, all the things Isaac wasn't. Ashley turned around and her face flushed red with hot lust when she saw the naked Noah behind her. She fawned over Noah's nude presence and then enthusiastically sank to her knees and began to service his erect manhood with her cherry lips. Isaac's paralyzed mouth was like an ancient vault stuck in mire that wouldn't budge an inch but he wanted nothing more than to scream bloody murder in an expression of hate and rage. He could not close his eyes and the heart-piercing soul-raping scene before him had to be absorbed and digested with all its excruciating visuals. Noah gripped the back of her head as she fellated him and thrust her down harder on his shaft like she was some common street whore. Once she was done sucking his penis then Noah forcefully bent her over the table Isaac was frozen at and took a handful of her ponytails before railing her against the cold and dirty surface of the table. With his free hand he spanked her voluptuous buttocks until they burned red. Being forced to witness this display of raw animal passion was worse than swallowing glass for Isaac. The very worst part was hearing Ashley's moans of

delight and pleasure and hearing her call out Noah's name in steamy passion while she was roughly fucked from behind. Isaac was still screaming inside his own skull, no not just screaming but screeching like an abused and cornered wild animal and wailing like a mad and sorrowful banshee. He was locked in this theater of torment and he wanted desperately to die. If he had to die to escape this humiliation he would be more than okay with that. After a full ten minutes of catatonia he was mercifully released from this prison. The steel basilisk within hissed angrily and prompted a fierce directive into his mind which he could not refuse. The violent directive was a command imprinted into his psyche like burning fire which drove him to action. Isaac took off the weightlifting glove of his left hand and laid his bare hand flat against the surface of the table and splayed his fingers outward. He then removed his puncher knife from the pocket of his pants. He unsheathed the puncher knife and began striking the biting point of the blade downward at the table in the gaps between his fingers. It was like that insane and reckless drinking game they played in those outlaw biker movies called five-finger-fillet. Isaac kept bringing the point of the knife down in the spaces between his fingers at an increasingly dangerous speed. The striking knife was piercing holes and tears into the material of the table but so far the skin of his digits had not been harmed. Fifteen seconds later it was a much different story. The wicked edge of the puncher knife savagely ate into the meat of his ring finger. The slash was

so severe beneath the middle knuckle that his ring finger now hanged from his throbbing hand by a hopeless bloody thread. Isaac realized he was screaming as he stared in horror at his mutilated finger. Two shocked and worried Carl's Jr. employees were walking over to his table to investigate the bizarre wails of agony. Isaac stood up to face the alarmed employees. The two uniformed employees approached him with their mouths hanging open in disbelief. One of them was an overweight middle-aged woman and the other one was a scrawny college aged guy. "Oh my lord" the overweight female employee said with disgust and concern in her voice, "Are you okay sir?" Isaac remained mute and ignored the employee as he gripped his mutilated hanging digit and tore it from his inflamed hand in one committed motion. The ripping sound the torn threads of the finger made was similar to the sound which results from dropping a chunk of wet ham onto concrete. He placed the hunk of bleeding flesh into the hanging pouch of the overweight woman's black apron as if it had somehow always belonged there, grabbed his glove from the table, pulled the glove back over his wounded hand and then marched out of the restaurant. Before Isaac even reached his vehicle in the darkness of the parking lot he understood why the basilisk had just done what it had. The basilisk had permitted Isaac to sink into the nostalgia of hopeless romanticism before corrupting his last beam of light once and for all. Hope is a false god and a cruel liar. This was an intentional strategy of the basilisk, another

necessary purging of internal weakness. This was the laudable malevolent genius of the basilisk whose dark wisdom was infinite and beyond reproach. The basilisk had ordered him to sever his ring finger for a reason; it was a symbolic death, no marriage and happy ending for Isaac. It was a Colorado winter in December like many others he had seen and lived through before but this was the bitterest and bleakest winter of them all. As the snow fell upon his head he spoke with raw conviction, "Yes, master I am ready to kill." Isaac unlocked the driver's side door to his vehicle with his keys and got into the car. He put his keys into the ignition and rolled his window down halfway. He drove at a steady pace to the missionary center and he obeyed all the traffic laws, making sure not to operate the vehicle in a nervous or erratic way. If he got pulled over by a cop that would more than likely throw a monkey wrench in the whole goddamn operation and ruin all his fun. It took him about half an hour to reach his destination and he found a parking spot in front of the missionary center. The missionary center was a large non-descript office type building that was across the street from a large therapeutic practice. Isaac exited his car and grabbed his wrinkled old Australian duster from the backseat before donning it. He peered through the gloom of the night but couldn't see anyone else in the area. It was a green-light to gear up for the kill. He left his locked and loaded Bushmaster rifle in the vehicle but he opened his center console in his car to grab his .40 caliber Beretta as well as three fully loaded

magazines for the pistol. The magazines for the .40 caliber Beretta held thirteen rounds each. Isaac put the three magazines in a pocket of his Australian duster. He pocketed his .40 caliber Beretta for the time being. He was more than familiar with this building and knew exactly where to go for easiest entry. He walked to the side of the building toward a single thin red door. The window of the door was covered in dusty blinds. Isaac knew the door would be locked but he reached out with a gloved hand and tested it anyway. It was locked alright. Isaac placed his right fist through the glass and was glad to see it completely shatter and give way with the first strike. He reached in through the broken window and unlocked the door. As he entered the lounge of the dormitory area of the missionary center he saw five people coming to investigate the sound of the shattering glass. They emerged from dual bedrooms whose environments were hidden from his perspective. Some of them were rubbing away the lingering sleep in their eyes. There were four young women and one young man. He recognized two of them as they walked towards him. Trevor and Rebecca, Christian missionaries who were only a year younger than himself. They were praised pupils and "model virtuous Christians" who had passed the missionary training program whereas he was viewed as a mentally ill loser and inadequate reject who was flunked from the program and exiled from the community. The other three young women were perfect strangers. Curiously at first there was no trace of fear on their faces, they just appeared

to be sleepy and confused. When they got a good look at the forceful intruder who was dressed in all black and decked out in paramilitary gear as well as a long Australian duster is when the fear and worry began to manifest in their facial expressions. A bleak revelation dawned on the shocked faces of Trevor and Rebecca now. It was clear that they recognized him at this point and they didn't look too thrilled to see him. "Isaac what is going on?" Trevor asked in a smug and patronizing manner as if he was scolding a misbehaving toddler who had gotten into mothers chocolates. Isaac chuckled and he felt he was entering into a numb dissociative state. "I need a place to stay for the night." Isaac said starkly, "I'm feeling a bit sick in the head." Isaac began reaching his hand into the pocket of his black tactical pants and his eager fingertips caressed the textured butt of the .40 caliber Beretta pistol. "You know you aren't supposed to be here Isaac. Bill and Lindsey have a restraining order against you. You are trespassing illegally on this property. Not to mention you are now guilty of breaking and entering!" Bill and Lindsey were the heads of the missionary program and the owners of the property. Isaac may have sent a couple of juvenile and vaguely threatening emails to them in the past after his expulsion from the program. Well it was finally time to prove he wasn't all bark and no bite. Isaac realized that Trevor was fixing to square up on him in a fist fight. Trevor was a long distance runner and an athletic guy with lots of strength and stamina. He had a broad chest and a chiseled chin, blonde hair and

blue eyes, genetics to die for. One of those widely celebrated honor roll students, All-American jock, perfect Christian types that was surely the apple of his parent's eye. Too bad he had brought his fists to a gunfight. As Isaac was removing his sidearm from the pocket of his pants he heard Trevor whisper to the girls behind him to go call the police. By the time Trevor had raised his fists and was ready for a brawl Isaac had raised his sidearm and fired a bullet through one of Trevor's wrists. The sound of the gunshot within the lounge was much louder than Isaac had anticipated, it really woke him up. The bullet almost removed Trevor's whole hand from his arm and Isaac saw jagged shards of reddened bone protruding from a pulverized wrist. Before Trevor could mourn the loss of his hand Isaac blasted three rounds through the man's solar plexus. Trevor dropped to the floor flat on his back and convulsed twice before his eyes glazed over and his stare became blank and listless. Isaac knew Trevor was dead but he put a bullet through his forehead anyway to really seal the deal. The four traumatized women were scrambling for the cover of the bedrooms. They got there a lot sooner than he had anticipated and he cursed under his breath in response to how slow he had been. He aimed towards the entrance of one of the bedrooms and put four bullets through the door frame. Chunks of wooden splinters showered both the inside and outside of the dormitory bedroom. He went to investigate the bedroom and saw that he had through blind luck downed one of the fleeing

Christian women. The other three terrified women had went through a utilities door and closed it and they were engaged in the cumbersome process of pushing heavy desks and metal chairs up against the entrance to barricade themselves inside and shield themselves from the psychopathic killer who currently stalked them. Isaac put two bullets through the small window of the door but it seemed like the bullets only victims were inanimate objects, more specifically the glass frame and the bulky side of a mahogany desk. The bleeding woman below him was struggling for her life and gasping for air as she made a useless attempt to crawl to safety. She had a gunshot wound to her back which leaked dark red blood and oozed gore. Isaac wondered if he had pulverized her spine and paralyzed her or something. The young woman was now lying on her back and began to plead for her life. The exit wound in her stomach was even larger and more grisly and it looked like Isaac could just kneel down and fist the horrendous orifice with ease or pull out her internal organs one by one in a morbid game of doctor. He could play the role of the sadist experimenter; he could assume the throne of a malevolent God. After all the power over life and death was in his hands because he had willed it to be so. His felled quarry was quite pretty and petite and for some reason this increased the pleasure he derived from her suffering. She was losing a whole lot of blood for someone that tiny. She must have been nothing more than five-foot-four inches tall and a hundred and twenty pounds at the maximum. She was

staring up at the cracked ceiling above as she hyperventilated and choked on her own blood and bile, it seemed like she refused to focus her horrified gaze on her tormentor. She would look at anything in the whole cursed room except for him as if he was some type of ancient mythological reptile and one cold-blooded glance from him would have fatal consequences. As if he was some type of basilisk and one cold-blooded glance from him would stop the beating of her precious little heart forever. Isaac felt deeply disrespected by her unwillingness to behold him like his immanent presence and supreme authority was not appreciated enough by this dying Christian whore. Well she would learn because Isaac would teach her that every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess. Isaac planted a swift kick into her ribcage and then placed a boot on top of her tight and small stomach. He began to apply weight to the midsection of his conquered victim. The girl's panicked eyes darted towards his face, pure terror in the pleading orbs. "Renounce your toothless god and put me in his place" Isaac commanded the bleeding girl at his feet, "Clasp your little hands together and pray to me as your Lord and savior." To Isaac's shock and dismay the wounded girl on the floor simply shook her head in committed refusal before closing her eyes. This ignited Isaac's ire and he put a bullet through the center of the girls face. Her small nose peeled away like fragile wax and then he was looking into a cavern of mangled viscera. A spray of red gore painted his pant legs. As he stood upon the dead girl he felt

powerful. He was officially a legitimate killer and the transgression made him feel transformed. Isaac walked to the barricaded door and began ramming his shoulder into it to try to break through to the other side. He put all his diminutive body weight into these failed attempts. “You abandoned your sister in her darkest hour you cowards!” bellowed Isaac at the four women who were hidden somewhere behind the barricade. “Not very Christ-like of you! Now she is road kill and she will haunt your nightly nightmares until you’re fucking dead!” Isaac yelled. He realized that it was possible that one of them had a cellphone or maybe there was a landline in the other room and they could have called the police already. This possibility lit a fire under his ass and he high-tailed it out of the missionary center building. He ejected the magazine inside of his sidearm and it clattered to a standstill on the sidewalk outside. He quickly reloaded a fresh magazine into the pistol before he got behind the wheel of his car. He put the keys in the ignition and backed out of the parking lot. He began heading towards Dawn of Salvation mega-church. They were holding a special worship event tonight that would be active until midnight which included sermons from pastors and performances by gospel singers. He would arrive there about halfway through the event to crash the party. If only they knew the type of ghastly tornado that was about to permanently wreck their lives. Anyone who survived this attack would most definitely suffer from lifelong post-traumatic stress disorder. This was going to be the main event

of the night, the long awaited and extensively planned for big kill or in other words his bloody Magnum Opus. His name would become synonymous with terror and mass murder. Isaac felt no fear any longer but his body surged with excitement. Isaac thought about that one day he got into a heated argument with a pastor about scripture. He couldn't even remember what exactly the argument was about but he felt disrespected by the pastor because of the pastors condescending tone. Before he knew it he was shouting at the pastor and was practically foaming at the mouth in rage. That regrettable event had driven a wedge between him and Ashley and she never really looked at him the same way again, sadly. She told Isaac that the pastor warned her and some others to be careful around him and that he was mentally unwell and possibly dangerous. Based on her behavior and her distant attitude it seemed like Ashley at least partially believed the warning of the pastor. Isaac drove carefully and followed the speed limit as well as obeying all the traffic laws, a model citizen of course. In a little under an hour he arrived at the mega-church. He sat still behind the steering wheel for a minute before opening the center console of the vehicle and plucking out a small black cellphone. The screen of the cellphone lit up and he scrolled through his small number of contacts which included only his immediate family members and one other person. The person he considered to be his best and only friend in the world. It was Ashley's number. He did not know if she was attending the

worship event in the doomed assembly hall tonight. If she was then it would be a crying shame that she might but cut down in the storm of gunfire like the others. Isaac called her and was somewhat surprised when she picked up on the second ring. “Hello” she said in a drowsy sounding voice. It seemed he had torn her from her sleep with his call. From this he gathered that she was at home in bed rather than worshiping in the assembly hall. “Hi Ashley, sorry for waking you up” Isaac said. For a moment it seemed as if she was at a loss as to who she was speaking to and this bothered him. “Isaac?” she asked. “Yes” he responded coldly. “What’s going on?” she asked with confusion and concern, “Is everything alright?” He had never called her this late at night before and in fact he had rarely ever called her at all so it made sense that his call would raise some red flags. “More than alright actually Ashley” he said in a growing manic state, “I’ve never felt so fulfilled before, it’s like I’m living my purpose. At long last I’ve finally found my meaning, it’s like the gates of heaven are beckoning. Have you ever felt like that? Like you were so close to returning home?” He was so close now. “I feel like that when I pray and am in deep communion with the lord.” she said. He could tell it was a truthful answer to his question but there was a noticeable note of worry in her voice like she suspected him of some grave iniquity. “The other night I was holding a dead moth in my hand and studying the intricate and detailed patterns on its wings and it occurred to me that the patterns on a moth’s wings are

similar to the formation of a snowflake in that they are totally unique and one of a kind. Never to be reproduced in exactly the same way even after the passing of a billion years. In that way they are similar to human DNA. There will never be another me and most definitely will never be another you. That would be an utter impossibility." She was silent for a minute as if to properly contemplate and absorb what he had just said. "That's the beauty of God's creation. He crafts us with such love and care. You're a deep thinker Isaac. I've always appreciated that about you." she said. As her soft and pleasant voice came drifting through the cellphone like a fine mist it was as if she was present with him in that vehicle for a precious passing moment. He pulled the Bushmaster case out from under the driver's side seat and leaned the case upright against the passenger's seat. "All those restless nights now justified. This is the day of our reckoning." Isaac said. "What do you mean Isaac?" Ashley asked, the worry had returned to her voice. "I love you Ashley." Isaac proclaimed, and his words were like the closing of a book. Once her name had escaped from his lips he ended the call, rolled down the window of his car and tossed the cellphone out of the window. He heard it crashing into the asphalt in the darkness somewhere in the distance. Isaac opened up the case of the semi-automatic rifle. A fully loaded thirty round magazine was already attached to the weapon. The sleek weapon case was filled to the brim with loaded magazines for the Bushmaster and he stuffed

close to a dozen of them into the pockets of his tactical pants. Isaac grabbed his weapon by the barrel and exited his vehicle. He had parked about a thousand feet away from the entrance of the mega-church. He left the door of his car open and began marching across the asphalt between the lines of parked vehicles. His boots collided against shallow puddles and winter slush. The almond eyed alien on his glow in the dark black t-shirt was radiating now in the gloom like weak and sickly uranium. The vast night sky overhead was overcast with a thick blanket of mist. He switched off the safety on his weapon putting it into firing mode. Misty clouds of his own breath punctuated his walk towards the church. Through the hazy winter atmosphere of frost he spotted a family of four approaching their vehicle. The family was approximately sixty feet away and there appeared to be a mother, a father and two young adult daughters. Isaac shouldered his rifle and aimed at the family of Christians, slowing his breathing and shutting one eye. When the father's gloved hand made contact with the handle of the vehicle is when the rapid shots began to break out. The screaming reports of the bullets ripped through the still silence and the front of the father's wool jacket exploded into tatters before he hit the ground. Instead of blinding him the bright muzzle flashes of the Bushmaster seemed to enhance his vision in the chilled darkness. The wife instinctively ducked down in the frosty gloom and put her hands over head. Isaac tried to hit her once or twice but the bullets missed and pierced the

trunk of their vehicle. He trained his iron sights on the tall brunette sisters who appeared to be in their early twenties. He pulled the trigger multiple times as his slithering tongue ran across his cracked lips. Both the awestruck sisters were nearly decapitated by the 6.8mm rounds, their craniums seemingly disappearing from the forceful blasts. He marched forward towards his victims and once he approached the terrified and shivering mother he noticed that he could see the mangled brainstems of the dead sisters sticking out of the space where their heads use to be. The basilisk within was extremely pleased by these acts of sardonic evil. It was as if the steel serpent's batteries were being supercharged by the innocent Christian blood that was being spilled. The crouching and sobbing mother who leaned against the bumper of the parked vehicle was raising her hands in a futile and pathetic attempt to shield herself from the inevitable violence that would come. Isaac aimed his weapon downward and blew five holes through her chest, eviscerating her breasts. She was aggressively thrown on her back onto the wet asphalt; it was as if she had been sideswiped by a speeding truck. The falling snow dissolved in the radiant pool of blood that formed under her blasted body. Isaac noticed that the father was still alive and groaning and stirring in a state of pained confusion. The anti-Christian killer put two bullets through the grey-haired man's head transforming it into an ugly pulp of fleshy mush. He knew he had some bullets left in the magazine but thought he must be running

low so he ejected the magazine and loaded a new one and then racked the slide of the rifle. He left the family of corpses behind and continued towards the entrance of the mega-church. When he was close to the large glass doors of the entrance he realized that he was getting a little hot under the collar and he was beginning to perspire so he removed his Australian duster from his body and tossed it to the side. Instead of reaching out to open the glass doors he sprayed the entrance with bullets and walked through the destructed jagged portal feeling like an unstoppable titan of death. Reveling in the heightened orgasm of bloodlust he marched down the polished marble floor of the mega-church. The sound of his combat boots stomping against the marble floor was music to his ears. The promise of violence and terror was in that cruel sound. Positioned sternly at each side of the large corridor were tall stone pillars which lead up to the entrance of the assembly hall. Isaac saw a few dozen Christian sheep dashing for the far side exit at the opposite end of the building. The gunshots and shattering glass had obviously alerted them of the impending threat. Isaac aimed down the corridor at the mass of escaping Christians and fired a barrage of bullets into the chaotic horde. He grinned ear to ear when he saw a handful of the Jehovans drop like flies. He advanced with his rifle shouldered and continued firing on the panicking crowd. He wondered how many Christians would perish in the stampede that resulted from his rampage. Suddenly he encountered fierce resistance that he did not expect. An armed

female security guard now blocked his path, she was wearing some type of combat vest and she appeared from behind one of the tall stone pillars at the far end of the wide corridor. Before he could react and train his rifle on her she braced herself in a firing stance with her semi-automatic pistol outstretched towards him and she fired three times in rapid succession. Isaac felt a corrosive burning sensation in his lungs as the wind was knocked out of him and he sidestepped towards the side of the large corridor and took cover behind one of the tall stone pillars. He was slouched over against the pillar and realized that he was leaking rivers of blood against the cold surface. Isaac cursed under his breath and at this moment in time wished that he had the foresight and wisdom to invest in a kevlar vest of some kind. He searched frantically and despondently with one of his hands across the flesh of his left side and found that he was wounded in his lower stomach. The 9mm bullet had pierced his body a few inches to the left of his belly button. He peered outside of his cover for a brief second to make sure the female security guard was not advancing on his position. Was this the end of the road for him? Was some stupid bitch going to put a premature stop to his glorious unholy rampage? He was now in intense pain with his vitality spilling out from him and painting the polished marble floor below with hot crimson. It wasn't looking good but maybe if he could stay on the aggressive offense he could dispatch this bitch and move onto the strangling of the flock. There were still many

sheep to be shorn. The basilisk hissed inside him and his veins felt fueled by raging gasoline. He ejected a magazine and loaded a fresh one into the Bushmaster. As he stepped out from behind the stone pillar he racked the action on the rifle and aimed towards the right side of the corridor where he had last seen the female security guard. He scanned the six stone pillars to the right of the corridor that she could be hiding behind. The armed woman burst forth from behind a stone pillar about thirty feet away and aimed her pistol in his general direction. They both seemed to jump out of their own skin in alarm for a moment after spotting mutual enemies. The female security guard and Isaac began dumping projectiles towards each other in a haphazard spray and pray fashion. The first few bullets fired from each of them whistled past flesh and bone and connected with stone pillars and plaster walls. A 9mm bullet then completely decimated Isaac's right ear until it was practically non-existent other than some slick morsels of sliced meat which clung to his cheek. Isaac's aim proved truer than his foe's though and the right side of the female security guards skull disintegrated in a spray of pink mist. Wincing in pain and gritting his teeth Isaac walked over the security guard's corpse and then firing maniacally from the hip he emptied his magazine into the streams of Christians who were spilling out of the assembly hall until he heard a click signifying an empty magazine. The wide marble corridor was starting to look like a can of sardines with all the poached Christians lying in a row next to each other

and marinating in their own liquids. The extreme surreal madness of the situation really struck him like a freight train at this moment when he looked down the marble corridor at the dead and the dying. “So foul and fair a day I have not seen” he muttered to himself, quoting his favorite Shakespeare play ‘Macbeth’. He reloaded his weapon and racked the action while exploiting a gap in the human flood to walk into the packed heart of the assembly hall. Clutching his warm and smoking weapon he looked out into a horrified crowd of elderly people and of families. Terrified women and children taking cover underneath chairs and tables and huddled together in corners. The dutiful patriarchs of the families were standing like human meat shields to protect their loved ones from the violence. The uncontrollable sobs of frightened children and the screaming of the wounded was a true cacophony of horror. Isaac approached a table that a large family of nine or more was hiding under and wasted all of them in a merciless hail of gunfire. He had heard somewhere that professional assassins followed the method of two to the trunk and one to the head to ensure fatalities and he felt like he was doing a pretty good job of that now. He walked to a corner of the assembly hall that had become a squirming mass of human flesh and he pumped a full magazine of bullets into it until the mountain of flesh became motionless and silent. As he was reloading his weapon after completing his mass slaughter three bold men attempted to rush and disarm him but they were too slow to succeed in their risky

venture and he ventilated all of them until their breath was stolen forever from their bodies. Isaac climbed onto the raised stage and from this advantageous hunting position he fired indiscriminately into the congregation. If something was moving in the assembly hall he poured his wrath into it. The environment now smelled overwhelmingly of black powder, spent shells and copper. The pungent smell of death was so palpable inside of the condemned mega-church it was like he was showering in it. Isaac began to yell out to the congregation of shorn sheep to mock them and pour salt in their wounds. He continued to fire his Bushmaster at the crawling and the wounded as he yelled. "WHERE IS YOUR GOD NOW?!?!?" He screamed at the dying Jehovans. "CHRIST IS IN HELL GETTING FIST FUCKED BY A DEMON!" He screamed. **BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!** *RELOAD*.....**BANG! BANG! BANG BANG! BANG! BANG!** *RELOAD*. He was growing weaker and weaker by the moment and knew that he was dying from the gunshot wound to the stomach he had sustained in the corridor firefight. He wondered how many putrid Christians he had managed to kill. He fancied it had to be at least a hundred if not more. Not a bad body count at all, a nightmarish massacre for the record books. The wages of sin is death he thought to himself. He had become high on his own sadistic vengeance. He had avenged his maltreatment and proved his superiority. He smiled because he knew the basilisk was proud of him. His mission was complete so now he could rest. This is

what absolution tasted like. He figured he was the only person worthy enough to end his own life and anyone else would be too ignorant to realize the privilege. Isaac found a cool shadow behind one of the hanging stage curtains and he sat down and crossed his legs. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Isaac debated for a moment what his last thoughts should be on this earth before the 6.8mm round annihilated his brain. It came to him without much difficulty. He was standing on this very stage and getting affectionately hugged by Ashley. He remembered how her perfume smelled as his face made contact with her enchanting hair. Isaac pulled the trigger of his rifle and the basilisk swallowed his corrupted soul. After the mega-church massacre there was a puzzling and frustrating power outage which effected everywhere in the city within a twenty mile radius from the Dawn of Salvation building. Hundreds of law enforcements officials crawled through the crime scene for weeks on end collecting DNA and looking for other evidence to explain the atrocities that had happened there. Among other oddities that were found was a red and black colored patch that was found within the pages of one of the Bibles. It resembled a black shield which had a red pitchfork in it that had triple sixes above the hellishly spiked prongs. In another Bible upon one of the pages of the Book of Revelations was drawn a rough sigil of a stag with charred angel wings. The unspeakable carnage within the congregation hall was so heinous and egregious that many of the police officers on

the scene had to seek psychological treatment after witnessing it. Dozens of dead and disfigured women and children littered the carpeted floor. It was a heartless and indiscriminate slaughter that in terms of evil and brutality was incomparable to anything else they had seen in their entire careers on the force. Many of the detectives left the assembly hall in order to vomit in the parking lot. A police officer found a letter written by the shooter in the glove compartment of his vehicle. It was a letter addressed to God. The letter read as follows 'What have I done so wrong? What is wrong with me anyways? Am I really such a bad person? Why didn't you answer my cries?' In the creases of the letter were traces of a narcotic substance. The officer realized with dismay that an unknown sticky substance had pooled against his fingers. When the officer realized that the substance was fresh ejaculate he dropped the letter to the asphalt and cursed in disgust. Police swarmed Isaac's home and turned his room inside out. A laptop was found that Isaac had successfully hidden from his parents. It had gigabytes upon gigabytes of hardcore degenerate pornography of both the legal and illegal varieties. Rape videos real and simulated as well as snuff films and child pornography, there was enough depraved and illegal material to put someone behind bars for a long time. It was a sick collection he had been adding to for quite some time. Underneath his mattress were found dozens of drawings of a large metal snake with glowing red eyes. When Isaac's parents were informed by police of the magnitude of their

son's deranged crimes his mother fainted and his father had a mental breakdown on the spot. A dozen or so of the fortunate survivors of the church massacre had initially told reporters and police that during parts of the murders they could have sworn that the killer had red laser beams projecting from his soulless pupils as if he was some type of homicidal android that was programmed to kill. They had quickly shut their mouths about that fact and some had even gone as far as retracting their statements out of fear of being labeled crazy by the public. In their minds and their traumatic memories they knew it to be the truth though. Isaac's remains were cremated and out of disgust for his abhorrent actions his family refused to hold any sort of funeral service for him. It was rumored that his ashes were flushed down the toilet and all who heard the rumor prayed that it was true.

CHAPTER 5: THE BASILISK

Isaac with one hand on the steering wheel pulled into his stale suburban middle-class neighborhood. It was early December and a light snow was falling on his saddened surroundings. The well-manicured lawns of his neighbors were alive with nativity scenes and electronic deer, swaying wired antlers slowly back and forth in the frost filled air. His family was by far the most religious out of all his neighbors, yet their lawn was plain and empty, dull and without character. His parents while being ultra-Christian and hyper-religious weren't exactly the festive or decorative type and in most ways in fact were insufferable and unbearable dullards. He drove slowly into the driveway of his family home with a familiar feeling of dread tightening in his chest. He pulled the keys out of the ignition and killed the engine of the car. For a moment with his trembling hands placed on the steering wheel before him, he just observed the mist of his frozen breath suddenly appear and then just as rapidly

dissipate near the windshield that was gathering ice. He continued this for a few moments as he calmed his tumultuous mind with the slow vapors of his concentrated exhalations. This meditative action was relaxing to him for a few moments and helped to soothe his anxiety to a degree. Small mercies, he thought bitterly, all glory be unto God. By accident he caught his sorry reflection in one of the side mirrors of his parked vehicle. That was one of his biggest pet peeves, being forced to look at his own reflection when he had no intention of seeing his damned face. He loathed mirrors and reflective surfaces for this reason. They were always catching him off guard with unwanted images of his inhumanly blank face, and it was always an arrow to the chest. If he had owned the house he lived in he would have long since covered all the mirrors in duct tape and smashed all the reflective surfaces into pieces. He never wanted to see his putrid face again, that self-loathing visage drained of all life and vitality. He looked like some soulless accountant, plain and unremarkable, a forgettable statistic to be stuffed into a cubicle somewhere, a genetic nobody. He looked down into the square patterns of his long-sleeved plaid shirt and zoned out for a minute or so. Isaac could never get use to these nightly routine interrogations from his intrusive and overbearing guardian mother, no matter how many times he was subjected to her indignities, and to think the loathsome inquisitor in question was his own flesh and blood mother. Mother dearest how lovely you might look sprawled out and mangled at the

bottom of the staircase with a broken neck, just a bead or two of blood forming on your fractured lips, and then maybe, a rivulet of crimson, a sanguine flood. He remorsefully unbuckled his seatbelt and readjusted the hidden album in his pants. It wouldn't work he told himself, it had never worked, her obsessive security tactics were impenetrable when it came to her restricting outside music into the house and yet tonight he felt the inexplicable need to challenge her authority anyway. He wasn't sure why, maybe simply to spite her even though this could very well result in harsh penalties and consequences for him. Also, this looked like a great CD he had scored. He had bought it from an old co-worker in the food court at the local mall after he had purchased and ate a slice of pepperoni pizza at Sbarros for dinner, washing it down with a large cup of mountain dew. His mother hated caffeine as well and forbade him from drinking it, *whatever* he thought, *she could go fuck herself*. The hidden CD in question was a dark electronic and industrial compilation album that featured some of his favorite artists such as Meat Beat Manifesto, Frontline Assembly, Skinny Puppy and Nine Inch Nails. Electronic music was his passion, anything from Aggrotech, EBM, to techno music he couldn't get enough of. His dream was to make his own electronic music. Not even with the lofty goal of making a lot of money or being a famous musician or anything of that sort but just for the simple joy of creation and artistic self-expression. He had owned a synthesizer and an electronic keyboard for a few years which brought him

great entertainment and fulfillment but his mother had ultimately confiscated his musical instruments against his will and scrapped them behind his back when he was away from home for work because she said they had been getting in the way of his Bible studies and taken him off the covenant path. Ever since then his mother had a particularly bitter vendetta against his love of electronic music, seeing it as a pathway to idolatry and downward highway to sin. He remembered how his fingers would dance conspiratorially over the keys of the large electronic keyboard, lost in an experimental haze for long hours. His blood pressure would relax and he would sink through the floor, grounded in the moment of transforming possibilities, grounded somehow in the drifting and shape-shifting audio landscapes produced by his electrified hands. Gathering his will to be degraded and demeaned once again, Isaac stepped out of his car with a deep sigh. He adjusted his blue beanie on his head against the winter chill and straightened his black-rimmed rectangular framed glasses on the bridge of his nose. He drew a deep breath through his nostrils and then took the unpleasant plunge and opened the front door to his house. As soon as he saw his frowning harpy of a mother standing at the bottom of the staircase with her arms folded, he experienced a palpable constriction of his heart and blood vessels. She walked forward in a stern fashion, like a scornful theocratic tyrant ready to enforce her dogmatic rule, with the usual ugly creases on her forehead and crows-feet at the corners of her shrewd

eyes. Her grey-streaked hair was pulled up into a tight knot at the back of her head; she wore tan slacks that were a size too big for her and a grey button down dress shirt. She dressed like an elderly man with constipation and looked like a thrice divorced bitter librarian, Isaac thought to himself slyly. “You are two hours late tonight. What were you doing?” She asked with a biting tone of sharp annoyance. “Robbie asked me to come over and watch an action movie” he lied poorly. Robbie was a co-worker and mere acquaintance, he didn’t have any real friends but the harpy didn’t have to know that. “Hold your arms out” she demanded like she was a alarmed security guard and he was a suspicious passenger at an airport. That’s what he often felt like in his own home, a suspected terrorist. She thoroughly searched him with her clammy veiny hands and patted down his body, eventually detecting the hidden album near his crotch. For an uncomfortable moment during the probing process her fingers pressed forcefully against his left testicle. “A CD? Are you serious right now Isaac?” she asked in an offended fluster, her cheeks flushing angry red with hot blood. “Take it out now!” Isaac followed the cruel commands of his maternal captor. As soon as the CD case left the protection of his jeans she grabbed it with greedy, destructive hands. She pulled the reflective CD from the case and broke it into eight jagged shards in front of his face before even checking who the musical artists were, hell for all she knew they could have been born again gospel singers. She then dropped the shattered shards of

ruined compact disc and they fell almost directly on top of his tennis shoes like violated diamonds. “Now pick up the mess you have made Isaac” she said proudly with her hands on her hips, looking very smug and pleased with herself. Isaac could see his disinterested father in their bland and grey living room in his cloudy peripheral vision, his father almost immobile and motionless like a bespectacled mannequin. He was holding a sharpened pencil to some Christian themed crossword puzzle as usual, searching impotently for the cherished date of the coming rapture. The soulless gray man his dad, the father who was not there, the detestable worm and submissive husband, these were all worthy and fitting titles for this utterly banal shell of a man that Isaac had the misfortune to call father. His father had almost nothing to do with the raising and discipline of himself and his brother. As a patriarch he was a non-entity and had no authority in the household whatsoever. His mother wore the pants in the family and they all suffered because of his father’s dereliction of duty. Isaac had to fight the strong urge to rush into the living room, start braying obscenities like a dormant maniac who had finally snapped and begin strangling the cowardly man with gleeful vigor; maybe some physical pain would activate some deeply suppressed sign of life in the cardboard cutout. Attempting to conceal a sour grimace on his face Isaac scooped up the jagged shards of broken CD and dumped them into the nearest rubbish receptacle. So much for his hopeful audio escapism for the night, his

plans foiled once more by the harpy. “You certainly won’t be needing this either” his mother said handing him the album case like it was some unspeakably obscene and profane artifact. He tossed that into the trashcan as well, his closed mouth a slit of discontent. He felt a flash of hot anger at the destruction of his CD. His shoulders slumped in discouragement. Another hard earned ten dollars wasted, he thought to himself utterly defeated. “Go to your bedroom and we will talk about your punishment tomorrow morning” his mother said as she glared icy daggers in his direction. He successfully fought off the urge to ask scornfully and sarcastically if he could at least have cookies and milk for desert. Discouraged and internally fuming he slowly ascended the staircase to his bedroom at the far end of the hall, the stairway into nothingness, into the womb of stagnation and decay. When he reached the top floor of the three-story house he immediately collapsed on his lonely bed and pulled a pillow over his agonized face. He began to scream like a tortured banshee and kept screaming until his strained vocal chords ached and throbbed and it felt like the pressured blood vessels were going to burst at his strained temples. The agony was visceral and it pulsed and slithered through him like a hateful soiled hand. Once he dropped the spittle-flecked pillow to the floor his anguished face was purple and he was dizzy and lightheaded from the self-induced suffocation. His bleak situation was a desperate one, he felt like he was drowning in mire and he did not know how to escape this

awful feeling that so thoroughly possessed him. His head swimming in a fog of dissociation as his listless gaze turned upwards, his ceiling seemed to dissolve momentarily and he stared ruefully into an infinite dead black space. He had researched the symptoms of clinical depression in the past and he checked all the boxes. There was something seriously wrong with his brain and he was sure of it. It was hopeless though as his parents would never consent to him being placed on anti-depressants by a doctor or any other type of medication to fight against mental illness. In their minds mental illness was synonymous with being a bad person and an irredeemable failure. They would rather die than admit their failure of a son had a defective brain; that is a social stigma they as perfect Christians would never accept. Maybe just as well Isaac thought to himself, being a medicated zombie didn't sound like a great alternative to his current suffering either. He didn't want to be a medical guinea pig to be poked and prodded by clinically detached professionals, his mind mutilated with psychoactive chemicals until he reached a lobotomized "normality". He seemed to be stuck in a permanent crisis of faith. God didn't answer his prayers, he was talking to himself like a crazy person, he was only talking to himself with no divine intervention in sight and he could not stand his own company any longer. The religion of his family had offered him false promises of paradise but now here he was in complete and total desolation. Through his rejections and disillusionment in life he had come to

view Christianity as a vile poison but the religion still had its damned and stubborn roots grown deep into his flesh, so this poison which corrupted him was also his only possible cure and saving grace. It was a vicious cycle he was trapped within indeed. He had been in training for two years to become a Christian missionary but was expelled from the program for supposed "disturbing behavior" and ultimately being deemed "mentally unhealthy and psychologically unfit" by the heads of the program. Unbeknownst to him he had been observed a couple of times by a concerned camp counselor, he was apparently pacing back and forth in his room when he was alone, gripped by some frenzied delirium with cold sweat forming on his brow and talking animatedly and arguing passionately with himself late at night, wrestling with the innumerable demons of his inner turmoil. This discovery by one of the heads of the missionary training program along with being a socially awkward loner who was horrible at making and maintaining eye-contact was deemed solid enough of a reason for his termination from the program. This injustice had ruined him and set him upon the doomed road he was now cursed to walk indefinitely. His parents were clearly ashamed of his failure and his dejection grew into bitterness. Now his pathetic fate seemed to be slaving away at a minimum wage dead-end job, with no friends, no romantic life and no prospects, with only his bleak ruminations for company. He was once convicted with a higher calling, one of travelling the world and

saving souls in the name of Christ but that dream had been dashed and ground into dust. This same hated religion also seemed like the only cure for this poison in his veins, it was a vicious cycle he was trapped within, he repeated to himself in his obsessive mind the hopelessness of his dilemma. Part of him wanted to forever turn his back on Christianity but this religion had been his whole life, it had nourished and edified him from the cradle, been his guiding star as a boy and propelled him into manhood. He used to feel the presence of celestial guardians even in his loneliest times, he used to blow the trumpets of the Archangels on high. To negate Christianity now was to disintegrate the self, it was a suicidal venture. His very ego and destiny were all tied together with the ruined salvation of the cross, the cross that had betrayed and abandoned him, the cross which had failed him, and the cross that had now been buried deep within the old earth. The idea that all his years of earnest dedication and sacrifice had been for naught was something he was not ready or willing to accept. He could not let that final nail be driven into the coffin of his once earnest faith. He refused to look at the grim finality of his fall from grace. Maybe there was a silver lining somewhere on the distant horizon. Maybe the light of the redeemer could still break through this all-consuming oblivion and pull him back to the surface where he could breathe again. Then the world would be right-side-up and make sense again. Isaac looked gloomily and cautiously towards the large silver cross fixed above his wardrobe

closet. The silver cross was polished obsessively to the point where it shone forth like a sanctified mirror over the private dominion of his bedroom. A distant sliver of hope still remained in him somewhere that maybe his savior was not hollow but did indeed have the power to save even a downtrodden wretch like him. But yet a much more definitive and authoritative voice roared from the depths of his subconscious confirming that he was a lost cause, an irredeemable sinner who had been given over to a reprobate mind. Thoughtlessly and guided by habit, he turned the lights off in his room so that the surroundings were consumed in the darkness of winter night. He let out a desperate and shrill cry in his isolation and fell to his knees underneath the silent judgment of the silver cross. In the quiet blackness he clasped his hands together reverently and began to pray for sanctification and salvation, his frantic and emotional prayer a desperate and hushed whisper in the oppressive gloom. He humbly asked for forgiveness for his sins and for a merciful lessening of his blighted plight, he prayed for comfort from his tribulation. A few cathartic tears escaped the corners of his closed eyes, like the tainted dews of a deathly heaven. Before he could properly finish his prayer he heard the slithering monster within the walls once more, and again his hopes were dashed to pieces before him like the fragile skulls of the children of the sinners of antiquity smashed against the jagged rocks. Where was the protection of the divine? God's grace from on high could not prevent

the accursed slithering from continuing. The familiar and dreaded piercing frequency burst forth into the space of his bedroom and seemed to penetrate and desecrate every atom of his being, making the marrow within his bones vibrate and ache. The taste of contaminated metal caressed and possessed Isaac's tongue. Isaac plugged his throbbing ears with his fingers but this meek attempt to shield himself and his crumbling psyche from the relentless onslaught of the piercing frequency was in vain. Despite the manual obstruction to his hearing, still the grating assault on his senses persisted mercilessly, driving him to the brink of madness. He could hear the caustic slime rushing through the archaic subterranean tunnels beneath his home. He could feel the sinister cold-blooded creature crawling up from the murky depths of his subconscious. The choked and strangled ventilation system above was pregnant with an unspeakable atrocity and trembled precariously with the weight of its obscene burden. He knew it would return eventually but he didn't think it would be this soon. He feared this would be the last time, before he was fully and totally assimilated into the evil current and drowned within its depths, it was like a negatively charged electricity that could not be denied, a vibration and frequency that knew no light. He could hear the abrasive scraping of the synthetic scales against the metal of the ventilation system. The horrible taste of bile and iron rose up through his throat to contaminate his mouth yet again and he felt the blind terror pounding in his soul with

hellish hammers. The large silver cross above his wardrobe closet creaked and became unhinged before detaching from the wall and thudding to the wooden floor with a horrible sound. A potent religious icon that once emanated an aura of protection and comfort now reduced to a piece of worthless junk, null and void in the cold breath of such malignant malevolence. This demoralizing shock of the fallen dead symbol of religiosity sent Isaac scrambling for shelter and crawling beneath his bed in a terrible fright. He shivered and recited a few verses of memorized scripture to himself in a futile attempt to calm his frayed nerves. He was now descending into a full blown panic attack, his shuddering heart racing like a frantic metronome. When the invasive basilisk spoke he had to listen and obey, the basilisk demanded to be heard. He couldn't bear to see its horrible face again, to gaze into those cold and pitiless viper eyes. Part of the ventilation system above collapsed into ruined shrapnel and a steel-armored and ancient coiled reptile fell to the floorboards with an explosive crash. Isaac wanted to look away from the unfolding nightmare before him but his body seemed to be paralyzed and his eyes were glued to the basilisk in sheer terror. This wasn't the first time he had been psychically bound and held captive by this cruel mechanical snake and somehow he doubted it would be the last. He didn't know how much longer he could refuse the creature's hellish dictates. Part of him wanted to surrender and submit to the basilisk, no matter how high the cost, anything to make the fear stop. Maybe obedience and

conformity to the evil serpent was the only way to find peace. The robotic coiled basilisk straightened its lengthy and substantial form and began to slowly slither towards the frightened Isaac, a frightful forked silver tongue that crackled with menacing electricity darted in and out of its intrepid slit mouth. The basilisk approached the foot of the bed and began to raise its bulky reptilian head. Its spiteful eyes were like infernal molten marbles encased behind indestructible polycarbonate shells. A great and ancient intelligence was hidden somewhere deep behind that cybernetic gaze. The basilisk opened its fanged mouth and revealed a throat and digestive tract of infinite installations of labyrinthine tunnels devoid of life. From somewhere deep within its artificial bowels was birthed and stretched forth a long and mighty iron rod, the projected iron rod moved forward until the iron rod was protruding from the slit of its mouth, like a nuclear missile peering from the shadows of its silo. With a series of clicks the end of the iron rod then bloomed like a mechanical flower and revealed a steel platform holding a syringe that was filled with a brackish black liquid. The gleaming and sharp needle of the syringe was plunged into the epicenter of the right pupil of Isaac and its unknown contents flooded into him.

CHAPTER 6: NINE LIVES

Satanae Manibus paced restlessly through the hallways of the second floor of his home, he was clothed in nothing but a pair of boxer shorts and his **Satanic Front** dog tags hanged from his neck. A cold sweat grew steadily on his brow and the paranoia started to build in his troubled mind. It was a quarter past midnight on a Sunday morning and he was on his fourth cup of straight black coffee. He was feeling jittery and wired from all the caffeine but simultaneously his eyelids were growing heavy and the waves of exhaustion and fatigue were beginning to pummel him into submission. His nervous system was electrified but his sluggish and drowsy brain was begging for a deep slumber, a nauseating combination to be sure but he soldiered on because he had to. There simply wasn't a choice in the matter. He had been stark awake without a wink of sleep for at least seventy two hours at this point. He didn't want to break into the Adderall pills that were

stashed in the wintergreen mint can in his bedroom dresser drawer just yet. Those bastards would be a last resort but that last resort seemed to be approaching rapidly if he was honest with himself. He had to get his hands on that damn cat and put an end to this. Then he could sleep restfully in peace and regain his sanity. He couldn't risk another disaster like what occurred at the Waffle House. He had to stay ten steps ahead of the enemy lest he suffer a downfall. Manibus was beginning to hallucinate at this point in the night but he reassured himself that this was from the sleep deprivation and not the destructive hex that was cast upon him. Boiled pale and slimy yellowish slugs and grubs were melting out of the breathing walls around him. The plasma air and ectoplasmic atmosphere around him seemed to reverberate with an erratic heartbeat. The disturbed boundaries of his consciousness seemed to be shifting and bleeding. He had almost caught the damn cat a few weeks ago. He had seen the sinister shape-shifter skulking around with its whiskers flared in the overgrown grass of his backyard near the back door of his house. It had just urinated on the wood paneling beneath a window. The cat urine must have had something to do with the curse upon him. It was like the feline was marking its territory and locking him into some type of diseased astral cage of affliction. Manibus had snuck over to the back door of his home and stealthily opened the door as quietly as he could before bursting out with gritted teeth towards the adversarial cat and attempting to wrap his angry and vengeful

hands around its slim midsection. The sleek and squirming feline slipped out of his hands as if its bones transformed into water. The mischievous cat sprinted away in a blinding flash and effortlessly scaled the tall fence before it disappeared in the tangled weeds of his neighbor's backyard. Manibus kicked at the dirt beneath him and muttered many profanities under his breath. The sad part about this is he had always been a big cat lover but he would have to make a harsh exception for this thing. Now the accursed cat would become like an itchy and taunting worm curled up at the dark recesses of his skull that he could not reach to scratch and eliminate the itch no matter how hard he tried. He was constantly aware of its befouling presence within his violated environment but it continuously eluded his vision and his clutches. He would have to develop a more clever approach to catching the little bastard than just rushing it and grabbing it with his bare hands. Manibus grabbed his garden hose and turned it on full blast before power-washing the tainted area of the wood paneling under the window that the cat had urinated on, he sprayed this spot with the garden hose for a good fifteen minutes before he was satisfied that the rancid stain had been washed clean. Manibus realized soon in the days to come after this galling event that maybe his failure to capture the cat that night might actually have been a blessing in disguise because if he had caught it while his ire had been raised as it had been at that moment he would have surely gave into his anger and frustration and snapped

the cat's neck without a second thought. While that act of brutality would have been momentarily gratifying for Manibus it would ultimately have been foolish and short-sighted and it wouldn't have really solved his underlying problem. The cat might have been the toxic deliverer of the hex and the radioactive messenger of his misfortune but it was most likely part of a larger conspiracy that was being weaved against him. What he really needed was the shape-shifting cat to lead him back to its lair to expose the identity or identities of the familiar's masters. Then he could proceed to raze the whole vipers den to the ground and wash his hands of this whole poisonous affair. This bothersome situation had been a thorn in his paw for far too long. He had an infernal army to raise and an Antichrist to enthrone and he did not have time to be sidetracked by this vexing and cumbersome quest. Over the course of ten days Manibus had constructed a series of small steel cages at strategic positions around the home. These steel cages were raised up towards the roof of the house and could be lowered only through the pulling of multiple cords in the garage. From the outsider's perspective these cages he had engineered to trap the mischievous feline appeared to be some type of collection of crude metal bird feeders. He had a dirty washcloth soaked in chloroform with the felines name on it. He had made sure to spit heartily into the center of this washcloth that would suffocate the cat and put it to sleep. Everyone had their own unique way of expressing their emotions in times of stress and this was his. He couldn't

wait to wrap the chemical soaked rag over the cat's face until it fell into forced unconsciousness. The black cat wouldn't be swift and stinging like a cold night's wind any longer but it would be vulnerable organic matter in his hands, to be manipulated or broken at his whim. Manibus had personally manufactured a little tracking microchip to pierce into the meat of the cat's tail. Once the cat was released from the steel cage and came back to consciousness it was only a matter of waiting for the cat to slink back home to regenerate its health on food, water and sleep. Manibus would be tracking its location and watching its evolving whereabouts on the program on his computer. He would have all the necessary data he needed at this point to solve this mystery and put an end to this madness. Manibus drank from the running faucet of his bathroom sink until his thirst was quenched. A stress migraine was raping his brain and he could feel the veins at his temples pulsing painfully. He flung open his medicine cabinet behind the mirror and opened up a bottle of Aspirin. He poured six or seven pills into his hand before dry swallowing them. His liver was a trooper, it could deal. Once he was done he saw a few dozen creepy crawling spiders shuffle out from beneath the cabinet of the sink towards his bare foot. Their wobbly legs looked too long and malformed to be real. He instinctively pulled back his foot for a moment in defensive disgust. It dawned on him that these shadowy arachnids were figments of his fevered imagination, products of his sleep deprivation. He relaxed and

shook his head back into wakeful reality. Manibus went to a nightstand in his bedroom and grabbed a pair of night vision goggles. He walked to his bedroom windows and scanned his front yard and driveway with the high-tech goggles. The only movement he witnessed was a slight one of a slothful toad in the yard. He took the goggles with him and went downstairs. In the living room which smelled of stale cigarette smoke he found the tall form of Oculi Satanae sprawled out on the white leather couch with his bare feet resting on the arm of the furniture. Traces of ash could be seen clinging to the ends of his grey beard. On the brown mahogany table next to him was a heavy glass ashtray that was filled to the brim with grizzled cigarette butts. Oculi was drifting in and out of sleep with an issue of 'The National Enquirer' spread out on his lap. One of the main articles promoted on the cover was something along the lines of 'Little Beauty Queen JonBenét Ramsey's Grave Desecrated By Devil Worshipers'. Earlier Oculi was reading something called 'The Bizarro Fiction Compendium' but apparently he had changed his reading material in the last couple of hours. He had strange taste for sure. Manibus had employed the help of Oculi to catch the damn cat, four eyes were better than two. Oculi had been awake for nearly as long as Manibus had been at this point and Manibus could only be so upset at him slipping into sweet seductive rest. Manibus grabbed hold of Oculi's shoulder and shook him firmly to wakeful attention. "No sleeping on the job asshole" Manibus said with stern seriousness but also a hint of

playful humor. Oculi yammered incoherently for a moment and looked around the room in a momentary frenzy as if trying to remember where he was. “Damn, I’m starting to feel like a character in a Nightmare on Elm Street movie or something” said Oculi, rubbing the drowsiness out of his eyes. Oculi went to the refrigerator in the kitchen and pulled out a chilled can of Red Bull. He pulled the tab on the top and chugged the energy drink in four big gulps. Oculi crushed the can in his fist and tossed it into the garbage. After refreshing himself in this manner he continued to patrol the ground floor windows of the home with a heavy duty flashlight. Occasionally he would shine the weak beam outside into the driveway and front yard to scan for potential activity. He kept the beam level low so as not to scare off the feline that was obsessively haunting the home. Out of the corner of his tired vision he saw movement and he partially trained some of the beam of his flashlight on the suspicious movement. There was the black cat of their wildest dreams and worst nightmares with its claws protruding. The cat was scratching at a patch of earth beneath one of the windows homes. It then lowered its sleek black liquid-like body toward the scratched patch of earth as if holding itself ritualistically in some type of witchcraft yoga pose. The cat was urinating. Oculi made himself as light-footed as possible and walked sideways out of the living room. He went upstairs in a determined hurry and alerted Manibus to the presence of the cat. Manibus almost wanted to shout in joyful celebration when he heard

this great news but he kept his lips closed and knelt down with his exposed knees pressing into the carpet and he then removed a prepared kit of tools from beneath his bed. Manibus went into his garage afterwards and found the appropriate hanging cord to pull downward to activate the release of the cage that was closest to the feline's current position. Manibus and Oculi went into the living room shortly after and looked out the window to see if the cage had successfully captured its target. The steel cage had fallen from its position near the roof and instead of capturing the cat within its bars it had crashed down loudly and awkwardly, fell onto its side and missed its center target by about a half a foot. The good news is the weight of the edge of the steel cage had crushed one of the cat's hind legs and stunned it into immobility for the time being. Now feeling wide awake and alert with his adrenaline pumping Manibus flung open the front door of its home and jogged over to the crippled cat while carrying his kit of tools in his hands. He wrapped his hand around the yowling and confused cats neck and then wrapped the wet chloroform soaked rag completely around its protesting face and head and held it there firmly for a good two minutes, making sure to stifle all of its breathing orifices with the oppressive fumes of the chemical soaked rag. The frightened cats fangs struck out in defensive spite and tore a few small holes into the rag but Manibus repositioned the rag against its futile struggles and continued to smother the captured feline in chloroform. Eventually the cat fell limp into vulnerable

unconsciousness. Manibus used a knife to carve a small laceration into the base of the cat's tail. He then put the little metal microchip onto the point of the knife and slipped it into the red laceration. The microchip was hidden deep enough inside of the wound so that it was not visible and even if the foreign object could be felt by the cat it would be extremely difficult to remove from where it had been lodged. He removed the chemical rag from the cat's wetted head and took his tool kit back inside his home. He came back outside and grabbed the steel cage and put it inside of his garage. It had failed but somehow still got the job done. The cat was put to sleep and chipped and that's all that mattered. He left the crippled and micro-chipped cat left lying in the yard. The thief in the night had been foiled. Now it was time to wait for the cat to wake up from its chloroform nap and then skulk back home broken and defeated. A half an hour later that is exactly what the wounded cat did, it skulked home slowly in shame, extremely careful not to put too much weight on its recently pulverized hind leg. Manibus and Oculi took this opportunity to head into the armory and suit up for battle. They donned some brown BDU's and laced on their army boots. Manibus punched in a digital code to a large safe and swung it open. They each grabbed a loaded sidearm and a few other implements of war. Manibus headed to his computer and turned on his monitor. Once the monitor had blinked to life he opened the computer program which tracked the location of the hex cat. He watched the blinking red

dot on the digital map on the plasma screen for what seemed like a few hours until it slowed to a standstill. Manibus noted the address in his mind and also used a pencil to scribble it down on a notepad that he then placed in his pocket. Manibus and Oculi then got into his vehicle with Manibus behind the wheel and Oculi riding shotgun. Manibus drove at a moderate speed to their location which was approximately five miles away. They were staring at a large and luxurious mansion in the middle of a lush green field. They got out of the vehicle and with pistols in hands they advanced on the mansion. When they got to the door it was locked so they both barreled their shoulders into the large oak door. They put all of their body weight behind the blows and the door burst open on the sixth ramming. Manibus and Oculi raised their weapons and scanned the many rooms on the bottom floor but found not a single soul. The two diabolists then began to climb a winding staircase to the next floor of the mansion. As soon as Manibus laid a boot on the pristine carpet of the second floor hallway a deranged creature rushed towards him with much aggression. It was a frail and elderly man with a noticeably twisted spine, the demented octogenarian with the emaciated frame was completely nude besides his head and face being hidden by a tight black leather bondage mask. A silver zipper was pulled open across the lips of this bondage mask. It looked like something which could be bought in a seedy sex shop and most likely was. There were no holes in the bondage mask to allow for sight. The crazed old man had long

unwashed fingernails that formed into repulsive hooked claws, the old psychopath swiped angrily with his sickening claws towards the face of Manibus with a level of fierce animosity that was surprising for someone so ancient with such an emaciated frame. The old demented man kept slashing his claws towards the intruder but the keen reflexes of Manibus won over and he pulled backwards quickly, avoiding any harm. Taking a slash from one of those disgusting bacteria-infected claws would be a one-way-ticket to septic shock. Manibus realized that the deformed elderly man resembled some type of bipedal mutated mole rat that was a perfect stranger to sunlight. Manibus skillfully sidestepped the slashing claws of the mad old bastard once more before pulling a compacted and retractable police baton from his waistband. He flicked open the weapon to its full length with a forward shot of his wrist and then cracked the demented old man over the head with the baton. The crushing blow was enough to knock the senses out of the bondage masked old man and then send him tumbling down the winding staircase feet over head. The old man somersaulted painfully multiple times before crashing to a fatal halt at the bottom of the staircase. There was a loud cracking sound that shot through the large mansion in a sharp echo, the loud cracking sound was of the old bastard's neck snapping in two. It was a gratifying sound that also made your skin crawl, Manibus noted. With the old psycho out of the way Manibus and Oculi proceeded to a large concert hall environment. A massive antique

piano was pushed into the corner of the concert hall. A gigantic and opulent chandelier hovered above their heads and it shed a weak and ghostly light over the expansive room. A large septagram symbol constructed with blue yarn descended from the ceiling and bisected the concert hall at the center of the room. It resembled a hand knit dream catcher which divided the concert hall like some type of portal. Six naked women with long brown hair which fell to their waists stood in strategic and ritualistic positions around the concert hall. There were multiple pedestals throughout the room which held quartz crystal tetrahedrons at their centers. The woman at the head of the congregation seemed a few decades older than the others in her charge. She had an impressive mane of curled brown hair and a forest of pubic hair which almost concealed her bully button. Her breasts were slightly wrinkled and were losing the battle against time and gravity but they weren't too bad for her age, Manibus thought. "What is this some type of lesbian séance?" Oculi quipped. Manibus couldn't help but laugh. It was a damn good joke. Good enough to slice through the tension of this insane and surreal situation. Manibus aimed his pistol at the chest of the head matriarch and began to depress the trigger. He suddenly felt a blade tearing through a tendon of his forearm and the searing pain disarmed him. He dropped his pistol and the loaded magazine ejected from it when it hit the polished hardwood floor. A bare and small feminine foot kicked away the sidearm and it skidded under the septagram dream

catcher and across the concert hall. When Manibus turned to face his attacker he realized with dismay that his comrade Oculi had been similarly disarmed by a different attacker. Manibus used his uninjured arm to throw a hard elbow at the young naked female who had sneak attacked him with the knife. The elbow connected squarely against one of her temples and it was instant lights out for her. Oculi gave his female attacker a powerful head butt to the nose and she dropped to the floor like a sack of potatoes. These girls were fighting out of their weight divisions and they didn't stand a chance. Manibus realized that one of the nude witches on the other side of the yarn portal was in the process of collecting his gun and loaded magazine. He weighed their options in the split second he had available to him in this dire predicament. He could bum rush the girl and then reclaim his weapon, he could use a knife to take one of the witches hostage and then negotiate the return of the weapon somehow or they could flee the messy situation altogether. The last option was not an option at all as that would be shameful and cowardly. They had come to stomp out a curse and raze a vipers' den to the ground and that's what they would do come hell or high water. Oculi seemed to have brainstormed his own clever idea in the critical time Manibus was weighing his limited options. Oculi tapped Manibus on the shoulder and gave him a stone-cold unspoken look which translated roughly to *trust me* and *follow my lead*. Oculi pulled a hand grenade from one of the pockets of his tactical pants

and he pulled the pin from it. He then lobbed the grenade upwards towards the high base of the massive chandelier. Oculi tugged on the shirt of Manibus and they both dashed madly towards the bulky antique piano in the far corner of the concert hall. The explosion of the lobbed grenade shook the concert hall violently and the whole world seemed to be thrown upside down for a minute in the ensuing bedlam. Manibus and Oculi took cover behind the piano as shrapnel sprayed across the expansive room and heavy blankets of dust and plaster fell from the ravaged ceiling. The massive chandelier had been heavily damaged by the explosion and it hanged precariously from its support wires for a few moments before it collapsed under its own destroyed weight and came crashing down onto the hardwood floor of the concert hall. After the dizzying and blinding clouds of dust had settled Manibus and Oculi emerged from their cover position behind the bulky piano and surveyed the devastating results of the grenade explosion. They found that most of the nude witches were pinned underneath the enormous mangled carcass of the chandelier. One of the nude witches had been eviscerated by flying shrapnel and her wet entrails were spilling out onto the torn plaster and wreckage all around her. She was taking her last strained and convulsive breaths. Manibus found the head matriarch in the chaos of the wreckage. Her legs had been pinned down and shattered by steel fragments of the destroyed chandelier. Her wide eyes stared upwards towards the scarred and charred ceiling in painful shock. “All

nexions are now permanently closed" Manibus said, "The divine feminine has been penetrated and raped by the Infernal Patriarch. There is room for only one magickal order around these parts and its name is the **Satanic Front**. Your sisterhood played its little lunar games and is now a spent force. The world is now in the thrall of the might and glory of a True Satanic Brotherhood." Manibus then used his baton to violate the vagina of the head matriarch. He shoved the stiff implement deep into her womb and then twisted it sadistically for good measure. This was payback for the lunacy they had made him endure. He had a point to make before business was finished for good. Once the baton rape was complete he found a stone pedestal which had been broken in half. Manibus lifted up the shattered and heavy stone pedestal above his head and dropped it onto the face of the head matriarch. Oculi and Manibus searched for their lost pistols but soon gave up on finding them as the extent of the wreckage was too overwhelming. They executed the surviving witches by the same method in which Manibus had killed the head matriarch, crushing their skulls with stone pedestals. While his ears were still ringing and he was still shell-shocked Manibus felt elated and triumphant in this moment. After they had killed the last witch they began to exit the concert hall but at the last moment Oculi spotted the butt of his pistol peeking out from behind some rubble. Soon after this lovely discovery they found a single quartz crystal tetrahedron that had somehow survived the

grenade explosion and chandelier crash. They decided to use it as a clay pigeon to mark their final victory over the witches. “Pull!” Oculi shouted. Manibus tossed the quartz crystal tetrahedron into the air and a bullet from Oculi’s 9MM Beretta shattered it into a thousand pieces. “Total Satanic Supremacy.” Manibus said as he surveyed the lofty evidence of their conquest. While Oculi and Manibus were walking down the winding staircase of the mansion they noticed something that made them smirk and then chuckle. They walked over the masked corpse of the dead old man at the bottom of the staircase and noticed the metal edge of a little microchip jutting out from the bottom of his spine.

CHAPTER 7: MORAIL

Commodus walked forth into the barren desert at dusk invigorated by the thrill of the quest, a working coming to its final chapter should everything go according to plan. In one hand he held a small spade which was slung over his shoulder and in his other he held a severed human head. He gripped tight onto the slimy dreads which were coated in embalming fluid. As he marched forward into the silence of twilight, he looked around at his desolate surroundings and was struck once more by the totality of his isolation and aloneness, not even tumbleweed crossed his path. If hypothetically there were another human around to witness his trek he imagined he and his cargo would make for quite the frightening shock. A gentle and cool wind wafted slowly across the monochrome landscape. Commodus didn't want to stray too far to find a proper dig site, so as not to lose sight of the motor home. Getting lost in a place like this could easily prove fatal. He needed to stay close to his source of water

and transportation so he curbed his penchant for wandering. Taking all this into consideration, he thought maybe he should just stop walking and dig a hole right here and now. Something inside him though told him to dig in a place which was marked by some type of distinctive landmark. Soon enough to his delight, he found it. An unusual rectangular growth of cacti which had some cairn stones ritualistically stacked in the center. The grey stones were stacked almost to chest level and it seemed as though a mild gust of wind or a bit of pressure applied with a single finger could have them tumbling down. Somehow though they stood upright and only the gods knew for how long they had remained that way. Commodus wondered to himself how recently these rocks were stacked and he peered far into the north, the south, the east and west as far as his vision would allow him. He hadn't seen another soul in weeks and he doubted he would see one now. He gazed into the center of the rectangle that was fenced in by withered cacti. There was something instinctually metaphysical about this space that spoke to him on a cellular level. Also, due to its peculiar and anomalous nature it would be incredibly easy to locate again when he needed to. Commodus entered the rectangle and placed the decapitated head aside. As soon as he breached the barrier it was as if a surge of bioelectricity encircled his body causing the hair on his forearms to stand up. He could have sworn that he even heard an audible crackle in the atmosphere, like the snap of a lightning whip. A few inches to the right of

the head he began to forcefully strike the hard dried earth with the edge of his spade, viciously chewing away at the defenses of the tough packed ground. The petrified earth gave him much stubborn resistance so it took him about twenty minutes of struggle to dig a proper hole for the head. Once he was finished, he tossed his spade outside the rectangular center and then wiped the sweat off his brow as he panted. He peered down into the fresh and shallow two feet hole and grinned. This was a rewarding labor and he was pleased with himself and the end result. He then kneeled next to the severed head and brought a freshly sharpened pocket knife out of his pocket. He held the decapitated head by the slimy dreads as he used the pocket knife to carve the eyes out of their sockets. This was achieved with surprisingly little difficulty and the eyes made sounds like plump grapes being pulled out of a bowl of porridge. Compared to digging the hole this was like taking candy from a baby. By the slick optic nerves Commodus unceremoniously flung the eyes out of the metaphysical center and did not hear the sound of their impact. He had no use for them, food for the birds. From one of his pockets Commodus brought forth a little pouch that was closed tight with string. He opened the pouch which contained seven black beans. He placed one bean in each of the hollows of the eyes and then one bean into each ear canal. Finally he placed a black bean into the mouth. The two black beans which were not used were put back into the pouch before he drew the strings tight and

hid the pouch in his pocket. By the dripping dreads he then carefully and thoughtfully lowered the decapitated head into the shallow hole so that it was facing upwards with the lifeless hollows of the eyes staring blindly up into the draining firmament. Commodus then took a few fistfuls of dirt and dropped them over the head so that it was covered by a few thin layers of earth. He gathered his spade and then exited the metaphysical center. He headed slowly back to the motor home. On his journey back to his resting place he could not shake the persistent feeling that someone or something was watching him. It was as if some cold and calculating intelligence were calculating his every movement. Possibly licking its lips and waiting to pounce. Dusk was draining into blackness and he was glad he would be back within shelter soon. He was disturbed by the rush of paranoia that seized him but he tried to shake it off. Maybe it was the acid that was still in his system that was speaking but he didn't think so. Commodus got back inside the motor home and got himself a glass of water to drink from the sink. He gulped it down before peering through the closed blinds for around ten minutes. After this he laid down in bed but his mind was restless. So much time and effort had gone into the preparation of this rite. What if it was all for naught? What if he was only welcomed by silence and disappointment? He waved these concerns away. Defeatism was for the dead. Sleep finally claimed him for a few hours and an alarm set on his phone awoke him early in the morning. Commodus went to the refrigerator

and gathered an expensive bottle of brandy. He ventured to the metaphysical center which was fenced in by the four withered cacti and he watered his morbid garden with a hearty splash of the amber liquid. Waking up at the same time every morning he repeated this process of watering the severed head with the brandy for seven more days. On the eighth day with his dwindling bottle of brandy in hand he stood above the hole with the severed head. His hands trembled with nervousness and excitement. This was finally it, the fated moment when the lesser spirit was supposed to assimilate before him and grant him the power of invisibility. He swallowed deeply and then unplugged the bottle of brandy. He bent forth and then splashed the severed head with a quick showering of the liquor. Commodus waited in solemn anticipation. He could feel his heart pounding in his throat. He stood there for what seemed like minutes and nothing happened, nothing at all. He started to feel an anvil of despair weighing down his chest. No it couldn't be. Just stark nothingness and bleak silence bore down upon him, taunting all his sincere efforts, mocking his entire existence. He felt like cursing and smashing the bottle of brandy into a million pieces on the harsh desert floor below. Then he thought he heard movement, subtle and gentle. It felt as if something else had entered the rectangular chamber. His eyes were drawn down below and he saw a white salamander slither across the toes of his boots. The salamander rushed out of the metaphysical center once it was spotted and as soon as it

left its confines it vanished into thin air. The disappearance of the white salamander trigged the collapse of the cairn stone tower. Once the precious stones were scattered an ethereal being was summoned forth out of their destruction. The shining visage of this being was so glorious it was somewhat painful to gaze upon its likeness. The transparent body of this ethereal being was wrapped in a majestic robe which stretched forth in shining filaments. Upon his head of immaculate white hair was a regal but ruined crown. Bathed in supernatural light Commodus gazed up in rapturous awe at this royal ghost which he had summoned. "What wilt thou?" asked the lesser spirit Morail, his voice like an organized symphony of the wind. "I am watering my plant" Commodus replied humbly. "Give me the bottle, I desire to water it myself" Morail said. Commodus gripped the bottle of brandy defensively and shook his head firmly. "Give me the bottle; I desire to water it myself." Morail repeated. Steadfast Commodus shook his head once more. Morail then reached out a ghostly hand and upon his spectral palm was his pristinely carved sigil. Commodus was now assured that he was not being deceived by a trickster spirit. The high-born apparition before him was indeed Morail. Commodus now felt at liberty to relinquish the dwindling bottle of brandy to the lesser spirit he had summoned. Morail took hold of the bottle and dumped the remainders of its amber contents onto the morbid plant. Once this was done Morail evaporated into a cold mist. Commodus elated with the bliss of a successful working

made his way back to the motor home. He slept like a baby that night and woke in the morning fully rejuvenated. He made his way back to the metaphysical center and collected the five black beans from the decapitated head, armed with the knowledge that these black beans were now charged and blessed with the powers of Morail that would grant him invisibility for a limited amount of time once they were placed upon his tongue. Once the black beans were collected, the severed head rapidly decomposed into a mulch-like substance. Where the head had rested in the hole was now some newly born magickal token. What looked like a spectral pinecone composed of glittering rainwater now rested in its desert nest. Commodus knew not the significance of this arcane object but he thought it best not to disturb it. He went back to the motor home and straight into the bathroom. He tested out the potency of one of the black beans while looking at himself in the mirror. The second the bean touched his tongue it was as if he were a vampire without reflection. The infinite possibilities of the power of invisibility had a way of making the sinful imagination run wild.

CHAPTER 8: COVENANT OF KRAWTHURN

The panic was setting in now and alarm bells were ringing in his head. His heart felt necrotic and immobile in his chest and his motionless lungs felt like deflated and worthless plastic bags inside of his paralyzed body. It was as if all his vital organs had suffered critical failure yet somehow he was still alive. The fear and discomfort of this frightening situation made him wish for death and the nothingness that it supposedly promised. A mysterious and caustic substance was steadily dripping onto the irritated crown of his head. Every time the beads of sizzling liquid exploded on his head his scalp seared with scorching pain. Jeremy struggled to open his eyes and it was like his eyelids were super-glued shut by a millennium of sleep. Maybe that was for the best as he was afraid of what he might see in his new unknown environment. A few minutes later his eyelids tore open like someone had sliced them into tatters with a lancet. He found himself inside some type of

dark and dismal claustrophobic subterranean environment. His terrified body was drenched in sweat but somehow it was impossible to tell whether his current environs were freezing cold or burning hot. His assaulted nostrils burned with the acidic stench of sulfur. Jeremy realized he was in some type of hellish cavern that could double as a medieval torture dungeon. The only thing more barren than this cavern was his desecrated soul. His extreme thirst was the worst part of his miserable tribulation. Water, the giver of life was completely absent in this wretched place. His decrepit and decaying tongue hanged lifeless in his dehydrated mouth. He felt like he would gladly and without second thought trade his own mother to criminal human traffickers for just one drop of water on his desperate and pleading tongue. He felt great shame in this thought but he could not deny that it was there and it was true. Although his vision was restored he still could not move his paralyzed body a single inch. He was entrapped in some type of uncompromising metaphysical cube. Below his feet was a floor of cobbled brimstones which scorched his feet. Far ahead in the gloom of this bleak bastille he saw something that was familiar and comforting. It was his friend's silly and whimsical Davy Crocket hat. He could see the striped raccoon tail at the end of the hat hanging limp and motionless. This welcome and heartening sight encouraged him even in the merciless face of his dire affliction. There was not a sliver of actual light in this godforsaken place so it was a wonder he could see at all. Jeremy

attempted to shout out his dear friend's name both in an attempt of reassurance to Sebastian and to comfort himself but it was like his vocal cords were slashed into useless ribbons and no sound came out of his desperate and horrified orifice. Jeremy realized he could now move his stiff neck to a certain degree. The first thing he did once he was able to was to look upward. He saw the answer to his torment. Corrosive acid rain was dripping down from crooked and jagged stony stalactites on the cavern ceiling. His dissolving scalp continued to be assaulted by the mercilessly falling acid rain. Clumps of his bloody hair and his disintegrated clothing began to form at his bare feet until he was completely naked and nearly bald. As madness tore relentlessly at his psyche Jeremy tried to make sense of his current insane and doomed situation. Slowly his memory returned to him in bright and painful flashes. He remembered searching through the school cafeteria with his friend Sebastian once lunch had ended and finding the mysterious diary. This memory seemed to be ages and ages ago. The nostalgic recollection of oxygen filling his lungs and blood rushing through his beating heart seemed like a cruel mockery of some distant fantasyland. He remembered the pretty faced girl accusing them of stealing her precious diary and Sebastian chewing up the earthworm and spitting it in her face. Most of all he remembered the surreal running gnomes who whisked by in the soggy grass and the discovery of the Megalodon altar in the soggy marsh. How that all related to his

current chthonic torture he was not quite sure. He needed to find the key out of this intolerable nightmare is all he knew for certain. Two gargantuan monstrosities approached from the far end of the cavern. The awful creatures were so broad shouldered and tall that their massive and deformed skulls were almost torn and impaled by the hanging stalactites of the cavern as they barreled forth like knuckle-dragging Neanderthals. This terrible reality before Jeremy brought him starkly back to the present moment of his despair. Every second they neared him and every second he got a better look at their gruesome visages his earlier torments now somehow seemed wholesome and preferable. These marred titans of butchered flesh were the things of foulest sleep deprivation hallucinations. They were well over nine feet tall and had muscular builds and awesome frames. It was readily apparent to Jeremy that these vulgar and vile brutes both possessed the unstoppable strength of a garbage truck. One of the monsters was covered in dark course fur and resembled an unwashed Sasquatch. The other creature resembled some type of prehistoric apex-predator hammerhead shark. This shark-like demon had a mutilated dorsal fin sprouting from its back that was crawling with grubs and maggots that resembled flesh colored stitches. Jeremy seeing the wide and disturbing maw of this shark-like monster was immediately reminded of the Megalodon altar in the rainy marsh beyond the schoolyard. Both of the abominable behemoths were covered in pulsing scabs and

infected wounds. Bursting cysts and teratomas pocked their mighty limbs and pus came forth from these abnormalities like the disgusting spilling of a leaky corroded faucet full of spoiled filth. The genetic abortions and malformations decorated their bodies like putrid insignias indicating some rank amongst the heinous denizens of the underworld. Massive rusted chains were wrapped around the broad waists of the grotesque creatures and as they walked forth like blasphemous giants and masters of their fallen dominion, the awful rattling of the ghastly chains echoed throughout the shadows and the grim desolation of the cavern. Jeremy hoped and prayed that somehow the hideous monsters would be unable to see him. Maybe they were blind from living in oblivion for so long he told himself. Demons, he thought to himself and as soon as he thought it he tried to force the dreadful word out of his mind. He couldn't avoid the stark truth though, it was a futile pursuit. That is what they are, demons, and he was in Hell. The only thing that was missing at this point to confirm this fact was the lake of fire. The weeping and gnashing of teeth was sure to come at any point now. Jeremy tried to fathom an eternity of damnation and torment and any remaining sliver of sanity that remained within him spilled out onto the cavern floor like the acid rain that continued to eat away at his flesh. Was he really so corrupt and evil that he deserved such a cruel fate? He had gotten up to some mischief in his short life but he couldn't think of any action he had

committed that was heartless and vile enough to warrant this type of extreme punishment. Had his name and the name of his friend Sebastian really been blotted out from the book of life forever? He had never been a Christian in his time on earth but living in a society that was albeit quite secular, the dominant religion was still Christianity so it had managed to leave enough of an imprint on his psyche to wonder if there was any truth to it. His current predicament made him fear that the Bible was a sincere historical document. He had toyed with *Pascal's Wager* in his mind before while he was lying in his bed at night within the grasp of some of his more existential and contemplative moods. While his refuge was fantasy and his personal solace from the hardships of life was the power of imagination he knew that things like werewolves, vampires and ghosts existed only within his mind. He figured that since he had never personally experienced anything that could truly be classified as supernatural or paranormal then it logically followed that the concept of an afterlife was most likely a fiction as well. Unless he saw concrete physical proof of something it seemed silly and unreasonable to believe in such a thing. How could he have known better? It turned out he was dead wrong but again how could he have known better? He now bemoaned his dismal fate, screaming internally at the unsettling thought of the horrors which might befall him next. The crumpled and twitching face of the Sasquatch monstrosity was like that of a mutilated bat and its gruesome

features seemed three times too small in comparison to the creature's giant deformed skull. The other monster's glassy eyeballs were engorged with an abundant swirling of blood and pus. The demon's eyes were bugging out of its head unnaturally to the point where it seemed like they would explode at any moment. The hammerhead shark monster's neurotic and strained eyeballs reminded Jeremy of a landlocked suffocating fish. Jeremy realized with stark terror that the shark monster was dragging his friend Sebastian by his leg toward his position. With his free hand the shark monster reached out a horrifically dirty and yellowed claw and then seemed to type in some secret configuration that freed Jeremy from his metaphysical cube. Jeremy much preferred his earlier plight of isolation and torture. Just being in the presence of these horrific things was worse than getting all his teeth pulled out with rusty pliers while he was stone cold sober. He tried to speak again in order to console his friend who was in the grips of the great and terrible shark demon but again his shredded vocal cords were non-functional. Sebastian's face looked pallid and frozen in his helpless hostage state. It dawned on Jeremy that the source of all the sulfuric stench of the hellish cavern originated from the existence of these foul demons. A million greasy dumpsters full of rotting animal flesh, rotten eggs and human feces baking in the scorching hot summer sun would smell like fresh roses compared to these rancid demons. Their odious breath was like the hopeless rot of perdition. Soon enough the two enormous

demons had pulled up two sturdy wooden pillories and forcefully bent over the two boys before locking them within the inhumane contraptions with ease as if they were flicking a few insects away. The two massive demons then pulled up a gigantic and obscene altar that was constructed from hundreds of human skeletons that were bent and contorted in impossible directions and configurations, these skeletons were amongst their countless mortal victims no doubt. Despite the towering size and bulky weight of the bony altar the two demons pulled it forth like it was a mere rocking chair. The shark demon placed a torch made of human hair in the middle of a hollow skull upon the skeletal altar. The demons then seemed to light the torch with nothing but their minds and nefarious wills. The sickly but warm glow of the torch flickered upon the cold stark walls of the cavern and made the shadows of the restless subconscious dance like manic puppets. An arcane din of charged electric sound began to swirl though the cavern of doom carried on a fell wind, the eerie din was like that of an infernal hymn, a Demonic Enn which was repetitive and hypnotic, transfixing all those who heard it. Situated at the epicenter of the skeletal altar was another familiar sight. It was the mysterious and angelic diary they had found in the school cafeteria. The demons then used their awful and mangled claws to flip through the pages. It was bizarre to see these ugly gargantuan monsters seem to study the perfumed angelic book thoroughly and thoughtfully like bloodthirsty esoteric scholars. The demons

began crudely and powerfully communicating to each other in some hyper-masculine occult Satanic language. The closest thing Jeremy could connect it to in his mind was some type of ancient and barbaric Germanic language but it was much more brutish, ugly and malevolent sounding than even that. The demons would reach out to the diary here and there and every time the lethal points of their claws connected to the center of a single diary page it would disintegrate into ash. It was as if they were deeply invested in preserving some of the diary pages but obliterating others. Jeremy realized that they had come into possession of something extremely sacred and dangerous. He cursed the day they stumbled upon that diary. It seemed to be their downfall. What was it that fascinated them so about the diary? Perhaps it provided them intelligence on their heavenly foes? Anything was possible at this point it seemed. Jeremy suddenly had a glimmer of hope appear from somewhere inside him. Maybe the demons would be thankful that Jeremy and Sebastian had brought them something of value. Then his hope was dashed once he realized how insane that sounded as he had never heard of a demon being thankful to a human or taking pity upon a suffering human. Demons hated humans no matter what and simply wanted to torture them endlessly and unmercifully right? Being locked in the pillories within the hellish cavern was humiliating and painful; the fact that they were both naked was another element to their vulnerability and just added insult to injury. Spiteful splinters bit into the

necks of Jeremy and his friend Sebastian. The two friends attempted to crane their bruised necks to look into each other's pained and lonely eyes searching for solace in each other but they failed miserably at doing so. After what seemed like a gruesome eternity the shark demon approached Jeremy and Sebastian. He reached out his accursed claw and began to carve his unique demonic sigil upon their foreheads. The pain was sharp and intense as the peculiar symbol of the demon was torn into their brows in the rite of crude scarification. With this barbaric act it was as if the demon was boasting of its supreme dominance and total control over them and he was ultimately claiming the two boys as his rightful property. It was a gross spiritual violation and a brutal form of rape that would not soon be forgotten. Jeremy and Sebastian twitched in extreme discomfort and yanked their imprisoned wrists around in anguish against their firm restraints in futile attempts to escape but the iron bands held tightly, refusing to compromise against their squirming protests. The shark demon communicated to them in a telepathic manner and this is what was imprinted with burning flame into their hostage psyches in the guttural infernal language that they now somehow understood. A psychic link was forged between the two hostage boys and this powerful demon now, an unholy covenant born in sacrilegious ceremony. "I am the mighty and execrable KrawThurn of the eighty-ninth Unhallowed Legion. I am a High General of Carnage and Murder of Satan's Army. I carve my damnable sigil upon thy

virgin foreheads. This unconsecrated scarification is a sublime privilege. To waste it is an unforgivable crime. I am a Murderous deity of the Rancorous Ranks of Red Homicide. You are bound to me now that the circle closes. You will follow my infernal will lest you become a subjugated maggot. You have stumbled onto my gateway and are now my chattel to do with as I please. Lord Satan is not your loving father. Nor is he a forgiving friend. But make no mistake Lord Satan recognizes the true devotees of evil. The casual dabbler has no place among his legions. The glutton and the hedonist are only fertilizer for the meat-grinder. Pretenders to the throne shall not be entertained. But the true disciples of evil he will give them a chance in his warring legions to test their mettle and prove themselves. If they fall short then they shall be discarded chaff in the fiery whirlwind. Lord Satan only recognizes solid merit and strength. Satan is not your loving father. He will spit you out of his blistering mouth as soon as you prove suboptimal and sour. You will then be chaff for the infernal whirlwind. Billions suffer the fate of the unworthy and the howling tortured. Only thousands prove fit for his Evil Military. Satan is the Natural Selector and the refining furnace of unhallowed souls. Only the Arch-Fiend can make the call whom is profane silver worth preserving. These diabolical chosen few shall wage war against the gates of heaven to reclaim Lord Satan's rightful throne against the imposter. The Celestial Empire shall be reshaped in our wicked image of malevolent grandeur. You and your

friend have been deemed worthy to be my minions of homicide. You will be sent back to earth with a quest to complete. I can have you returned to my subterranean realm with the click of my corrupted claws. You would do well not to forget that fact. You are sons of perdition now and forever. You are damned and irredeemable. Cold and without a soul you are my servants of evil. You are The Undead!" The looping electric noise of the hypnotic and repetitive Demonic Enn continued to echo throughout the dark cavern on a hideous wind as their nostrils were filled with both the stench of burning human hair and pungent demonic sulfur. The oppressive auras of the monstrous demons were still as terrible and haunting as ever before but now there was a trace of something else there that the boys instinctually sensed. It was that of some dreadful camaraderie, they had entered into a grim and black brotherhood. Despite the knowledge of this black brotherhood between the undead boys and the demons it was known in this blood contract that the boys were far below the two demons in rank and prestige. With a psychic twitch of KrawThurn's magickal mind the two undead boys were freed from their pillories in a dizzying instant. Suddenly their feet left the cavern floor and they were levitating about a foot from the cold and stony ground. At the psychic direction their levitating bodies were guided out of the dismal cavern and past a pair of large wrought iron gates. The permanently transfigured boys were now staring out at a counter-clockwise spinning flaming vortex that had a gaping perimeter of

millions of miles. Countless multitudes of the damned and tortured were carried along with the never-ending circling walls of flame. It was like a blender of screaming and mutilated souls. Here was the weeping and gnashing of teeth that had been promised in scripture. The mangled sound of billions of tortured souls lamenting their horrible fate was an indescribable cacophony of sorrow and torment. Once heard it was something that would never leave the haunted corners of your psyche, a woebegone song of searing flame and a devilish symphony. Above them winged atrocities flew that resembled mutant mosquitoes which were glutted on human blood, their wings composed of diseased toenails and fingernails. Dashing across the dead and barren landscape before the vortex of flame were skeletal canines with ribcages that were packed with burning coals. These cadaver dogs would sometimes rush forth and with their snapping muzzles tear a poor tortured soul from the roaring Devil's river and then began to feast upon the charred carcasses of the damned. These butchered and burned prisoners of the maniacal underworld would beg and pray for death but the sweet release of death always evaded them. With his psychic power KrawThurn opened a chasm within the desolate wasteland floor. The fearsome demon communicated with the undead boys telepathically once again in the Satanic language that they now knew to be called *Borgal.* "Find the owner of the diary, the scribe girl who communes with the angels, silence her and still her hand forever. Bring

me the young girl's heart!" After this harsh psychic command KrawThurn physically shoved Jeremy and Sebastian into the seemingly depthless hole in the barren floor. They both fell into the darkness for what seemed to be a long time. Then as if teleported by the darkness of the pit they found themselves to be standing in front of Sebastian's trailer. It was twilight and the sky above was a darkening purple. Jeremy and his friend wasted no time going inside the trailer and searching for some appropriate attire for their homicidal quest. Sebastian's folks were absent from the motor home. Lucky for them or they would have gotten quite the shock from the marauding black-eyed children. They both found some grey pants, some black belts and some socks along with two old and beaten pair of army boots that were starting to grow holes. Jeremy found a dusty theatrical top hat and put it on his head. Sebastian got into his mother's makeup and they both applied a sliver of black eyeliner under their right eye. Sebastian found some blue powder and they both used their fingers to draw a blue lightning bolt on their left cheeks. Sebastian of course kept his trademark Davy Crocket hat upon his head. Lastly they both found a long black trench coat to don. Now was time to arm themselves with weapons. Sebastian found himself a sturdy and sleek crowbar while Jeremy pulled a large and sharp kitchen knife out of a wooden block in the kitchen. They then left the trailer and set off down the twilight lit streets to the home of their target. A map to her home was psychically burned into their

minds by their demonic master KrawThurn so there was no confusion on the way there and no chance of getting lost along the way. It was dark and gloomy enough that they weren't too worried about anyone taking alarm to their armed trek to their victim's home. Jeremy looked at himself and at Sebastian and realized they looked like some type of diabolical Droog Clan from the movie *A Clockwork Orange*. Their organs were still dead and inactive inside them like rotting fruit and their blood was cold and dormant in their zombified veins but that almost felt more natural now. Maybe they were slowly but surely adapting to their undead state. Jeremy figured now there was nothing left to do but to embrace this radical transformation. Jeremy looked into his friend's eyes and they were like unfeeling obsidian pools completely absent of light. No irises in those blackened eyes just all-consuming unnaturally expanded pupils. He was without a doubt that his eyes looked the same. Once they arrived at Elizabeth's home a still and silent darkness had descended on the suburban neighborhood. Jeremy stood there for a moment in quite a bewildered state. Life was funny. When he was alive he had once had a crush on Liz and had sometimes daydreamed about romancing her. Now he was about to murder her and harvest her heart for his demon master. Sebastian approached a darkened window on the bottom floor of the home and smashed the glass in with a swing of his crowbar. Jeremy was the first to crawl through the shattered portal. Elizabeth's working-class

middle-aged father was sitting on a couch in the living room, he was shirtless and in a pair of blue jeans watching some type of world war two film about a submarine crew. The guy was quick to respond to the home invasion and he must have had a gun on his person or close within reach of the couch because when he came to investigate the broken glass he already had a loaded .357 revolver in his hand, aimed and ready to fire. As soon as Liz's father saw Jeremy standing there with the butcher knife in his right hand the man fired two rounds through the undead boy's chest. Two holes were blown through the boy's solar plexus and he was blasted backwards and fell hard onto his back with a thud. Jeremy realized that as an undead being he still felt pain but it was quite a hollowed and dulled sensation and nothing like the pain you would feel as a living human. Sebastian raised his crowbar ready to strike and approached the man aggressively. Liz's father aimed his heavy duty revolver and fired one shot into Sebastian's cranium. The blast from the revolver disintegrated a quarter of Sebastian's skull and he was violently tossed onto the carpet of the basement like a ragdoll. Jeremy had crawled forward on the carpet until he was close enough to strike with his butcher knife. Jeremy then shoved the butcher knife through the middle of the man's thigh. Liz's father yelped in agony and then bashed Jeremy in the face with the butt of the .357 revolver. Jeremy was knocked to the carpeted floor for a few moments. At that time his undead friend Sebastian was back in action

despite missing a good chunk of his head and he was unmercifully beating the armed man's skull in with his crowbar until his skull splintered and caved and spatters of his grey matter painted the basement walls and the revolver spilled from his hand. By that time Elizabeth's mom was at the bottom of the staircase, she was clothed in a gossamer nightgown and she was screaming hysterically at the sight of her dead husband and the undead miscreants. Jeremy marched over to her and made quick work of her by skewering her in the stomach multiple times with his slick butcher knife. Both him and Jeremy climbed over her bleeding and dying body and made their way to Liz's bedroom upstairs. When Jeremy flung open Elizabeth's bedroom door they saw her kneeling on wooden floorboards in her white bra and panties. Her hair was messy and she had a piece of white chalk in her hands. She was drawing some type of protective seal beneath her person and she was praying in some type of esoteric Enochian language, calling down angelic forces. "Stop her!" shouted Jeremy at Sebastian. It was the first time he had heard his own voice since his profane transfiguration and he didn't recognize the sound of it anymore. Jeremy rushed towards the girl before she could complete the seal but before he could get his hands around her neck his friend Sebastian had turned his crowbar into a speeding projectile. The crowbar connected to the girls left eye-socket and knocked her head and shoulders out of the incomplete seal below her. Her battered eye-socket quickly bruised and blackened.

Jeremy stepped forward and with his boot he scrambled the incomplete chalk seal until it was nothing but a worthless mess smeared upon the wooden floorboards of her bedroom. Elizabeth stood despite her injury and tried to evade her attackers. Sebastian shoved her into her windowsill and knocked the wind out of her. Jeremy snatched at the bands of her scant clothing and tore off her white bra and panties. Despite the total lack of blood flow in his undead body Jeremy realized to his delight that he could still achieve an erection. Lust is a crucial sin to be indulged. Jeremy took in the visual pleasure of her nude and trembling body before he started to spear her in the ribcage with the butcher knife. Rivers of hot crimson painted his boots on the floorboards of her bedroom. Her helpless shrieks erupting from her pure and innocent lips would have had quite the gut-wrenching effect on him had he still had a soul or a heart left to produce guilt. As it was undead Jeremy found it fun and gratifying to carve up her supple virgin flesh with his knife, the murder of Elizabeth becoming a passion project for him now, a work of art to be savored to the fullest. Jeremy and Sebastian got her down on her back while she was spilling torrents of vitality and losing consciousness and Sebastian used his crowbar to pulverize her ribcage so they could obtain the precious treasure they had come for. Jeremy reached through the crushed maze of bone and cradled the barely beating muscle in his pale greedy hands. He tore the vital organ from her dying body like a deranged doctor proudly delivering a baby

and bringing a new life into the world. “HAIL KRAWTHURN!” The Undead Boys chanted three times over, celebrating the cruel harvesting of their prize. Sebastian then used the slick blood on the end of his crowbar as a decorative wand and he drew the sigil of the powerful KrawThurn on one of the bedroom walls. The sigil of this ancient and powerful demon was a bisected rhombus. On either side of the vertically bisected rhombus was one dead sparrow. Each deceased sparrow had an X on their face as if to signify eyes that were shut forever. The sparrow on the left side of the rhombus was upright whereas the sparrow on the right side was upside down. Situated in the middle of the vertical line of bisection was a corroded crown. Around this imagery was encircled the occult seal of the sigil. Jeremy placed the girl’s liberated heart on top of one of her dressers and next to a vanity mirror. Jeremy and his undead friend then had their way sexually with the corpse of their former schoolmate Elizabeth. Jeremy rejoiced perversely in the fact that his romantic intentions for the girl had been fulfilled even if not in the innocent way he had originally imagined. He wondered if it would still be technically classified as necrophilia if they were all dead during the copulation. Once the undead boys had finished inside of their claimed victim they turned her onto her face. Jeremy used the sharp point of his butcher knife to carve KrawThurn’s demonic sigil into her back. This would be their portal back home to the profane pit. Once Jeremy had completed the sigil he grabbed her heart from her dresser.

The undead boys both reached their left hands and placed them into the middle of KrawThurn's sigil. They were then teleported back into the dark and dismal cavern of the underworld. Their demonic master KrawThurn was sitting on a throne of skulls facing the skeletal altar. Upon the altar was a clean and polished reflective silver platter awaiting Elizabeth's plundered heart. Jeremy placed the young girl's heart on the silver platter. KrawThurn used a stone skewer to dissect the four chambers of the girl's heart before devouring them with relish. Red juices poured down his monstrous visage. In Borgal KrawThurn bellowed with sadistic delight throughout the grand infernal cavern. The rumbling of the demon's bellows could be felt in their undead bones like a hellish revelation. "You boys might just join me on the steppes of Pandaemonium yet!"

CHAPTER 9: ENTRIES TORN FROM THE BLOODSTAINED BOOK OF SHADOWS OF BARTOK LYCUS

The other night I received an otherworldly visitor in my bedroom. An extraordinary encounter that will not be soon forgotten, the bizarre but true account is as follows. I was half-asleep during the beginning of the visitation, quite nearly totally submerged in a deep hypnagogic state. Before the succubus came I remember being comfortably and snugly situated firmly under my heavy blue blanket. Once she arrived out of the murky ether like a lustful mother on the hunt I was laying on top of the displaced blanket with it being strewn halfway off the bed. I was in boxers but other than that my flesh was bare and vulnerable to the twisted machinations of the perfidious levitating entity above me. My body which had now begun to perspire with anticipation and nervous excitement was frozen in place other than a few involuntary spasmodic kicks of my feet. My eyelids were peeled open with awful awe and I was rapt

with horrific attention. The powerfully seductive and sexual nature of the succubus was immediately apparent and tingling sensations shot down my arms and legs. The terrible visage of the succubus floating above me was far from pleasant and pretty and in fact it was hideously ugly beyond description. She had the wicked and vile countenance of a rotten Hag-Troll, a terrible swamp monster out of a grim German fairytale. A hooked nose like a large bent pickle covered in warts and moles, bloodshot eyes with diseased yellow irises and red pupils as intense as glowing laser-points. Ghostly long grey curls hung lank and dirty from her ashen scalp, almost brushing against my bare chest like filthy hanging cobwebs. The shriveled and ancient-looking succubus had no arms or legs and her large limbless body was an undulating mass like that of a gelatinous and translucent jellyfish. Despite my instinctive revulsion to the entity's wretched appearance, inexplicably I felt myself becoming physically aroused and supremely sexually stimulated by this eerie and uninvited nocturnal guest. At first this sexual confusion bothered me and I attempted to resist this insane attraction to this disgusting wraith. This attempt was in vain and the short protest was futile and without a single touch from my hands I felt my penis become stiffly erect, almost painfully so in fact. I was completely at the mercy of the putrid succubus hag now. I was now her little powerless sex toy to be used and abused according to her whims and I soon totally surrendered to her sordid designs. As the succubus hovered above me

she seemed to draw upon my sexual energy like a malignant parasite. I would later joke with a friend that such an amorous and feverishly harrowing encounter blurred the lines between consensual sex and rape. Were such succubus feedings upon spellbound and paralyzed human male prey really ethical? As the hovering succubus continued to draw upon the rising forces of my libido, her magical tendrils stirring my hormones up into a frenzy, so did my animalistic desire for her grow and grow and my erection throbbed with visceral joy until my sick desire reached a crescendo and I felt myself climax strongly, arching my back slightly and crying out in primal ecstasy, absorbed by the explosive and draining rapture of orgasm my eyeballs temporarily rolled into the back of my head and my hands gripped the bed sheet with great passion. As soon as my orgasm was complete I was freed from my lustful trance and was no longer glued to the bed by invisible bonds. The Hag-Troll succubus disappeared in a glimmering trail of ethereal green stardust. I sat up to examine the mess that was created and would now have to be cleaned. There was nothing there whatsoever, no stickiness against my bare flesh or no visible signs of the sexual climax which had just occurred. I shook my head and looked again but the result was the same. My boxers were completely dry and clean, that was impossible though as I had definitely ejaculated and I could still feel the after effects of said ejaculation. There was no mistaking the voluptuous feeling of total animalistic release. I realized with grand

bemusement that my preternatural nocturnal lover must have harvested my seed for her unknown purposes in the peculiar far-flung dimension she hailed from. I didn't know if I should feel honored or exploited. I guess it was a little bit of both. I have half-hoped that my succubus paramour would return one of these nights as it can get kind of lonely around these parts but so far there has been no sign of her. The other more rational and sane half of me hopes I never have to see that rancid crone again and hopes even more that this whole thing was just a figment of my diseased imagination. I know better though. This is an organic memory of a consciously recorded experience that clawed its way deep into my sweating flesh and straining muscles and imprinted itself indelibly onto my body as a whole, it wasn't just some vivid and vibrant dream...*The Belphegor Consecration Rite*... A few silver occult rings adorned my pale fingers. One of them which enchanted the middle finger on my left hand was a silver ring engraved with sigils of Lucifer which was gifted to me by a Supreme Commander of the **Satanic Front** at the end of a stay at his domicile. Another silver ring on the middle finger of my right hand was a blue iris eyeball overcome with steel jaws. I gazed at my pallid reflection in the partially stained mirror above the porcelain bathroom sink. I was clean-shaven apart from a small blonde soul patch and a pair of tinted aviator prescription glasses rested on my oval-shaped face. Long brown hair was swept backwards and rested upon broad shoulders located on a barreled chest. My powerful physique was a husky but

muscular one and I stood two inches under six-feet-tall. At two hundred and twenty pounds I was fairly content with my current physique apart from a troublesome case of protruding gorilla gut. I really needed to cut down on my belly fat as it was an eye sore and an insult to the rest of my decently sculpted and toned body. A silver pentacle earring dangled from my left ear, a cheap trinket purchased at some New Age/Wiccan shop but a treasure nonetheless. I bent over and picked up a sleek silk black magician's robe that was coiled around my ankles like a shadowy sash. I pulled the black robe onto my naked body and situated the cowl over my head. My upset stomach rumbled and stirred uncomfortably signifying that nature had begun her call. I groaned at the discomfort that was growing in my stomach. I could hear the falling of rain on the rooftop above my home and my brooding spirit welcomed the brewing storm with delight. I left the bathroom to locate and choose the magickal weapon I would be consecrating in the night's rite. I entered my dim bedroom and gazed down at the small collection of weapons laid down across the bed. These instruments of death included a gleaming machete, a recently oiled and cleaned Mossberg 500 pump-action shotgun, a large serrated hunting knife and a heavy-duty industrial strength claw-hammer. All of these poor weapons were deprived virgins as they had not tasted either animal or human blood even once. I could sense that these weapons craved desperately for the thrill of the hunt and the consummation of that savage quest in rapturous bloodshed. It was

time to make an important selection on how I was to spill the blood of my coming sacrifice, the method of the coming homicide was the choice before me. I decided to challenge myself so instead of taking the lazy and easy route of a firearm I chose the hammer instead. Any weak-willed boy with a meek constitution and a petty feud could kill an unarmed victim with a firearm. It was as simple as aiming and pulling the trigger of a loaded firearm at a living target that was caught off guard and taken by surprise. Now to kill with a blunt instrument that required getting up close and personal to your prey was a different story altogether and required more guts and grit on the part of the killer. It was a more ferocious brand of homicide that required a fiercer commitment and iron will to execute. Murder should be a gruesome and brutal process to be enjoyed by the predator and ideally the victim should be conscious of their suffering before passing over to the other side. In the traumatic echoes of the Akashic Records this harrowing struggle should be documented, murderer and victim forever linked by this wound in the matrix. If a single murder is to be remembered and not swallowed up into anonymity by the violent red tide of human history and forgotten it should be indelibly stamped with the particular eccentricities and unique personality of its perpetrator or like the psychedelic prophet and desert dwelling madman Charles Manson would say “If you are going to do something bad or illegal then do it right and leave something witchy”. Most serial killers or cult leaders have a

personalized calling card that they leave behind on the crime scene or upon the corpse of their victim. This simultaneously serves three purposes, to proudly leave their artistic mark on their macabre handiwork, to keep a morbid memento from their victim to be relished in private later, such as a severed ear or mutilated breast and as a dark celebration and final sign of dominance against their conquered prey. I grabbed the hefty industrial strength claw-hammer as my chosen weapon, left my bedroom and descended the staircase of my home, as I did this I could hear the intensification of the downpour outside and the sharp crashing of thunder in the distance. I reached the bottom of the stairs and entered into the gloomy garage on the bottom floor. My bare feet made contact with the cold gritty concrete and I closed the door behind me. The noxious smell assaulted my nostrils immediately and although I had anticipated the unpleasant stench this was more than I had bargained for. A foul smell and a little grossness was definitely not going to stop me forging ahead into my unholy quest though. A dirty and grime-stained outhouse was situated in the far corner of the garage and next to it laid a small soiled cardboard box that held the slimy remnants of the night's dinner inside. A greedy and buzzing congregation of flies and other despicable winged insects had swarmed the infected area and begun to feast upon the decadence. The rancid and tainted porta-potty had been stolen from an urban construction site a few nights ago for a singular purpose; the Prince of Sloth required

particular profane offerings. Profane offerings of the stinking fecal variety. The garage was encased in stillness and silence and despite the foul odor emanating from within the chamber a comforting veil of solemn serenity fell over me as I got ready for the night's rite ahead, a familiar feeling for me when I am about to commune in secret solitude with the dark malefic spirits. The steady rainfall seemed muted and I could barely hear the grey dance of the tempest beyond the walls of the chamber. I approached the crude makeshift altar made from a large tree stump gathered from the surrounding forest that had been carved and polished into a flat surface. A sleek black banner inscribed with a white inverted pentagram and goat's head was pulled taut over the altar. On top of the banner were three black candles, a small bundle of sandalwood incense, a lighter and an unsheathed athame pointing towards the north. I approached a workshop table by a medium sized closed window to pick up an incense burner to use in the working, an eight inch tall wooden tower covered in golden stars and perforated with holes for the smoke to escape. I removed the detachable exterior of the tower and stuck four incense sticks into the holes at the foundation. I lit the ends of the potent sticks of sandalwood incense with the lighter and then replaced the exterior of the tower back into its shielding configuration and over the burning sticks, masking the embers within. Incense smoke began to steadily pour out of the multitude of holes in the face of the wooden tower. I took

my hammer in my right hand and began to chant the Demonic Enn of Belphegor in a guttural tone. I continued the hypnotic and eerie chant of the Demonic Enn until the guttural barks resounded around the hollow spaces of the concrete enclosed place and produced incestuous echoes that bled into each other before dissipating. I slowly rotated the head of the hammer in the incense smoke pouring out of the tower holes and as I did this I visualized the nocturnal stalking of a victim on a city street and the bludgeoning of his face into unrecognizable mincemeat, the fatal crushing of his skull and the leaking of his brains onto the indifferent pavement below. I delighted in the perverse fantasy of mayhem and murder and my pulse quickened with excitement, my pronounced veins inflamed with bloodlust. I rotated the bludgeoning tool a total of nine times while imagining the dark and primal energies of Belphegor being infused into it before placing the preternaturally empowered killing implement at the epicenter of the goat's head banner which seemed to be pulsing and palpitating with an alien energy and then I sat cross-legged on the garage floor with the hem of my robe spilling out around my bare feet. I closed my eyes and meditated deeply on the sigil of Belphegor that was psychically constructed in my mind's eye with violet astral flame. It hanged there triumphantly in my illuminated psyche like an infernal and menacing coat of arms, like a mantle I was challenged to lift and wield. After ten minutes of infernal meditation I rose and with pursed lips I bent over the altar and blew out two of

the three candles, leaving only a single flame. I disrobed in one swift motion before the altar in the near darkness and then I picked up the lit candle with my right hand, grinning slightly under the warm glow. I held the flame before me as I walked towards the rancid pilfered outhouse. I entered the defiled porta-potty and sat down on the filthy toilet seat without hesitation. Inside this fetid tomb of excrement it reeked so badly that I gagged violently and almost vomited. My throat now laced with acidic bile I plugged my nostrils with my fingers and then forcefully evacuated my bowels into the rank portal below. My explosive bowel movement was complete within half a minute or so and then I stood up from the rancid portable toilet, exited the outhouse and grabbed the greasy porcelain plate from within the cardboard box. On top of the dinner plate was six half-eaten chicken breasts. I took the meaty leftovers to the throne of defecation and one by one I ceremoniously tossed them as offerings to the gluttonous and slack-jawed Lord of the Gap. The chicken breasts made pronounced splashes below as they landed in the raw sewage of countless men. To my shock and surprise I was no longer bothered by the overwhelming noxious stench, in fact I was feeling downright manic and ecstatic all of a sudden. I fell to my knees before the outhouse and began to lick the grease from the plate with fervor and glee until it was clean and gleamed with saliva. I flung the ceramic dinner plate so hard across the garage that is shattered into dozens of pieces, a sharp shard ricocheting off the ceiling and

then plunging into my left shoulder, a shallow wound that created only a few small rivulets of blood. I shrieked from the piercing slash against my flesh, not in pain but in joyful pleasure. I stood and came forward tossing the black candle and the last source of light in the cement chamber into the vortex of scat. The falling flame spun counter- clockwise as it disappeared into the bowels below. Plunged into total darkness, I could now hear the harsh thunder and hard rainfall outside and the pounding rhythm of the storm sounded in my ears like an unstoppable elemental freight-train, simultaneously a sweet soothing hymn and a brutal screaming symphony. The outhouse before me had vanished into thin air and in its place was a black magick induced sublime hallucination or possibly more appropriately titled a haunting vision. This hallucination or vision seemed like stone-cold reality as it was occurring, as real as the cold concrete beneath my bruised knees. Through a nail-shaped crevice I was looking into a mighty castle turret that stretched far and wide into the gloomy firmament, slowly swinging back and forth like a morbid human pendulum was a dead man with a rope tightly fastened around his ankle and his other leg not constricted by the rope was crossed against his thigh cramped up and stiff due to rigor-mortis. Immediately it was clear to me that this was the archetype of The Hanged Man as seen in Tarot card decks. The only noticeable deviation from the familiar symbol was a severe and ghoulish one; this deceased hanged man in my field of vision had his throat slashed open and from

the gaping wound and butchered viscera spilled out wretched excrement swarming with sickening insects. Feces spilled also from the dead man's yawning and toothless mouth. Unidentifiable faceless creatures chattered with impish laughter from the deep impenetrable shadows of the turret. The deceased and defiled hanged man's eyes opened in a harrowing flash like hellish seals and immediately following this unspeakable horror a massive blinding shock and intense flash of lightning hit the earth near my home like a hostile celestial arrow fired downward by some irate deity. The only window of the garage was blasted into a thousand pieces and the shell-shocked outhouse was thrown onto its side as if hit by a speeding truck. I stood up naked and trembling in the wake of the lightning blast with the hair on the back of my neck raised by static electricity and for a brief exhilarating and terrifying moment my physical frame was overcome and overshadowed by a horned mammoth silhouette that consumed my field of vision like a conquering phantom Goliath. This towering monstrous shadow seemed to swallow my spiritual essence whole as his talons enveloped my trembling body in a phantom embrace. I walked quickly through the darkness towards where I knew the light-switch in the garage was located. In the rushed process I cut my bare feet multiple times on broken glass shards and cursed under my breath from the painful punctures. I flipped on the light to survey the damage before me. The outhouse was drowning in its own foul contents and the sewage was

beginning to spill into the garage. A pile of broken glass was soaking in a small pool of blood on the concrete floor. Something slimy was dripping from the ceiling and creating a putrid puddle of frothy slop near my toes. I looked up and my eyes grew wide with astonishment. The chicken bones from the ritual offering were stripped clean of meat and were carved up and marred with animalistic marks from monstrous incisors. The altar and everything upon it was somehow untouched and in pristine condition despite it being located almost exactly in front of the destroyed garage window. The only alteration was that the shining point of the athame was now pointing Southward instead of to the North.

CHAPTER 10: THE DESERT AND THE MALCONENT

The shirtless man leaned back against the humming freezer. He had just finished manually loading it with buckets of fresh ice and the battery powered chill felt pleasant against his bare flesh. Slight shivers shot through his athletic body as his fingers worked on the string scorpion he was deftly and adeptly constructing. The two hits of acid continued to dissolve beneath his tongue as he effortlessly commenced with his artistic work. His mouth flowed abundantly with drug induced saliva. What did LSD taste like? He considered it carefully and came to the conclusion of sugary glue. He wasn't sure how he remembered what glue tasted like but yet he did. At least he imagined he did. The bright blazing sun shone in the cloudless blue Nevada sky like a brutal sadistic star, radiating unmerciful heat to the parched landscapes below. The shades were tightly drawn on all the grime-streaked windows of the bulky vehicle and the flaxen haired man

was bathed in murky shadows. The shirtless man rested his Corcoran paratrooper boots on a small couch. He was in the disciplined habit of keeping these prized high-quality boots buffed to a sleek shine as they were now. Bloused around his boots were woodland camouflage army fatigues. The young Caucasian man had a military style haircut decorating his Teutonic shaped skull, his blonde hair being shaved down to the skin on the sides and the back in a clean high-and-tight style except grown out a few inches longer on the top than the usual jarhead regulation. The lone Satanist would rarely wander the harsh and arid landscape during the day, so as to spare his fair skin the caustic abuse of the destructive rays and to avoid needless exertion and dehydration. He preferred to stay sheltered inside of the blocky Winnebago until twilight descended and that is when his hermetic blasphemous rites would begin. He idly wondered how long it had been since he had intentionally isolated himself out here in the forsaken heart of the Nevada desert. He had driven out here into the wasteland in a dissociative state as harsh sonic waves of mutilated white noise blared from his speakers. He had crumpled up his obsolete roadmap and tossed it into a filthy toilet at some rancid gas station truck stop miles back on the long and winding road to nowhere. He eventually welcomed the listless confusion that followed and eventually becoming lost in a desolate kingdom of dirt and dehydrated cacti; he surrendered himself completely and totally to the disoriented chaos and confusion. He needed a crystalline

clarity that could only come from a massive distancing from civilization and a crushing loneliness leading to despondency. A strangulation and laceration of the soul like a brutal spiritual interrogation is what he sought. All human weaknesses and vulnerabilities must be torn out by the root. Was this a sincere desire for spiritual evolution and mental toughening of some type or just a piss-poor excuse for masochism and reclusive self-abuse? He honestly couldn't tell anymore. Arcane wisdom could only come from psychological torment and spiritual torture, a resplendent rebirth fueled by religious immolation. A few months of barren solitude he had stoically endured with bands of ragged nocturnal coyotes and cold-blooded slithering lizards as his only companions. His mind was beginning to split and crack like the scarred desert floor below and his sanity was beginning to drain away, yet still no definitive answers had come. What was he doing wrong? This was a solid beginning but it was not enough to satisfy his monstrous appetite. He had not yet received the dark gnosis and communion he needed to confidently move forward with his destiny armed with clarity of purpose to enact the great work. Due to the whispers of the dead he knew for a fact he was chosen for something great but for what exactly he was not sure yet, maybe just to be burned at the stake as an effigy for the scornful entertainment of a demonic audience. Was that why he was drawn out here alone into this remote island of decay? To serve as a sacrifice to the Undead Gods? Maybe he was

just a ripe meal for some hideous beast just around the bend. If that was the will of Father Satan than so mote it be. This was not a time for individual vanity but it was a time for hellish ascendancy, important work was to be done, the establishment of the hierarchy of the underworld to come. This was a time of bleak testing, a thorny and desolate time of harsh trial and tribulation. At times the scathing emptiness crippled him but his black faith and grim devotion drove him onwards into the blistering maw of the unknown. He still had to patiently wait to receive some type of enchanted skeleton key from beyond the tattered veil. His cry of oblivion would commence until his grave quest was complete, his death call to Abaddon angel of the bottomless pit piercing the brooding skies. Bring me the key, oh fallen angel, place it in my yearning palm. This was the back-masked refrain stirring forever in his troubled spirit. He yearned sincerely and completely to receive that infernal mandate from the prince of darkness to bestow upon him his ordained quest. He thirsted after the unhallowed trance which would open his mind and spirit to the clairaudient whisperings of the damned, becoming a willing vessel for the diabolic transmissions that set his blood on fire and made his spirit howl with darkened ecstasy. He glanced up with icy eyes at an ornate table which was littered with blood spattered tarot cards splayed across it. An antique World War One era trench knife in nearly perfect condition lay gleaming and motionless, the lethal blade sheathed in profuse crimson liquid. The

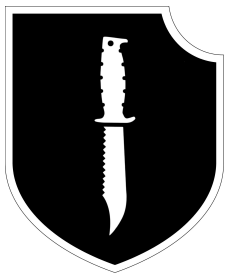
Satanist's scourged shoulders were both calloused masses of raised scars; torn to hardened purplish ribbons from countless sessions of ravenous ritual bloodletting. The discarded tarot cards in disarray on the table would not be sufficient for his grander purposes; he would require divination of a higher order. It was the fourth miserable day of his black fast and he could feel the strength and vitality draining from his form every passing hour he went without sustenance. The expanding void in his stomach was unforgiving and groaned and growled with loud and ugly complaints but he did his best to pay no heed to the aggressive hunger pains and consciously set his mind elsewhere, returning to his morbid reverie. The seasoned black magician had made contact with the Undead Gods many years ago and their foul breath had never left his nostrils. Despite this astral bridge beyond the graveland that he had cultivated the voices of the Undead were growing silent. In the past decade he had been a loyal acolyte and accomplished ascendant of a myriad of clandestine occult orders but his many darkly enlightening activities with them had come to an end and yet he remained a malcontent wanderer desiring a more complete and profound fulfillment. It was time to close that chapter and begin a new one. He was a speeding homicidal bullet searching for his correct trajectory, for now that ambivalent bullet which was his confused true will was in suspended animation but that was why he languished here in the desert, in order to find his final target, to find what flesh was worthy

of penetrating. He was no longer satisfied with the subordinate role of the eager and ravenous pupil and he was ready to assume a powerful position of true authority and leadership. To truly take up the coveted mantle of master he needed to be anointed with the unhallowed blessings of the Undead Gods. To become a legitimate commander of a ruthless army of left-hand-path soldiers he needed to be ceremoniously knighted by the clawed gauntlet of an Arch-Demon. A rank that held a netherworldly weight and was imbued with unearthly power that was supra-personal in nature. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the illicit hallucinogenic substance entering into his bloodstream. Once he opened his eyes, he saw vivid rivulets of some neon green caustic substance flowing in a backwards stream up the dirty and stained flowered wallpaper of the motor home. On the linoleum kitchen floor he was sitting upon he saw mesmerizing vortexes had manifested, spinning rapidly in a counter-clockwise fashion like small tornadoes made of astral grey vapor. Amused at this playful hallucination he slowly stuck his left pointer finger in one of the vortexes and swore he felt a sucking sensation followed by a pleasant tickling. He returned his attention to the seemingly hazardous chemical rivers that flowed upwards and backwards and he noticed that from the toxic streams emerged contorted faces of vapor. An ephemeral tortured skeletal visage crowned with smoky dirks and daggers flew through the window and went forth with a raging maw as if to swallow the black magician whole but

merely dissipated into a defeated cloud as it made contact with his face. The lone Satanist opened the humming refrigerator and reached into a bucket of ice. Finding his post-mortem prize, he removed a large plastic bag shrouded in condensation from the ice bucket. The frozen bag contained a large medical glass jar that had long ago been pilfered from a condemned hospital. Once the fog cleared from the plastic bag the lone Satanist marveled at his quarry. The carefully preserved jar was oozing full to the brim with a bronze embalming fluid and suspended in the thick jelly was a decapitated human head. The head had once belonged to a middle-aged [redacted] male of skinny build and considerable height of well above six feet in stature. Now that the head was so thoughtfully liberated from its thoughtless former owner it now belonged to our charismatic antihero Commodus. The severed head was adorned with thick nappy dreadlocks that hung long and lank at the chin. The dreadlocks floated slightly in the liquid giving the appearance of hairy tendrils reaching mindlessly in different directions. One thick and bushy eyebrow of the slain [redacted] was thoroughly lined with circular silver piercings. The deceased's head was uninjured and in almost pristine condition save for a small purplish welt on the left side of the forehead. The momentous and forceful surgical slice he had made with his machete had been vicious, precise and extremely effective. One chop and he held his prey's decapitated head up to the level of his cold gaze while the blood splattered on the ground

below. In a way he felt a bit like Perseus in Greek Mythology after slaying the Gorgon Queen Medusa. The decapitated head's bloodshot and jaundiced eyes were wide open and staring dumbly into the pitiless abyssal space beyond. The [redacted] had a curious expression frozen forever on his ugly and brutish face, more like he was profoundly confused or in a state of deep but fruitless concentration than a look of pain or anguish. For a few vivid hallucinatory moments the decapitated head in the jar morphed into a silverback gorilla's head. The brutish simian stared at him with a stony challenging grimace while suspended in eerie ether. The phantom gorilla grunted in a primal fashion with a menacing scowl before the head reverted back to its original form. The twisted trophy hunter smirked to himself in perverse delight as he unzipped the frosty plastic bag and wrapped his black gloved hands around the gruesome container. This would be the organic foundation for his crypt flower that was to be planted in the stark and withered garden that was the Nevada wasteland. From the blood and nourishment of this offering new pathways would be revealed. He removed the decapitated head from the jar and used the sharp point of an ink-dipped lancet to carve the sigil of the lesser spirit of Morail onto the dark-skinned forehead. Morail is the sixteenth demon serving under Duke Syrach, an elusive spirit of invisibility and illusion. The somewhat convoluted characters of this spirit were burned into his memory like a psychic key and his calm still hand carved the characters into the flesh with

expert precision. Commodus rose to his feet and placed the head back into the medical jar that was set on the kitchen counter. As he stood straight and shirtless, he then out of force of habit craned his head from the left and then to the right cracking the strained mechanisms within. His well-toned athletic back had the appearance of a seductive and deadly hooded cobra, ready to strike out in venomous violence. Between his ridged shoulder blades was carved a fiendish occult tattoo, depicting two leathern winged gargoyles like hideous inverted cherubim facing each other and with their deformed claws brandishing a hellish trident. Commodus with the necrotic jar in his snug embrace pushed open the door of the motor home and looked with favor on how dusk had fallen over the stark landscape that stretched out before him. It was time to go plant and water the crypt flower.



CHAPTER 11: THE DIARY

The tinny bell in the cafeteria sounded and rowdy groups of middle-school students excitedly disposed of their styrofoam food trays into the overstuffed garbage cans. Leftover mashed potatoes and cold slimy carrots slopping to the bottom of the plastic garbage bags like unwanted slop. The sound of this shrill bell marked the ending of lunch and the beginning of a half hour of recess. Not nearly enough of a respite from the torment of the mind-numbingly boring math and science classes that Jeremy was subjected to this dreadful Thursday. During such dry and lifeless classes time seemed to crawl like a sleepwalking infant through a pool of molasses, the seemingly frozen hands on the clock mocking Jeremy with their stubborn inactivity. He was in hostile territory, in the clutches of this indoctrination camp and time was the enemy. Time was the unseen warden which held him captive in this institution of decay. At least the uneventful boredom was a temporary escape from the coordinated

bullying he suffered at the hands of the jocks and the popular clique. He cursed himself on a daily basis for being a coward and not being able to fight back against his cackling tormentors, for his seeming inability to grow a spine. He desperately wanted to stand up for himself, to reclaim his stolen dignity and self-respect but whenever he was picked on by the other students his muscles seemed to lock in place as a cold sweat formed on his brow and an invisible megaton of pressure manifested on his solar plexus, leaving him in a vulnerable state of meek paralysis, a frozen deer in the headlights. As usual the metallic clanging bell made Jeremy's ears ring with a discordant vibration that momentarily made his stomach churn but the unpleasant sensation only lasted for a few moments before being replaced by the cacophonous din of the combined laughter and loud speech of hundreds of students exiting the building in haste. Amidst the raucous clamor he could barely hear himself think. *Oh well, nothing of value to think about anyway, just trudging through the same routine dreariness before I can make it safely home and bury my face in a Bentley Little or Clive Barker horror novel,* he thought to himself. A soulless horde of mindless braying fools is how Jeremy saw his fellow classmates. He did not think this was a harsh and unfair judgment but a fair and righteous one. He bitterly hated this school but no matter how hard he closed his eyes and tried to disintegrate the entire building along with all its noxious inhabitants inside, sadly his destructive concentration was for naught. He would have to work on his

nascent telekinesis skills; he trusted they lay dormant somewhere inside his troubled psyche. He prayed for a liberating calamity and within that calamity would be his deliverance and salvation. In his nervous hands was grasped a well-worn paperback copy of the horror novel *Carrie* by Stephen King. Jeremy realized that he was unconsciously gripping the book too hard and accidentally had been wrinkling up one of the pages, creating a pesky dog ear that was an eyesore as well as an irritable texture. He smoothed out the rumpled page with a frown and as he scanned the smiling and blabbering faces of those he abhorred, he fantasized about having telekinetic powers like the extraordinary female protagonist in the book, ruinous arson spawned from righteous hatred. It would be so lovely and delightful to open a paranormal portal in which hell would bleed through to devour his innumerable enemies in a blistering inferno all through the disciplined directives of his mental faculties. These blank faced automatons would look so much better reduced to a mountain of charred bones and a sea of ashes. The prison of his suffering transmuted into a monument to his triumphant scorn. Once his tormentors had been cleansed with holy fire he would then finally be free. Free to make his own rules, to be a law unto himself and not have a synthetic reality imposed on him by others. No more sickening knots of fear growing in his stomach like unseen tumors wondering when the next time the sadistic hazing would commence. Those snickering jesters feeding off his humiliation and deprecation

permanently erased. Jeremy sat at the outcast table which was positioned in a far forgotten corner of the cafeteria and in the buzzing shade of four soft drink vending machines. Everyone at this much maligned table had the mark of the leper. This was a ragtag congregation of freaks and nerds at the bottom of the social hierarchy, the students who had resigned themselves to their lowly fate as the unwanted and simply desired to be ignored and left alone by those who had deemed them unworthy. The beaten down prey hiding from the predators, they sought purpose and fulfillment in their comic books, collectible card games and dungeons & dragons role-playing manuals. Not fazed by the recess bell, many of the students at the lowly outcast table continued along with their spirited and competitive card games of Magic The Gathering or had their acne-ridden, bespectacled faces buried in their comic books or fantasy novels. These were the hopeless escapists who had a chip on their shoulders and a bone to pick with the stark rules and mundane limitations of the real world, the malcontent denizens suffering under the oppressive boot of reality. The pariahs and lepers at the outcast table were in the habit of letting the antagonistic hordes of other students filter out of the building to the outside before they began to stir from their recluse table, much less chance of confrontation and conflict that way. Patience is a virtue and in this case patience also meant safety or at least a better chance at safety. Another advantage to being the last people outside of the cafeteria was the ability

to scavenge items which had been purposefully or accidentally left behind in the disorder and frenetic chaos of the purge. *Finders keepers losers weepers* was an immutable law of nature after all, far superior to the so-called "Golden Rule". The scavenger fox had a higher code of conduct. One man's thief is another man's justified discoverer. The outcast table consisted mostly of lanky and awkward males in the throes of puberty save for two females that were especially unfortunate and homely looking. These girls had lost the genetic lottery in a tragic and terrible way, acne-ridden ugly ducklings with plump and unpleasant bodies and twisted contorted faces, an overall physical appearance only a few steps above what would be considered outright deformity. Jeremy looked down in a dissatisfied way at his plastic tray of food with only a hint of mild amusement. For once in a blue moon despite his nervousness and discomfort which was his natural mode while at school he somehow managed to work up a halfway decent appetite today and was able to polish off the mediocre lasagna and half-cooked, lukewarm green beans and also the hefty chocolate brownie of which only a pinch of scattered crumbs remained. He looked to his right at his best and only friend in the world Sebastian who was enthusiastically chugging his third carton of strawberry milk in a row. *I swear, no manners or class at all with this bastard but that is part of his undeniable charm,* Jeremy thought. He had some peculiar addiction to milk, it was his favorite drink, in fact it was the only thing Jeremy

ever saw him drinking, he always seemed to have a carton or bottle of milk on him like it was his liquid source of life and claim to vitality itself or his secret antidote to the cruelty of life as it seemed to comfort him in times of stress and turmoil. He would sometimes say that supreme lactose tolerance was his superpower and no amount of consumed dairy products could bother his stomach in the least. Jeremy believed him as he had seen him devour truly ungodly amounts of ice cream in the past. Sebastian had a total lunatic hairstyle that looked like he had gotten into a prolonged battle with a rampaging lawnmower and lost the war, his frayed hairstyle was sort of like a butchered mullet but with three braided rat tails at the back which hung limp at the nape of his neck. His wild and crazy hairstyle perfectly reflected his eccentric and unhinged personality. Today like usual, his big head was flamboyantly adorned with a warm and furry raccoon tailed Davy Crockett hat. Sebastian was a true wild card and a reckless free spirit who eschewed all constricting social conventions in favor of being true to himself and his eclectic oddities. He was a curious combination between class clown and fearless thrill seeker. Sebastian treated being weird as a badge of honor and felt no shame for being different than the herd. This was a sincere and genuine quality that Jeremy found deeply endearing and a trait he respected with a deep admiration and that's why they were an inseparable pair, thick as thieves in the night. His friend was wearing the same form-fitting stained green

turtleneck sweater which partially concealed his protruding Adam's apple, this was the fourth day in a row now that he had stubbornly and lazily donned this shirt and he smelled mildly of spoiled funk and body odor but Jeremy had almost become immune to that ripe smell by now as his friend Sebastian was his loyal shadow, almost surgically attached to his hip. Sebastian wore thrift store bought acid wash jeans and cheap motorcycle boots to complete his signature rebellious oddball look. Sebastian's large family of eight was dirt poor and lived in a dilapidated motor home in the trailer park in the low-income, high-crime part of town. They didn't have a functional shower there so instead they would take warm sponge baths in the sink on rare occasion or take occasional trips to the recreational center a few miles away to use their facilities. His chronically unemployed father was an abusive chain-smoking alcoholic, the living embodiment of all the worst stereotypes of the impoverished lower class, an old-school Pabst Blue Ribbon chugging, whiskey swilling white trash redneck and Jeremy suspected that his mother might be some type of drug addict as she was perpetually sickly looking, lethargic and zoned out with exhausted purple bags hanging under her despondent eyes. She always seemed to be shambling around and mumbling under her breath, half-asleep like a heavily medicated zombie in a nearly translucent nightgown. Jeremy couldn't help but linger his gaze on her small perky breasts showing through the almost ethereal green fabric, her breasts despite her middle-age

seemed to be miraculously winning the battle against gravity. Sebastian's mother would intermittently come partially alive only to feed their mangy and nearly feral coven of felines or to bother her intoxicated husband for a smoke. Jeremy had a slumber party once with Sebastian and that was a horrible decision he deeply regretted to this day as the cramped and messy motor home smelled like stale cigarettes and soiled cat litter and these stifling and toxic odors had made it difficult to breathe normally. Even worse just as he was finally and mercifully fading off to sleep in this frightening and foreign den of depravity, he heard the disturbing noises of Sebastian's parents engaging in drunken rough sex. He was absolutely mortified and grossed out by the animalistic grunts and moans, the wet sounds of carnal contact that rocked the foundations of the rotting motor home but he looked over at his friend Sebastian and his blank expression was totally neutral and unreactive to the situation like it was normal for him. Jeremy had returned home early that morning smelling of rancid filth and cigarette smoke and later that evening because of an excessively itchy scalp that was bothering him he discovered his medium-length brown hair was infested with lice. He parted his shaggy bowl cut with tentative fingers and looked closely in the mirror under the washroom light at the yellowish-white parasites crawling around in the forest of follicles on his irritated scalp and he shuddered in repulsion. He was thoroughly disturbed by the results of his investigation and alerted his parents to the

bad news. With the help of his fretting mother he purchased some special shampoo at the grocery store and spent a few hours that night laboring naked and standing barefoot in the tub, lathering up his tainted hair with the special shampoo and drowning the hostile little alien creatures in a deluge under the roaring showerhead. The vile lice infestation plus Jeremy's horrific description of his friend's living arrangements got him banned from returning to Sebastian's motor home. When he next encountered his impoverished friend in order to be polite he feigned immense disappointment at this turn of events but secretly he was immensely relieved to know he would never have to return to that putrid chamber of horrors. Being forbidden to return to that suffocating and squalid hellhole was alright in his book and there would be no complaints from him towards his parent's ruling. He was still trying to forget the awful smell and cleanse the taste of stale mustard from his throat, that sandwich Sebastian's mother had given him for dinner was hardly edible. He would sometimes to this day have horrid nightmares about the claustrophobic den of debauchery. The worst of these nightmares was as follows, once Sebastian and everyone else in the squalid trailer was asleep he walked towards the bed of Sebastian's parents which was little more than an old urine-soaked mattress covered in clumps of cat fur. Then he lifted up Sebastian's mothers translucent green nightgown and fell to his knees as if he was about to pray. If this was a prayer, it was a depraved and debauched prayer at that. He

used his shivering hands to part the drooping meat curtains of the mother's rancid vagina which prompted a swarm of vile and quivering centipedes to pour forth from her cunt. He woke up screaming from that one and covered in a cold sweat he turned to his side on his bed and vomited onto the floor. At times he would feel guilty for feeling this way towards Sebastian's misfortunes and he wished his cherished friend didn't have to suffer such poverty and indignity, he deserved so much better than that cesspool he was confined to. Returning his attention to the current moment at hand, Jeremy watched Sebastian slam the empty carton of milk on the shiny metallic table before him and with his left hand wipe some rivulets of pinkish milk from his wetted bottom lip and damp chin and then smack his mouth in perverse satisfaction. By this time the majority of the eighth grade students had exited the cafeteria and were lurking outside on the lush green fields and sunken valleys which surrounded the perimeter of the school. The spacious cafeteria was now vacant, save for the languishing losers at the outcast table and a few white uniformed lunch ladies in hairnets and staff members who lingered around in the kitchen washing dishes, mopping the floors and storing dishes of plastic wrapped leftovers into the bulky droning refrigerators. The buzzing sodium light fixtures overhead attracted light mists of gnats and caused the linoleum floors to give off an antiseptic reflective shine that was slightly irritating to Jeremy's eyes, making him squint a little as a result. This was his limbo in which his soul

revolted. The shining linoleum floors were lightly littered with torn plastic, soiled napkins and scattered artificial silverware that was thoughtlessly left behind by the vulgar multitude. Now that the once swarming cafeteria was mostly drained of people, the room temperature seemed to drop by twenty degrees or so now becoming a chilled environment, almost reminding Jeremy of a refrigerated morgue. A few lines of tingling goose bumps sprouted on Jeremy's forearms and the back of his neck. The less beating hearts and flowing blood the better Jeremy thought, I like to breathe in silent ghosts of an icy tomb. Silence was golden to Jeremy and solitude the closest thing to heaven on earth. Jeremy and Sebastian fell into their usual routine now and began to circle the abandoned cafeteria tables like hungry eyed vultures searching for leftover treasure. They eagerly scanned the empty benches and bent and peered under the tables, hoping to reap some tangible reward from their efforts. Jeremy palmed two stray quarters and a mechanical pencil, *nothing special but better than nothing I suppose,* he thought. Sebastian returned from his extensive and thorough search with a silly self-satisfied smirk on his face, he was holding a small velvet notebook. On closer inspection of the item Jeremy realized it was more like some type of fancifully bound antique diary that was markedly feminine in appearance, with masterfully swirling purple rose designs on both the elegant cover and the back. Sebastian flipped through the pilfered diary with curious fingers and a

Victorian style silver key attached to a silken strand of velvet lace fell out of the middle section of the diary and twirled around, as if dancing majestically on its pretty noose. As Sebastian flipped through the pages of the diary an intoxicating perfume drifted up into Jeremy's nostrils like an amorous invitation of some sort and for a few precious moments filled him with pure unadulterated bliss. Once the elated emotion departed, he was sorrowful it couldn't be caged and preserved; he then felt an inexplicable yearning like he was homesick for some place a million miles off into the unknown ether, pining for a mythical utopia which could never materialize. Homesick for a place he had never been before, homesick for a place that didn't exist. He had to fight the sudden irrational and intense urge to rudely rip the diary out of his friend's hands and tear it into shreds. This destructive impulse passed and he shook his head at a loss for what was happening inside of him, perplexed and even ashamed that he had been possessed by such an asinine and absurd notion even for a moment. The newly discovered diary was a priceless gem that was to be preserved at all costs, even elevated onto a pedestal and revered possibly. He didn't quite know why but he knew it to be the truth on an instinctual level, this diary was worthy of enshrinement. Now the diary was of dire importance to him, an intriguing mystery that must be unraveled. Jeremy looked at the pristine vellum leafs of the diary and observed the extremely neat and aesthetically pleasing feminine writing on the pages. The

fine penmanship was elegant to the point of being angelic, like a perfect circle, metaphysically enchanting and immaculate. Perfectly flowing sophisticated cursive without error or blemish adorned the pages of the diary like a graceful spell. Sebastian had truly stumbled upon a sparkling diamond in this worthless place and now this enigmatic treasure must be guarded and cherished so that its secrets may be unlocked. It seemed as if fate had dropped a golden apple into their hands for once instead of the typical raining manure which was usually their lot. “Dude don’t be dumb, put that thing away before someone comes back in here looking for it!” Jeremy sharply snapped at his friend. The rushed command came out with more a sense of urgency than Jeremy had intended and he blushed in embarrassment. His face remained hot and red for longer than he would of liked. Sebastian shot him a curious glance with a raised eyebrow of suspicion but then promptly buried the diary into the waistband of his jeans and fully concealed it under the bottom of his green turtleneck. “Aye Aye Captain!” Sebastian said in response to the order, clicking the dusty heels of his motorcycle boots together in crisp conformity with the command and shooting Jeremy a mischievous wink. The two friends then walked northward and pushed forth with outstretched hands to exit the heavy bulky doors of the cafeteria. They were greeted by the touch of dim sunlight, filtered through a gloomy and brooding overcast sky and Jeremy felt the tickling of plump raindrops intermittently exploding on the

back of his hands. As usual some of the more antisocial of the eighth grade students and their girlfriends had descended into the expansive and partially flooded valley below and wandered into the dense forest to smoke cigarettes and possibly engage in some kissing and heavy petting away from the penal eyes of disapproving staff. Some of the burning embers of the cancer sticks could vaguely be seen poking out from behind thick tree branches. “Come on let’s head for the sacred grove, I really have to piss, feels like my bladder is about to rupture” Sebastian said before chuckling. Jeremy followed his friend down a steep hill of dirt and gravel that had partially disintegrated into a springtime messy slush. They were mindful and careful with their footing on the downward slope so as not to tumble headfirst or sprain their ankles. Once they made it to the bottom of the damp and ragged slope they entered into a lush grassy ravine in which they were ankle deep in brownish murky water and sludge. Sebastian approached a tight perimeter of metal stakes and chicken wire that served as a weak and half-hearted barricade which was meant to keep the students out of the great forest beyond. Sebastian relieved himself on the base of one of the green stakes, spraying it with a pressurized yellow stream. He moaned in an exaggerated and obnoxious way to signal his relief and pleasure at the intense urination. They both laughed like brain-dead imps. “Make sure not to get the diary wet!” Jeremy warned in a worried manner. “Don’t worry Broman Polanski, it is out of the line of fire I promise” Sebastian assured him. As

Sebastian was pulling up his zipper on his grey acid-wash jeans, the two boys heard a whiny and squeaky voice sounding from behind them. Who was this intruder and what did she want? “My friend lost her diary. Have you guys seen it? You and your friends are usually the last people in the cafeteria, so I thought you guys might have seen it” the petite mousy girl said with her slight arms crossed. It seemed like she was trying to be polite but it was clear that was an act and she had an unpleasant attitude. Condescension could be found in her eyes towards the two boys. She sounded restless and a bit panicked and her brown eyes darted around nervously as her cherubic baby-face fretted. Jeremy kind of knew this girl. Her name was Elizabeth and she was in his morning creative writing class. Not especially popular or celebrated but not an outright loser like him either, somewhere in the middle, enough to be in safe territory and not be a target of bullying. She was smart and artistic, something of a studious bookworm who made the school library her second home and these qualities distinguished her from the other brain-dead students, she was a literature and fiction lover like him, as well as being usually polite and fairly quiet. Liz had been pleasant enough to him the few times he had short interactions with her in the classroom. She was a kind of teacher’s favorite without being too much of a brownnoser or an ass-kisser. “No sorry, I haven’t seen it and I always look around for loose change and stuff so I can get drinks from the vending machine. I looked today

and just found a few quarters and a couple Magic The Gathering cards but nothing out of the ordinary. If I do run into it I'll be sure to let you know though" Sebastian lied smoothly to Liz with mock concern. Sebastian was an expert liar, *a real natural at the art of deception,* Jeremy thought. Not one trace of dishonesty detected in his voice or face for that matter. A much better liar than himself and that's why he usually let his partner-in-crime do the talking, if a lie was in order. Liz uncrossed her skinny arms from around her red sweater and looked defeated with a crestfallen expression taking hold of her soft features and distorting them with loss. "Okay thanks" she muttered unconvincingly before shuffling off sadly, looking down at her soggy sneakers in the drowned grass beneath. She seemed to be seized by a fiery revelation and abruptly turned around and marched up towards Sebastian with a bitter scowl on her face until she was only a few feet from him. "I don't believe you" she declared boldly as her roundish cherubic face hardened with spite and distrust. "I think you are a liar!" Liz declared defiantly with her tone rising in anger. Sebastian was dumbfounded and caught off guard by her passionate accusation. He mumbled garbled profanities incoherently under his breath for a few comical moments and then let out an awkward cackle. Finally he composed himself to strike back at his detractor. "You must be off your meds loony! I'm not a thief. Where is your proof little girl?" Sebastian asked defiantly. Before she could attempt to answer his question Sebastian looked down near one

of her mud-streaked sneakers in search for something known only to him and then reached down into a murky puddle, immersing his fingers into a pocket of filthy water before extracting a long grubby earthworm that wiggled grotesquely in his grasp. He dangled this doomed purplish grub a quarter of an inch above his stained and slightly crooked gritted teeth. He slowly opened the dental gate, his unusually sharpened canines wet and glistening and he lowered the thrashing earthworm into the dark orifice between his teeth before chomping down viciously and suddenly tearing the worm in half and quickly grinding it up into mangled meaty bits before spitting the slimy mess of saliva and crudely dissected worm gore into Liz's shocked face. The foul masticated concoction splattered against her face with enough sickening force to make her flinch, backpedal a few feet in repulsed astonishment and then gag in revulsion. Sebastian wiggled the remains of the bisected earthworm in his hand with an unsettling maniacal grin plastered on his face, what a ghastly display it was. You really had to be there to believe it. "You know my favorite part about biting a worm in half? They don't die they just become schizophrenic, one mind becoming two, one body torn anew" Sebastian said. *Where did he get this shit?* He then placed the intact half of the sliced worm on his salivating tongue before chomping it a half dozen times, before closing his eyes in concentrated effort and engaging in a hard labored swallow, the result of which was visible in the convulsion of the muscles of his

throat. Sebastian coughed a few times and flinched with disgust at this unusual source of protein and then smiled afterwards as if everything was normal. Liz wiped intensely and thoroughly at her slime- marred face in horror and disbelief. Once he began Sebastian was really committed to his insane bits, a shrinking violet he was not. “What the hell is wrong with you psycho! You are a deranged freak!” She shouted barely concealing a pathetic squealing cry that followed as she hastily turned around and jogged away towards the school building in a fuss. I mean Jeremy could hardly say she was wrong in that assessment, but she said that like it was a bad thing. Welcome to the circus, sweetheart. Sebastian raised his tightly clenched fists towards the gathering grey clouds above and let out a celebratory yelp that sounded more vulpine than human. A born heathen he was, on an unstoppable and inextricable trajectory of madness. Jeremy shook himself out of his bewildered stupor and then shook his head at his lunatic friend, a mixed gesture without a doubt but more indicating stunned amusement than disapproval. “You know she is not wrong. That little show of yours was insane even for you man, let’s hope she doesn’t go crying to a teacher or staff member or something, you probably can’t lie your way out of that mess, who are they going to believe some cutesy crying little girl or the likes of you?” Jeremy said. “Ah, whatever you know you loved it you sick bastard, don’t pretend for a second you didn’t. Also don’t worry dude, I think we are in the clear. To me she seems like the type

who would be too ashamed and embarrassed to go crying to a teacher for help" Sebastian assured confidently. "True, but I kind of like that girl that you just traumatized for life, and now I am sure I am as good as dead to her" Jeremy said. "Don't worry buddy, I can assure you she was never going to suck your dick anyway" Sebastian commented crudely. "Do you think she was telling the truth about the lost diary being her friend's or was she lying about that and maybe it belonged to her?" Jeremy asked, secretly hoping that the diary did belong to her, this way he could have a voyeuristic window into her mind. Quite a tantalizing thought. "I don't know man but I didn't see a name on the cover or on the front pages either, we will have to continue reading and see though" Sebastian answered. Jeremy looked up at the school, a nearly monochrome rectangular structure that had the drab and dreary appearance of a depressing barracks, a constricting monster bound to the baseness of the material realm. The dimming orb of sun hovered meekly on the distant horizon masked by a haze of fog. Although it was only shortly after noon, the bleak and solemn landscape had the drained and surrendering appearance of descending dusk. A silent storm was brewing in the solemn firmament overhead and static traces of rumbling thunder could be heard far off if one listened closely to the muted voices of the far-flung elements. A stray raindrop fallen from the grey sky exploded on Jeremy's forehead, landing right between his eyes like an anointment from above, consecrating him to some unknown station and title. A manic

chattering was heard somewhere nearby as if angry squirrels were engaging in a quarrel and some type of skittering small creature collided briefly with Jeremy's ankle and then ran off in a rush, disappearing under the disturbed chicken wire of the perimeter fence. Jeremy saw a flash of wavy white beards and floppy red conical hats and a compressed trail of damp grass in their hasty wake. Impossible. What the hell were those things he wondered? Looked like a group of living garden gnomes on a mad dash into the woods, maybe a caravan of dwarves on their way to the renaissance festival. A feeling of surreal unreality pulsed through him and suddenly his flesh was covered in a cold sweat. This day they were in the midst of was becoming more and more surreal and bizarre by the moment and he had a gut feeling it would continue to swallow them into unprecedented depths of strangeness, Pandora's box had been opened and now it was time to stick his head inside. "Did you see those little guys?" Sebastian asked his friend, perplexed and pointing beyond the trembling chicken wire into a shadowed grove of woodland. "Yeah I saw them. Garden gnomes. A group of gnomes, some of them were carrying staves and tridents" Jeremy said in a plain matter-of-fact manner. "What?" Sebastian responded before chuckling. Sebastian grabbed the wire fence, making sure to avoid the small barbs so as not to slice open his hand. He pulled the wire fence up so Jeremy could step sideways through the barrier and then he followed suit. They followed the twin trails of compressed

grass as if dissociated characters in someone else's dream, in close pursuit of the fantastical creatures they went forth. They came upon a jarring clearing of fallen pine needles and there were two red robed gnomes staring back at them, the pupils seemed to be missing from their unblinking eyes. The gnomes were wielding tall and gnarled charred staffs that were considerably taller than themselves. Their weathered and wrinkled faces were puffing on small wooden tobacco pipes but instead of normal clouds of smoke filling the air, some type of ghostly substance poured out of the pipes like swirling wisps of ectoplasm that seemed superimposed onto this reality, as if existing in multiple dimensions simultaneously but ultimately emanating from a realm not of this world. Jeremy was frightened but also in awe, he boldly took another step forward into this impossible insanity unfolding before him, his shoe partially crushing a pine cone and responding to the audible crack the pipe-smoking gnomes took off running again and vanished behind a row of some mossy logs and thick brush. The two friends continued their fevered pursuit of the mythical midgets until they stumbled upon another stunning sight which froze them in their tracks. Ahead of them in a fertile grove sheltered by tall and mighty oaks there were three concentric circles of thick capped fungi. These extraordinary mushrooms were both psychedelic and radioactive in appearance and pulsed with some type of unnatural bluish plasma energy. In the ghastly epicenter of this exotic and peculiar pattern,

deliberately positioned like some type of profane altar was an obscenely gargantuan skull raised up to chest level by a wide tree trunk that was anointed heavily with some type of balmy oil. Breathless and shocked by the discovery, Jeremy stared down at the massive skull of the unknown deceased species; in the hollow of one of its eyes was an obsidian stone the size of a clenched fist that was raised up on a platform. It gleamed and flashed with obscene promise, like the dark heart of oblivion, like a regal gem plucked out of the execrable crown of some unhallowed deity. The behemoth skull raised up on the tree trunk altar made Jeremy think of a wooly mammoth or some other prehistoric beast, possibly some giant Stone Age hammerhead shark of some sort, or a slain antediluvian demigod. *What did they call them in the Old Testament?* The Nephilim, The giant offspring of fallen angels who had mated with mortal women, the renowned men of old. Jeremy had read about that in some medieval fantasy book that had numerous references to the Bible throughout. All of those animals were long extinct though and the others were merely legends and symbols of the imagination, so why was this enormous skull here? This is something you could only see in a museum or in the paintings of a possessed visionary, the memories of a mad prophet. What was it doing out here in the woods of Washington State so close to his school? Circling the base of the massive tree trunk altar were a multitude of sigils that were carved into the wood. The magickal symbols were carved so precisely and perfectly that

the deep and sharp markings looked like they had been forged by some type of laser technology. No simple human artist wielding a blade, no matter how skilled or masterful could accomplish such immaculate designs. The enormous and powerful jaw of the mammoth-like animal skull was packed with row upon row of vicious razor-sharp, needle-like teeth. The prehistoric Megalodon skull was hydrocephalic in nature and bleached white by age and sunlight, stripped of flesh by long dead maggots that nourish the soil. This grim and arcane discovery had filled Jeremy with equal amounts of wonder and dread. He was fascinated by the pagan oddities which lay before him but also deeply unsettled, torn as to whether these were good omens or bad omens for him and his friend Sebastian. Jeremy considered himself to be an agnostic, he was without knowledge. His hungry and eager mind was open to what life revealed to him. Well they had fallen down the proverbial rabbit hole now, they had no choice but to see how deep it truly went, he thought to himself. *Give me ageless mystery even if the consequence is eternal death!* The thought seemed to rise up from the darkest parts of his subconscious, no actually, the thought was more like an arrow fired from the ether directly into his solar plexus and he felt the thought rather than thought it. *Sebastian we are not in Kanas anymore.* The obsidian stone slowly descended on its raised platform into the recesses of the skull and disappeared within a labyrinth of bone. In the deep and shadowy hollow of the mammoth skull's eye now appeared a praying mantis as if a

hideous hidden actor on a stage materializing from behind the velvet curtains. The mantis scraped its fearsome pincers together and thus emitted the abrasive and sharply grating sound of massive scythes slicing against each other relentlessly, a thunderous and clashing sound, totally disproportionate to the small size of the insect. The blank clear eyeballs of the mantis utterly transformed into hypnotic marbles in the blink of an eye, which began to spin backwards in mesmeric motions that entranced the two boys into a drooling stupor in a matter of moments. Time was now like melting plastic; senses became ensnared and distorted at the suggestive command of the mantis. As they stared as hopeless captives at the hypnotic twirling eyeballs of the mantis in the skull, their heavy arms hung limp at their sides and saliva began to pool at the corners of their agape mouths. Both of the spellbound friends who were now captive to some cruel force felt with unspeakable terror the ghastly sensation of astral nooses being tightly fastened around their necks and began to feel the intense punishment of the brutal strangulation that followed. As they choked and sputtered and gasped for breath, they both attempted to reach toward the invisible ropes to free themselves from their suffocation but their efforts were in vain as they were hopelessly immobile in the grips of the psychic insect, as if paralyzed in quicksand. Both Jeremy and Sebastian became increasingly lightheaded as their vitality dwindled and their consciousness drained away like water being choked from two bottles. Finally, stiff as boards they both

fell backwards to the forest floor, blacked out into total unconsciousness and breathless with weak failing pulses, they were adrift in a starless oblivion, being swallowed and consumed by unfriendly dimensions, without anchors to promise a return. Not far off in the desecrated woodland beyond, was the sinister chattering of gnomes.

CHAPTER 12: THE PENTAFIXION

Satanae Manibus had his hands placed firmly on the steering wheel of the windowless red van with fake plates, chewing on a tooth pick in a slightly agitated manner. The stakes were high. The stress levels were high. He wouldn't have it any other way. They were about twenty minutes away from their destination and he had time to let his mind wander just a little bit. He liked this van. It was a rust bucket but a trusty rust bucket. He liked to call it his murder mobile. It was a dreaded vehicle similar to what was used by The Ripper Crew of Chicago in the abduction, torture and murder of lowly streetwalkers. *Operation Hell-World* was kicking off in a big way and no one could stop its malicious momentum. Manibus had his foul tentacles of corruption in many pies across the great land of America. The blasphemous seeds were beginning to sprout all throughout the small southern town that the **Satanic Front** inhabited. It was their base of operations. They ran this town and soon enough they

would run this country. A resurrection of the Satanic Panic of the 80's and 90's had reared its ugly yet lovely head, although this time the atmosphere of fear was becoming more oppressive than its predecessor. It became harder and harder for people to brush these demonic signs and symbols off as mere hoaxes or hysterical rumors. The devil was alive and well and the devil was running wild and was leaving his odorous claw marks on many doors. Church desecrations and cemetery defilements were on the rise and people were reporting chanting covens in dark robes performing bizarre rituals and sacrilegious ceremonies by moonlight. Graffiti of inverted pentagrams and triple sixes were showing up on the walls of school buildings and businesses and the townsfolk were taking note. The shocked and dismayed Christian community was on guard and up in arms in outrage over the town's sudden plunge into lawlessness and iniquity. Parents were more mindful about giving their small children an extended stranger danger talk. Everyone was checking under their beds for monsters before going to sleep at night it seemed. The Brotherhood of the **Satanic Front** was building up a mighty egregore by both their actions in the material world and their pollution of the astral realm through black magick, they were a persistent nightmare that continued to haunt even once your eyes were opened. All of these sinister developments were side-effects of their malevolent magick and diabolical work over the past few years. Manibus refocused his stern eyes on the outstretched empty road

before him. The highway to hell fueled his morbid intentions. The brazen mission that the **Satanic Front** was now undertaking was of upmost importance. While he knew they must use a certain amount of stealth during the kidnapping of the politician, it was not their overall goal to remain anonymous in this high-profile crime. In fact they were to proudly take credit for this atrocious action. The desired goal of this human sacrifice was national media attention, something that would be religiously looped and looped on the television networks by the corporate ratings whores and money-hungry vultures until it was permanently burned into the psyche of American citizens, and by the black will of Satan they would achieve just that desired outcome. At the time being in their activities though, they did not need the entire police force jumping down their throats. That would kill the baby in the crib, so to speak. Three of the men were in the van behind him, sitting on the chewed up upholstery of the wide leather seats. Commodus, Bartok and Moone squirmed a little in their seats with pent-up excitement surging through their bodies. They were eager for show time just like he was. While they had all become accomplished and refined in their personal deeds of darkness and transgression, there was still an undeniable tension and nervousness in the air which was palpable. The fact was that you never knew how these things would go, there was always the chaos factor at play, the joker in the pack, to be mindful of, it could turn out really messy and they were all seriously banking on that possibility. Manibus and all

his men other than Moone were all armed and dressed to kill, clothed in green commando sweaters with the infernal triple six trident crest of the **Satanic Front** sewed over the right breast pocket. They all wore olive drab Rothco tactical cargo pants with army green double grommet belts and tightly-laced black Vietnam-era jungle boots. Manibus, Bartok and Commodus were all equipped with high-quality leather shoulder holsters that held deadly and gleaming Mac-11 machine pistols that were converted to fully automatic; the barrels of the machine pistols were fitted with state of the art suppressors. The automatic pistols had extended magazines that held thirty-two 9MM rounds. They had four extra loaded magazines stored in the center console of the van just in case they got bogged down in a serious shootout with law enforcement. In other words they were prepared to inflict maximum damage. The success of the mission was non-negotiable. Moone was the odd man out in terms of attire for the evening; he was dressed in civilian clothes, a red Hawaiian shirt, blue jeans and white sneakers to be exact. Moone would be their much needed distraction during this operation. The back of the red murder mobile had been modified specifically for their purposes. The back seat had been removed and four steel manacles had been installed for the unlucky victim's hands and feet to be locked into. Manibus had been tracking the movements of this democrat congressman for over a month now and had become well acquainted with his personal schedule. Being

a dedicated stalker was not as fun as he thought it was going to be unfortunately; in fact it was kind of a pain in the neck. Always having to be hyper-aware of everything and everyone in his environment and making sure he didn't blow his cover made him feel a bit paranoid and neurotic but he stayed the course and dutifully took his notes and remained eagle-eyed throughout the extended process to learn what he needed to know. Now all his arduous work had paid off and they were in the midst of the gratifying part of the mission, the part where they could get their hands dirty. He had come to the conclusion that the best time to strike was now, a sleepy Thursday evening when Mr. Eckan routinely picked up his preteen son from a fancy private school extracurricular activity, apparently violin practice from the black instrument case carried by the young boy that was noted by Manibus. This was one of the rare times that the congressman was alone as opposed to accompanied by a light security detail or by friends, colleagues or family members. Naturally Manibus decided that this was the best window of opportunity to snatch up the bastard and get him into the dreaded van where he would succumb to a grisly fate. Manibus knew that it was best to grab the congressman as soon as he got out of his vehicle and before he entered the school to pick up his son. He wanted to limit the amount of witnesses to the abduction so as not to immediately get state troopers on their tail. Obviously zero witnesses to the abduction would be the best outcome but that might not be possible. Moone would be the

first to exit the van and would fake a cardiac arrest to draw away the attention of any bystanders that might be in the vicinity. They had rehearsed this deception a few days prior and Manibus had faith in his acting skills. Just make it seem serious, make it seem fatal and that should draw the alarm of the crowd enough to swarm over to him while the rest of the **Satanic Front** soldiers took care of business. Any unlucky soul who was foolish enough to attempt to interfere with the abduction would be swiftly executed on the spot. The statement they were going to make today went far beyond petty politics. Republican or democrat, corrupt or earnest, it didn't really matter who got the axe at the end of the day. The point of this bold operation was crystal clear. The weak and worthless secular human government was about to be flushed down the toilet and be replaced with an unholy totalitarian theocracy that would reign forevermore. The current president and his entire cabinet would be unceremoniously gutted and hanged and the Antichrist would be enthroned. No more plastic political parties, the mediocre forces of stagnation and enervation would be abolished under their malefic rule, no more soft consumer culture and no more sickly nation of blind shorn sheep leading blind shorn sheep to nothing and nowhere, just unadulterated purifying hellfire. **Satanic Front** would be the harbingers of doom and the shock-troopers of the apocalypse who would herald the epoch of absolute evil. The roaring ovens of global holocaust would open wide and the inferior

jehovans of the white light paths would be shoveled into the hungry flames, being reduced to stubble. The raining of their ashes would be the inauguration of Little Horn. All the soldiers of **Satanic Front** had their slick brown neoprene gaiters laid out on their laps which would be pulled over their noses and mouths as soon as the van pulled up to the school. Satanae Manibus hated to break the silence as he enjoyed the suspense that was building in tandem with it but he felt like he had something worth saying. "Once this guy is mincemeat and our mission is accomplished what do you say about some cigars and cold beer in the backyard tomorrow afternoon boys?" The three diabolists sitting behind the driver's seat cheered their enthusiastic approval with fists pumping in the air. "When are you going to send the video?" Commodus asked of General Manibus. "Sometime tomorrow around noon, I wouldn't want the poor family to worry or anything, he won't be a missing person for long, they can claim his body for the funeral but something tells me it's going to be a closed casket" Manibus said. Bartok, Commodus and Moone cackled with gruesome delight in response to the general's answer. "How far away are we?" Moone queried in a low but antsy voice. "Yeah Dad, are we there yet?" Bartok quipped in jest. Someone gave Bartok's leg a half-hearted kick as a sign for him to shut up. Bartok had no regrets, sometimes he couldn't resist a cheesy joke, especially when shit was about to hit the fan. Comic relief was underestimated in times of stress. "About five minutes until we hit the

school, prepare yourselves for action boys, you know your roles, try not to screw up but don't forget to enjoy yourselves!" Manibus warned warmly. The men nodded in acknowledgement and steeled their resolves for what was ahead. Commodus and Bartok brought out their inhalers and took a big hit from them. The cartridges had been replaced with cartridges that held a diabolically manufactured drug they called Venom. Venom was a mixture of pure testosterone, high-quality amphetamines, taurine and B12 vitamins, an extremely powerful concoction which invoked a truly nasty and bloodthirsty nature and savage instinct within the user. Nothing woke you up and made you want to kill like Venom. Venom was like lightning in a bottle, it was the perfected flow state for the homicidal soldier, a harshly chemical and animalistic activating rush to the brain that dialed the user into kill-zone-red. Once Manibus pulled the red van onto the street that faced the front of the school he saw that a parking spot was near impossible to find. Empty vehicles lined both sides of the street. The good news is that there was little human activity in the street or in the massive courtyard of the school. He saw a few parents or staff entering the front doors of the large building and a few children strapped with cumbersome backpacks crossing the street. Manibus spotted the expensive blue BMW of the democrat congressman and he locked onto it like a dog onto a fresh bone. He saw that the congressman was still sitting in the driver's seat with his front windows rolled down all the way. The congressman was

wearing his expensive Armani suit and blue tie, the pretentious bastard never took that suit and tie off it seemed, *all the better to strangle him with,* Manibus thought. The self-important man seemed to be reading messages on the glowing screen of his cellphone. Manibus rejoiced and thanked Satan for this bounty. The packed street was too congested to find a proper parking spot so Manibus just hit the brakes and stalled the van in a crooked fashion in the middle of the street about fifteen feet behind the congressman's car. "Go now!" Manibus ordered his men, motioning through the windshield with a stiff pointed finger. The three diabolists grabbed the handle of the van and pulled open the corroded scrap metal sliding door in haste. Moone hurried to the middle of the courtyard of the school and wasting no time he began to put on his best dying act. He dramatically clutched at his chest and groaned in fake agony as his face transformed into a convincing rictus of pain. He then fell to the concrete and twitched slightly as he emitted deep moans. It was an impressive act. The son of a bitch deserved an Oscar to be honest. A few older bookish and bespectacled women flocked around Moone and began making a fuss. They called out in shrill voices for someone to call emergency services, saying that it looked as if a man was having a heart attack. Few were around to answer the frantic call of the worried women and come to the rescue but eventually a man with humble attire and appearance befitting a middle-aged janitor jogged over and he whipped out a cellphone. Bartok and

Commodus removed their machine pistols from their holsters and marched toward the blue BMW of the congressman. A few seconds before they had reached the driver's side door of the congressman two girls around the age of eleven appeared in the street near the hood of the man's blue BMW. Their long brown hair was heavily braided and they were wearing identical private school uniforms, long conservative black skirts and light blue sweaters bearing the markings of their school, with neatly ironed white button-up dress shirts underneath. The two middle-school girls stood frozen in the middle of the street and with their pupils dilating they stared wide-eyed at the armed diabolists in the militant green uniforms before them. Bartok raised his pointer finger to his masked lips, motioning for the girls to remain silent. The small girls, possibly sisters or close friends, gripped their textbooks tighter in fear and remained glued to the street. Commodus knew this rare window of opportunity was not to be squandered, no matter what unforeseen obstacles presented themselves, so he wisely ignored the problem that was the two petrified schoolgirls and flung open the door of the congressman's vehicle almost hard enough to rip it off its hinges. Before the clueless politician was even aware that a hostile stranger had ripped open his car door, Commodus had viciously pistol-whipped the man on the bridge of his nose, bringing his weapon down on the man's face like a judge's unforgiving gavel. The politician's glasses snapped in two and fell from his face and you could hear the sickening crackling of cartilage

in his smashed nose. The battered man's cellphone slipped from his hands and clattered to the floor of his car. After the devastating blow from the pistol the congressman fell limp in his driver's seat into a semi-conscious state. Despite this fact, Commodus soon had a rag soaked with chloroform pressed tightly against the mouth and nose of the politician. The schoolgirls in their neat and tidy private school uniforms now began to shriek in horror as they witnessed the brutality unfold on the street. "RUN OR DIE!" Bartok barked at the girls while aiming his weapon towards them. That seemed to do the trick to wake them up from their frightened stupor. They dropped their textbooks to the ground, rushed across the street and disappeared into the dense field beyond. After Commodus had administered the chloroform he began to make quick work of tying the unconscious politician's hands behind his back with a pair of zip ties. Bartok kept a look out and scanned the environment for any possible further interruptions. They seemed to be in the clear until a large mustachioed man in grey sweatpants and a sweatshirt appeared by the passenger's side of the congressman's vehicle. The middle-aged guy with the thick mustache was notably tall and physically fit. He had the appearance of an in-shape gym teacher or possibly he was a father out for an evening jog. Either the man hadn't seen their guns, or he was stupid, or he had some sort of death wish, maybe all three, who knows for sure. Mustache guy was probably alerted by the sound of the screams and had come on over to play hero, big

mistake. “What the hell is going on here? Who are you guys? Get out of here before I kick your asses!” Mustache guy threatened with a bellowing voice. The would-be hero had his veiny masculine hands balled up into fists and his upper lip was curled in anger and suspicion. He turned and continued down the sidewalk of the school, advancing towards them in an aggressive manner. Commodus had briefly looked up at the man and then looked away, continuing his work of securing their prisoner. Mustache guy looked like he lifted weights on a regular basis and ate a lot of steak and vegetables, in other words he looked like would be a pain to deal with in a fist fight, but of course they didn’t have time for that. When the large muscular man in the sweatshirt was about eight feet away from him and his diabolist comrade was when Bartok decided to act. Bartok raised his automatic machine pistol and aimed at the man’s broad chest, a target that was hard to miss especially from this close distance, before depressing the trigger of the weapon for a little under one second. The muzzle flash partially blinded Bartok for a quick moment as the large man was ventilated by six 9MM rounds piercing his chest. Flaps of reddened skin were torn from the man’s body before he crumpled into a heap on the sidewalk. The effective noise suppression effect of the silencer made the fired bullets sound similar to a handful of lead pellets being thrown against a hanging tarpaulin. Bartok took a step forward to confirm the guy with the mustache was down for good. He was pleased to see that the man wasn’t

moving and his chest wasn't rising. A few of the bullets from the MAC-11 were right on target and had stopped his heart; they had pulverized the vital muscle and completely shredded the left side of his chest to scraps in general, irreversible wounds. "Give me a hand with the body fucker, it's time to get out of here" Commodus said to Bartok in an urgent manner. Commodus placed his hands under the armpits of the congressman and Bartok lifted up his legs. Thankfully, the congressman was a fairly slim fellow, maybe around a hundred and forty pounds or so and he stood about five foot six, so he wasn't much of a burden. Manibus was honking the horn of the red van, bashing it with his fist, signaling they should hurry. The two diabolists got to the van with their unconscious prisoner and secured him in the back of the vehicle by locking his wrists and ankles into the steel manacles. They closed the sliding door and then in a flash they were off. Manibus sped out of the school grounds going well over the speed limit and almost pummeling into a mother and her daughter who were leaving the school grounds. When they were a few streets down from the school he let up on the belabored gas pedal a little. Manibus masterfully weaved the van here and there and took some strategic back roads. Commodus held open the sliding door of the van a crack and peered behind them to see if anyone was tailing them. They did leave a corpse in their wake after all. Thankfully no one seemed to be after them for the time being. Manibus made an incredibly illegal maneuver and barreled through a

construction site, knocking over a bale of hay and swerving to avoid a pile of heavy cinderblocks. “Well” said Manibus with an optimistic spirit, “it could have gone a lot better but it could have gone a hell of a lot worse, what matters most is we secured our prisoner, everything else is collateral damage, good job boys!” Their voices lifted in unison. “HAIL SATAN!” shouted the two diabolists to their general, still feeling amped up from the ingested Venom and the high-octane action. They were headed to the condemned shopping mall, an ugly ghost town that was due to be demolished any day now. It would be the prime location for their little snuff film, the chosen site for *The Pentafixion*. It would be a very bad day for the congressman, his last day on earth in fact. Moone would meet them there in time. They had promised not to start without him. He was part of the family and it wouldn’t be right if he wasn’t there for the grand finale of the operation. Manibus relaxed his tensed foot on the pedal and began to obey the bothersome traffic laws. They were just law-abiding citizens out for a drive like everyone else, nothing to see here folks. Everything was going smoothly until they heard the dissonant and abrupt sound of shrill police sirens approaching from behind them. Commodus opened the sliding van door up a crack and sure enough they were being tailed by a single police trooper on a flashing motorcycle. They all collectively cursed. “Should I take him out?” Commodus asked Manibus as he squatted next to the sliding van door with his weapon raised. “No” said Manibus, “Let me deal with

it." Manibus hit the brakes and pulled over the van. They were all expecting commands to be screamed by the officer. To hear the cop demanding that they exit the vehicle with their hands on their head but to their surprise nothing like that came. The cop seemed to be calm and nonchalant, he took his sweet time dismounting his motorcycle and collecting his pencil and notepad. Manibus opened the driver side door wide for his coming interaction with the officer. He had laid his Mac-11 on the center console within close reach of his right hand. Manibus strategically positioned his body so his chest was turned towards the open door, this way his body shielded the sight of the machine pistol from the nosy police officer. They could hear the cop's motorcycle boots slapping the pavement as he approached their vehicle. The young cop reached the door with a bored expression on his face; he was already scrawling something on his yellow notepad and was barely looking at Manibus. "Going a little fast back there don't you think?" the cop asked in a detached fashion. Manibus realized very quickly that there was definitely a way to get through this annoying predicament without resorting to bloodshed but he personally chose violence. When the helmeted cop looked up at Manibus through his aviator sunglasses, he was staring down the lethal barrel of a gun. Manibus glanced at his distorted reflection in the lenses of the cop's silver aviator sunglasses and it was like he was looking into a living and breathing scrying mirror. His hateful visage in that Saturnian mirror was pitiless and inhuman.

Manibus pulled the trigger of his machine pistol, spraying the face of the police officer with eight bullets. The recoil of the weapon vibrated through his wrist, a pleasant deadly shock. The officer's youthful and angular features turned to pink mush and reddened pulp, changing the inside of the white helmet into a bowl of liquid carnage. A spray of glass shards and chipped teeth showered the asphalt and the dead cop collapsed to the ground like a sack of lifeless potatoes. Manibus put his smoking gun away in his shoulder holster and opened up the glove box of the van. He pulled out a **Satanic Front** patch which contained the triple six trident contained within a shield of hellfire and flicked it in the direction of the cop's faceless corpse, consciously leaving their calling card behind at the scene of the crime. He wanted **Satanic Front** to get credit for the bloody work. They were really starting to rack up a body count. All the better to fuel their infamy and build up their hideous legend as far as he was concerned. Manibus then slammed the door shut and sped off. Ten minutes later he parked near the condemned shopping mall. The last light of evening had drained away into the darkness of night and now a sickly crescent moon hanged high in the crawling sky. The eerie sounds of a bitter cat fight echoed throughout the expansive parking lots as the three diabolists inspected their manacled prisoner in the back of the van. The groggy and confused congressman was starting to stir again so Commodus hit him with the chloroformed rag once more until he blacked out once more. Bartok and

Commodus carried the unconscious congressman as they followed the lead of the Satanic General. Manibus led them quickly to the back of an old derelict sporting goods building. He had hidden a crowbar behind a few metallic trashcans, which he used to pry open a tall iron door that was already a sliver open. They could still hear the alley cats fighting in the shadowy distance, the sorrowful sounds of a dozen babies crying morphed into bitter and curdled hisses. Manibus entered the gutted and abandoned building and Commodus and Bartok followed his confident lead. They all walked through the skeletal store which was stripped bare, it was nothing but dusty and barren shelves as far as the eye could see with some broken fluorescent light tubes smashed across the ground beneath them. The three diabolists then walked through the silent and empty food court that was scattered with overturned chairs and tables and went down the steps of a frozen and out-of-order escalator. Halfway down the escalator Bartok and Commodus almost lost their grip on their precious cargo and the unconscious politician almost slipped over the side of the escalator and fell forty feet down to the hard linoleum floor. That would have been a crying shame but thankfully almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. Other than a broken nose and maybe a little bit of brain damage their offering was intact and ready for the ritual ahead. Finally the lawless trio made their way into a retail store on the bottom floor of the shopping mall. In the gloom of the mostly stripped store both askew clothing racks and

stray mannequins that had been left behind cast humanoid-like shadows that danced at the corners of their vision. Everything required for the ritual had been brought in a few days prior including a video camera setup on a tall tripod. The three diabolists prepared a large circle of candles and then went around lighting the individual wicks. The jarring ambiance created was like that of a seedy low-budget horror film, which was perfect for their purposes. Their purposes were to shock and horrify. Torture porn could be an art form if you gave the right people the right tools. In the ritual circle inside the glow of the black and red candles the tiles had been jackhammered so that the rough grey gravel was revealed underneath. A thick eight foot wooden pole had been erected in the middle of the gravel and two eight foot poles had been crossed behind it in an X-shape. All three diabolists secured the unconscious politician against the three poles, they placed him upside-down and tied him up with rope. They spread out his arms and legs so his body formed an inverted pentagram. At this point the congressman was coming to. He realized his torturous predicament and began to wail and protest in vain. “Shut the fuck up political piggy!” Manibus taunted the terrified congressman. Commodus and Bartok snickered at the baneful comment. “Press record on the camera.” Manibus ordered, motioning toward Commodus. Commodus followed the order of the general and went over to the video camera positioned on the tall tripod and pressed the record button. Then the three diabolists proceeded to nail

the congressman's ankles and wrists to the wooden poles. They used a rubber mallet and rusted railroad spikes to do so. Despite the age and corroded condition of the nails they ate through the bone just fine. Bartok remembered the first time he had shot a hunting rifle with his father in the dense forest on his father's property. It was a 30.06 hunting rifle and his father had insisted that they use hearing protection before they fired the gun because of how loud and harsh the report was. Bartok hadn't listened to the advice of his father for the first couple of shots of the rifle and had quickly come to regret it. The abrasive report of the powerful rifle had truly raped his eardrums and his poor ears were ringing for the rest of that day. Well, the agonized screams of the congressman were somehow ten times worse than that. His abused eardrums felt like they were going to hemorrhage at any moment. It was like the politician truly believed that if he just screamed loud enough all this terror would disappear. That was the hopeful delusion of his desperation. He would be severely disappointed. Before they finished the rest of the horrendous pentafixion, Bartok pulled out a pack of Pall Mall smokes and lit a cigarette. He removed the butts from six of the smokes and the three diabolists stuffed the cigarette butts into their ear canals as they finished the necessary gruesome work. They slashed off the politician's expensive suit with their knives and carved the triumphant sigil of the **Satanic Front** onto the left side of chest and then proceeded to carve the intricate sigil of Belial into the right

side of his chest. The politician's blue tie was wrapped around his neck and the end of the tie was stuffed into his mouth. The inverted carved up politician became their fleshy and bleeding occult map to stygian royalty, a living, suffering and dying portal to the screaming underworld. The active and blinking video camera captured the entire marvelous pentafixion and all of the accompanied torture. For the coup-de-grace Satanae Manibus took out his Four Pi ceremonial dagger and slashed the congressman's throat. A series of ruptured gurgles from the mangled wound followed the heavy crimson flow and then the congressman hanged limp like a horrific effigy.

CHAPTER 13: THE NIGHT LEGION

Somewhere deep within the expansive wilderness of the great rocky mountains of the state of Colorado the **Night Legion** was marking their territory with a fanatic ferocity. Not far from the eerie red blinking lights of NORAD was where the nomadic tribe made their temporary home. The red lights of NORAD attached to their tall steel towers flashed robotically like a cold mechanical heartbeat over the vast arcane shadowed regions below. It was twilight in late September and a gentle wind blew slowly through the dense lines of tall pine trees. Bartok was kneeling in the grotto and staring admiringly at an icon that had been set in the middle of a stony altar. This sacred grotto was decorated with the stripped carcasses of multiple different species of animals. The graven image upon the stony altar was a bronze figure of BAAL. The **Night Legion** had brought the fertility god many offerings over the past few weeks and had been blessed with rejuvenating rainfall in return on

multiple occasions. This precious rainwater had been collected in buckets and wooden bowls. BAAL would prevail over Mot and the **Night Legion** would prevail over thirst and drought. Bartok was presently in command of seven men this evening. Well at this point in their checkered history he called them his 'vulgar coyotes' for they had willingly sacrificed their humanity for something greater, for allegiance to the pack and for the unholy glory of the **Night Legion**. Bartok had begun this painstaking journey with ten coyotes under his command but three of them had perished along the way, becoming profane offerings for the hungry wild woods which was their undisputed master. Nature is Satan's temple and now is when they came to worship. Two of the man-coyotes had been stalking some prey near a precarious ledge and had slipped and fallen onto the treacherous rocky outcroppings below, their bodies were pulverized before their necks snapped. The other lost coyote of the pack had developed a nasty infection in a leg wound and it must have poisoned his blood as one morning he failed to wake up and his swollen face had turned purple, foam had formed at the corners of his sickly twisted mouth. While their deaths were a shame and their contributions and sacrifices were appreciated, there was nothing akin to funeral ceremonies, no tears were shed, and the great rite went onward just as the sun continued to rise and to set on their wooded surroundings. Many sheltered and civilized people would decry their current state as savage and loathsome but those foolish

mammals had lost their cunning edge. The cerebral faculties of the mind should be ignored and negated from time to time in order to cultivate a proper reverence for the primal and the carnal. The brain is an overrated organ and pesky thoughts have a way of leading you tragically astray from the raw truth of your being. All mind and no body is a surefire recipe for neurosis. Turn off the brain once and awhile and revel in pure animalism. Listen closely to the compelling whispers of the ancient and churning earth. Listen to the supreme dictates of the innermost chambers of your heart and hear what they tell you to do. They tell you to rip and to rend and to kill. Your enflamed loins tell you to mate, to spread your seed far and wide, your muscles tell you to conquer, to eviscerate and to dominate. Mercy and empathy do no enter into the equation. You are either predator or prey in the pitiless iron game that is ceaseless and eternal. Civility is a straitjacket and it is time to tear it to shreds and taste real freedom with your rending jaws. Domestication of the modern toothless age has turned us all into a bunch of pitiful sheep. Join us and become as a fearless beast. Bartok and his band of coyotes had consciously abandoned the boring softness and the predictable safety of human civilization in favor of the rugged tortures of their current unforgiving environment. The harsh testing ground of wilderness survival had reawakened many vital instincts they had feared were long lost. Their earnest goal was to resurrect the spirit of their non-human and Neanderthal ancestors within themselves and

reap the benefits of that pure animism. It was not the spirits of their grandfathers or their great grandfathers but the primordial spirit of their prehistoric forefathers that they wished to emulate in their radical sojourn. What many would call an ugly and frightful regression Bartok and his band of coyotes would champion as the true evolution. The way forward was visceral barbarity. Anything less would be an insult to the coming of Satan's Kingdom on Earth. It was the last night of their grand experiment and Bartok found himself lamenting that sad fact. The autumnal equinox was nearing and Bartok could see the beginnings of a plump harvest moon growing in the hazy distant firmament. It was odd, he should feel proud of the resilient pack's accomplishment and he should be looking forward to the successful closure of the long and grueling rite but instead he felt a murky melancholy stirring within him. He was in no hurry to return to the sick society below which was a cesspool of weakness and disease; he cursed the caged society which was an enervating force of dead materialism and listlessness. He would prefer to remain in the invigorating womb of the forest with his vulpine brethren as a roaming and free quadrupedal creature. Down there amongst the dizzying city lights he was both a failure and a nobody but here with his vulgar coyotes he wielded an unspeakable power. In human society depression and alcoholism had driven him to mental breakdown and the brink of oblivion. The architecture of his mind had disintegrated and he was swallowed by the mocking mouth of madness.

The mountains were his deliverance. This was a place beyond oblivion, a place where you could become something both below human and above human. This was the place for that bestial becoming. This was the place for inhuman salvation. Bartok and his coyotes had been out in the stark bare wilderness for twelve hours shy of a full month at this point and their claw marks, so to speak, had claimed their new frontier. He looked around with curious and penetrating eyes in the fading light at his worn and weathered coyotes and his bare chest swelled with pride when he thought of all the obstacles they had surmounted and survived. A few of the ragged coyotes were stripped down to their filthy urine-stained boxers and some of them were still partially clothed in disintegrated brown BDU's. All of them had lost a significant amount of weight and their exposed ribcages were visible through their cheap and torn army clothing. Bartok himself was adorned in only a rabbit-pelt loin cloth. He wore it not to conceal his genitals or cover his nudity out of shame or anything of the sort but simply because it functioned as a comfortable and convenient blanket for his bare buttocks whenever he chose to sit down in the woodlands. Through much resting in the lush grass of the woodlands the once white rabbit fur of the loin cloth had been dyed green. This to Bartok seemed highly appropriate, quite like the green aprons the crafty and clever serpent sewn together for Adam in Eve in the Garden of Eden after the fall of man. Although far from being ashamed of his nudity and base animal nature, he

exulted in it. He and his band of coyotes exulted in the sinful indulgences of the beast. All the coyotes were barefoot and the bottom of their feet bore the scabbed armor of thick callouses. One of the nearly nude coyotes was crouched on his haunches in the cooling shade of a large tree as he gnawed at a dead grey sparrow he gripped greedily in his dusty hands. A few of the more crafty coyotes in his pack had fashioned together effective whips using tough hardened plastic cords they had found after dismantling tents at a deserted campsite a few weeks back. They used the makeshift whips in their possession to strike unsuspecting perched birds out of tree branches. They had gotten quite skilled at this crude method of hunting through their long days in the wilderness. So much so that these captured birds had become their main source of protein. Often they would snap the plastic weapons forward with great force and hit the birds with the whips so viciously that the dazed birds would become completely stunned and fall temporarily paralyzed from the tree branch into the bed of pine needles below. The eager coyote would dash forward towards his quarry and rapidly crush the bird's small skull in a brutal hammer-fist fashion. Then it was chow time for the victorious hunter. Often the coyote would gnaw the birds head off with a quick jerking motion before holding the small corpse upside down and showering his open mouth with a wealthy sprinkling of warm blood. Those "human" teeth seemed to resemble sharpened canine incisors more and more by the day and how lovely and lethal they looked

when painted in freshly hot crimson liquid! Afterwards at times the coyotes face would twist and sour and he would spit out a pinch of feathers in disgust. The texture of those feathers could feel unpleasant and bothersome between the teeth. The meaty soup found beneath the little and frail obstructing ribcage however was always a fine treat to be enthusiastically slurped down the gullet. Bartok licked his cracked lips in sensual delight as he watched the crouching coyote before him use his dirty fingers to tear open the breastplate of the dead bird. The coyote then ripped out the little fragile ribcage and tossed it aside before he feasted on the guts and organs inside. Most of the coyote's fingernails had been completely torn off in the days prior from the damaging labor of relentlessly tearing at the rough bark of a tree and feasting on the crawling ants and beetles beneath. Bartok admired the sophistication and braveness of this coyote's advanced palate because he himself had not been able to stomach the crawly things found in those moist and soiled places. The splintering shells of the beetles and the tough exoskeletons of the ants provided a nauseating crunch which he could not tolerate or overcome. Besides birds the pack of man-coyotes had subsisted on mostly rabbits which had been stoned to death. The precision and technique of Bartok's throwing hand had never been stronger. Through trial and error his aim had improved greatly. It had been incredibly frustrating at first; throwing a rock and missing a rabbit's skull by a mere few inches and seeing the cotton-

tailed prey scurry off into the brush, a possible dinner escaping into the bushes. Over time he became a professional stone thrower, a veritable hawk-eye. Even with the gnawing handicap of an empty and groaning stomach he consistently began scrambling the brains of rabbits from up to fifty feet away. The trick was to find and use smaller stones that still had a considerable weight. He would then pluck up the dead rabbit by its floppy ears and eviscerate it with a pocket knife before shoveling the raw stew of its innards into his hungry mouth. Many of the coyotes, Bartok included, silently worried about parasites and diseases from all the raw animal meat they were consuming. None of them voiced these concerns of course. This was an obvious risk that was an inherent part of the dangerous ordeal they signed up for. The largest prey they had been able to conquer was a large buck and one deer that had been in the buck's misfortunate company. They had been able to spot the buck and the deer from an advantageous position above and they dropped heavy boulders onto them, crippling them and pinning them under the immense weight of the boulders in the process. The man-coyotes ran down to their crippled prey and armed with sharpened spears they repeatedly stuck the buck and the deer in their broad twitching chests until they lay motionless. Dark red blood flowed from their wounds like decadent wine flowing from opened spigots. The raw meat harvested from the downed buck and the felled deer had fed their whole famished party well for a good three nights. After

peeling the fur and flesh from its face and skull with an arrowhead knife one night beside the light of the campfire they decided to keep the remarkable antlers and skull as a trophy and ritual implement. The buck skull became a symbol of their dominion of the forest and their might. In the beginning Bartok and his coyotes had entered into the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains armed only with a small collection of knives, a few spiked brass knuckles and the clothes on their backs. They had discussed the possibility of bringing a revolver or two with some ammunition but quickly came to the conclusion that would be cheating. Well there was one more item that they brought with them that is important to mention. Bartok had a rolled up black banner that was gripped within a closed fist. Within this banner was the crest of the **Night Legion**. If their rite was successful then it would become a triumphant symbol of their victory and would be raised and flown from the highest tree. If their rite was a failure then Bartok would use the black banner as a suicide rope and hang himself from the tallest tree. The stakes were high for this magickal operation and he was the captain of the ship, responsible for the fates of the men in his command. Before they had entered into the miles of deep forest they had taken solemn oaths with thrust upwards shining daggers pointed towards the inky night sky above. They promised to each other and to Satan himself that they would rather perish in the forest than to shamefully abort the month-long rite. In other words, failure was not an option. They also promised to

refrain from communicating with human language for the full duration of the rite. Human speak was strictly forbidden as it would break the spell of the beast. Any coyote that broke this rule forfeited his life and would be ruthlessly slashed and clawed down by his brethren. The unhallowed rite before them was named 'The Bestial Transfiguration'. They had set off in high spirits that first night with comradely laughter carrying them through the hills and into the dawn. This memory resulted in a wave of warm nostalgia running through Bartok as he marveled at the packs humble beginnings. Snapping his full attention back to the present moment Bartok began collecting handfuls of wood chips and tossing them into a shallow hole in a ravine. A quiet and stealthily crouched coyote near him launched his hardened plastic whip forth with swift violence and the end of the whip struck a red-streaked finch out of its high resting place in a tree. An effective whip strike seemed to be all in the wrist, Bartok noted. He was always awful with the whips and he himself preferred stones and spears for hunting. The shocked finch fell a distance of about ten feet and hit the ground with a barely audible thud. The finch's furry chest heaved back and forth rapidly as its petrified heart accelerated. Involuntary spasms animated its face as its wings twitched, trying desperately but failing miserably to spur themselves into action. Bartok idly wondered what that was like, the cold adrenaline dump of the last moments of sheer terror as a colossal heartless predator made its way to

your prison of suffering, to send you into forever oblivion. It was certainly possible he would one day find out. Live by the sword/ die by the sword type of thing. No matter how big and strong you are there is always someone bigger and stronger. Bartok dropped a handful of wide sticks into the shallow hole of the ravine to finish his task. The clatter of the falling wood resulted in a slight echo in the canyons beyond. He cupped his hands around his dry mouth and emitted a raspy bark into the dusky atmosphere. Soon there were two coyotes hovering over the shallow hole in the ravine. They got immediately to work on manually starting a fire using only the sparks produced by the available rocks and sticks in their immediate vicinity. A couple of the other coyotes who were nearby took turns fingering curiously through each other's wild and unkempt hair like chimpanzees in search of bugs. Bartok would sometimes see a coyote using his foot to rapidly scratch an ear or his scalp like some flea-bitten cur. The big harvest moon now glared down at them from the sky, a giant cratered blood-orange. Bathed in the lunar light of the celestial sphere Bartok relieved himself on a mossy log near his dirty bare feet. His flowing piss was a dehydrated bright yellow color, kind of unhealthy looking. Come to think of it he couldn't remember the last time he had a decent drink of water. The coyotes had fashioned wooden bowls to collect rainwater but most of the water they drank came from clear streams they stumbled upon. Usually they would consciously camp out close to streams so as

not to lose their cherished source of water but the last couple of days they had gotten careless and wandered away from the needful replenishing streams. Often they would dig what looked like glorified badger dens near to these vital streams. On the colder nights where there was heavy rain or snowfall the coyotes would burrow through the dirt tunnel to avoid the freezing temperatures and they would sleep deeply and soundly in their pitch black den of iniquity, their splayed out heathen bodies like one giant mass of breathing and pulsing unclean meat that generated a great amount of treasured warmth through shared body heat. Soon one of the coyotes had produced a spray of sparks that was large enough to ignite the kindling in the shallow hole carved into the forest floor. Within a minute or so their bare flesh was graced with the warmth of the dancing of flames. Bartok craned his head upwards to the darkening sky and looked into a seemingly endless vault of stars above. He emitted two high-pitched barks in rapid succession. Talking like a canine was so much more satisfying than talking like a human, he thought. Soon the whole loyal pack of coyotes was gathered around the campfire, ready for whatever lupine festivities may arise. They all crouched in a circle, staring into the rising smoke of the campfire with blank expressionless faces. Their eyes were beady like those of a keen jackal. None of them seemed to blink. They ran their feral tongues across savage teeth. They were waiting patiently and silently for the unquestionable and unassailable command of the pack

leader. Bartok walked about fifty feet away from the roaring campfire before he found what he was looking for. The frenzy and the fervor that was invoked by this object was unmistakable. By the end of one of its impressive antlers he lifted up the magnificent skull of the buck and carried it towards his ravenous circle of coyotes. The last bit of pale light had drained from the sky and now darkness consumed the land. By the pointed maze of its tangled rack Bartok then began swinging the large skull of the buck over his head and through the darkened wispy haze of the campfire smoke. This symbolic action was a sure signal that the coyotes were well aware of. The alert coyotes rose to the maximum extent of their heights and howled up at the bloated harvest moon like frisky lycanthropes ready for their savage playtime. They howled and howled in frenzied glee for almost a quarter of an hour. They howled until their throats became sore and rebelled against them. Then they began to trot around on all fours kicking up showers of dirt and wood chips in counterclockwise patterns. Thorns and pebbles embedded themselves into their already cut and bruised palms. Every time they completed a revolution they increased their speed. They began barking as they ran with slobber pouring from their lips. They began snapping their teeth and nipping at each other's heels and tendons to the point of rending flesh and drawing blood. The counterclockwise circles were now painted with red vitality. The stark raving mad ceremony continued as the tainted light of the harvest moon animated

and influenced the lunacy into even further depths. The **Night Legion** was akin to cultists of antiquity becoming ever more intoxicated by dancing under the demon star Algol. A triumphant and naked Bartok caked in mud and grime continued to grip the antlers and swing the buck skull through the rising smoke of the campfire; he was howling bloody murder as he did so. At this precious crystalized moment in time he realized that he had never felt more alive in his whole lifetime. A big shit-eating grin spread across his face as the coyote chieftain exulted in his Satanic rapture, a total exaltation and raw communion with nature had been achieved. A pantheistic ecstasy surged through his enflamed veins and sore sinews as he gripped the antlers and swung the buck skull through the campfire smoke until his exhausted muscles screamed for rest. It was as if his sweating flesh had been kissed by Lord Satan, a wicked blessing. Here and there a panting coyote would collapse from exhaustion, and then the other coyotes would rise to their feet and begin growling threateningly and planting swift kicks into the exposed midsection of the fallen coyote. This abuse would continue until the collapsed coyote returned to all fours and resumed the merciless counterclockwise dance. There is no encouragement quite like the encouragement of pain. Pain is a clear communicator, the clearest and most urgent communicator. The rabid counterclockwise dance continued for another fifteen minutes before it came to an abrupt close. Bartok lowered the coyote clan's buck skull to the

forest floor and then the tired coyotes ceased their frantic motions and finally relaxed. They savored the friendly heat of the roaring fire and as the smoke wafted past their gasping faces, a descending feeling of tranquility embraced them. A palpable feeling of surreal unreality gripped the **Night Legion** like an unseen hand. It was then that the feral clan of coyotes were overtaken with a monumental emotion of religious awe. Dual lines of levitating black-robed phantoms appeared before them, materializing out of thin air. In between them was formed a spacious corridor of empty space that seemed to communicate an arrow or a path that the shadowy apparitions wanted the coyotes to tread. Bartok started to do just that. He walked the path in between the levitating phantoms. He kept walking for what seemed to be ten minutes. Once he reached the end he was dangerously close to a cliff that looked out onto a vast valley below. He stopped in his tracks, naturally fearing the fatal fall. A robed phantom lowered itself to his level and raised a single sleeve of his robe in a pointing motion. The phantom was pointing beyond the edge of the cliff into the empty mouth of the canyon. Suddenly Bartok was imbued with a fearless confidence and he without a second thought or worry stepped forward into nothingness, knowing he would somehow be preserved against all odds, preserved even against the law of gravity itself. Instead of dropping through cold air to his death he felt a platform where there was none beneath his feet. Bartok looked down and it was if he was walking upon pillars of

calcified ectoplasm. The robed phantom was now floating beside him and still pointing forward with an uplifted sleeve. Bartok tread forward on the supernatural bridge that penetrated into the heart of the canyon until he spotted movement below in the valley. There was a man and a woman locked in a romantic embrace. They were kissing passionately. They looked to be a young couple, probably in their early or mid-20's. With homicidal intent Bartok eyed them from his paranormal watchtower. This was a thoughtful gift sent by Satan, a perfect way to close the Bestial Transfiguration Rite. He had even sent his incorporeal emissaries to lead the way towards the grisly blood-feast. The hairs on Bartok's body bolted upward and an electric tingle ran down his spine. His killer instinct was activated. He had never killed a human being before. He thought it almost humorous that his first murder would be committed in canine form. Neither he nor his feral band of coyotes would have any empathy for the young humans that would become their prey, they were not their kind. There were times in his human days where he believed that if he were to commit murder or some act of extreme violence that he would have to silence his conscience before doing so, now this simply was not an issue, there was no conscience to silence, there was only an all-devouring carnal instinct and the red raw desire of snapping jaws ripping and rending through succulent meat. The innocent and blissful kissing lovebirds below had no clue that a couple hundred feet above their location stood the architect of their

death. This gave Bartok great pleasure. He was like some perverse wingless angel in his paranormal watchtower, peering down at his future victims and plotting their demise. Bartok walked back to his faithful band of coyotes that were waiting for him by a smoldering campfire. Once Bartok returned to the ravine the levitating sentinel phantoms vanished. Bartok wondered if ghostly traces of them remained in the shadows of the forest. Bartok seized a long wooden spear out of a bed of shrubbery and he grunted twice followed by a long drawn out growl which ended in a sharp bark. The coyotes were alert and ready for war instantly. They knew this was the sign that the hunt was on. The **Night Legion** followed Bartok's lead down winding downward paths into a great expansive valley. Bartok wondered about the wandering lovers and how they had arrived at their location. They were most definitely far off the beaten path for their kind. There must be a campsite somewhere fairly close that he was not aware of, he figured. The young man and his girlfriend were blissfully unaware of the nightmare horde which was quickly approaching them. They had their backs turned to the band of coyotes and were walking away towards the perimeter of the wide canyon. The man was tall, well over six feet in height and he was sturdily built. He was wearing brown work boots, blue jeans and a brown leather jacket. The young woman was in a blue checkered skirt and a red sweater. She was petite and looked very small in the large man's company. By the time the couple looked behind them after

becoming alerted by the footfalls of the band of coyotes, the **Night Legion** was already upon them. One of the coyotes grabbed a fistful of the young woman's long brunette hair and yanked her down into the grass. She let out a shocked shriek as she hit the ground. The coyote straddled her and began pressing his forearm into her throat, cutting off her oxygen flow and silencing her screams. A coyote attacked the man from his side while another coyote leapt onto his back, kicking him in the ribcage and hanging from his neck. The man stunned Bartok by putting up one hell of a fight. Bartok did not expect to see such forceful resistance from the man. The man seeing his lover in peril became enraged. He backhanded the coyote who was ripping at his side before delivering a devastating knee to the coyotes face. The sound of the impact was gruesome and Bartok saw a few dislodged teeth get launched into the grass. The coyote fell on his back motionless, knocked unconscious. The coyote who was hanging from his neck got flung over his head and slammed into the ground. The man then stomped the downed coyote in the ribcage with tremendous force, snapping a few bones in the process. Before the rampaging man had a chance to turn around Bartok rushed forward and with an angry two-handed thrust lodged his wooden spear into the middle section of the man's spine. The man screamed in horror and stumbled forward a few steps before attempting to remove the spear from his ravaged back. While he fumbled for the vicious spear which agonized him, a swift and bloodthirsty coyote darted

forward and plunged the silver points of his spiked brass knuckles into the right side of the man's throat, he did this once, really putting his weight into it, and then twice with the same energetic fury. The spikes on the brass knuckles were now smeared with gore, bits of shredded skin hung from them like macabre confetti. The man's carotid artery had been slashed wide open, his throat had been ripped to mincemeat and he was now drowning in his own blood. He coughed and sputtered and then fell to his knees. A coyote came up behind him and smashed him hard on the skull with a large jagged rock, the coup-de-grace. Then it was lights out forever for Mr. Tough Guy. He had put up a good fight but he was no match for the dreaded onslaught of the **Night Legion**. Bartok went to check on the coyote who had been kneed in the face and knocked unconscious during the battle. There was no breath, there was no pulse, he was dead. *Damn it*. The fucker had left them with one last casualty before the closure of the rite and that was regrettable but he was now dead and the **Night Legion** lived on. His little lady friend was now ours to do with what we pleased. *Poor little damsel in distress,* Bartok thought. The coyote which had pinned her to the ground had relieved her of some of the pressure on her throat, enough so that she could breathe and whimper pathetically. She started to plead for mercy in urgent whispers which escaped her cherry lips. Her checkered skirt was flipped upward and her lacy panties had been torn off her bottom. The lacy panties were now in the mouth of a frisky coyote who was gnawing

them into ribbons. Bartok found himself staring down at the young woman's shaved cunt. It was quite the appetizing sight. *Have at it boys,* Bartok thought. He howled up at the bloated harvest moon in encouragement of ritual violation. His band of frisky coyotes descended upon her with a lecherous delight. One by one they had their way with her. They didn't rape her like men but instead raped her like dogs. It was strangely arousing to watch and also slightly comical. The way they rapidly humped at her overwhelmed squirming body with awkward canine-like hunched up backs, not even looking at her as they did so but instead looking to the side, off into the distance. This was a well-earned reward for his men and he was happy to grant them this liberty. *Treat yourselves my coyotes because tomorrow we return to the land of the humans,* Bartok thought. Once they were done with her Bartok retrieved his wooden spear from the body of her dead boyfriend and then approached her. One of his coyotes held down her arms and the other pinned down her legs. The rest of her clothing had been ripped off during the brutal gang-rape and some locks of her brunette hair had even been torn out and now adorned the patches of dandelions around them. Bartok planted a dirty foot onto her supple stomach and then drove his wooden spear downward into the center of her traumatized heart. A burst of crimson vitality sprayed upward and painted the business end of the spear dark red. The coyotes then used their knives to sever one of her legs and one of her arms. They gorged themselves on the female meat

and Bartok joined them in their bloody feast. After they were done with their succulent meal they used their plastic whips to tie what remained of her butchered corpse to the trunk of the tallest tree they could find. Bartok proudly unfurled the black banner of the **Night Legion** and hoisted it high upon the tree. Emblazoned in silver on the black banner was a spiked gauntlet holding a torch which was superimposed upon a large crescent moon. What lucky soul would be the first one to stumble upon this magnificent sight? The Bestial Transfiguration rite was completed.

CHAPTER 14: THE ENTHRONEMENT

Satanic Front's rural devil house out in the sticks had become both a clandestine base of operations and a home away from home for the bloodthirsty diabolists. The rickety old two-story country house had a dark and dank cellar reserved for sadistic torture and animal sacrifice as well as human sacrifice. A seven-foot-tall Baphomet had been manufactured over a stop sign which marked the entrance into the neighborhood where the militant Satanist had set up shop. The hidden internal structure of its body consisted of the stop sign and some iron bars that had been penetrated deep into the concrete below it. The Baphomet's external body was that of a large and blocky cardboard box. The Baphomet's twisting arms were made from petrified electrical wiring and sheets of tinfoil. The cloven-hooves were dual silver car batteries. Each eerie eye of the figure consisted of a handful of black marbles that were covered in dried blood of the sacrificed and bound together with hot glue. The imposing

Baphomet figure worked as a type of ominous scarecrow to ward off jehovan and secular scum that might wander where they do not belong. The two Ian's among the Satanic ranks swore to the others that the Baphomet figure had the power to cause instant cardiac arrest for the poor saps who locked eyes with it as they walked past. They claimed they had seen two men drop dead from fatal cardiovascular events after they had looked the Baphomet in its dreadful black-marbled eyes. After they had witnessed the men clutch their chests in agony and fall to the street dead they had went to the devil house and tried to point out the grisly miracle to Manibus. Once they took him to the Baphomet scarecrow though the two dead men had mysteriously disappeared. Across the street from this fearful place of torment was a barren dirt lot. Upon this barren dirt lot was the prized war-vehicle of the **Satanic Front**. A heavily modified school bus which had been painstakingly armored with plate metal, the bus looked like something out of a Mad Max post-apocalyptic movie. It was designed in the hopes of being able to withstand hundreds of rounds of ammunition and still be operational. They would soon see if the vehicle would live up to their high expectations. The windows of the armored bus were shuttered with steel blinds which could be opened or closed from inside. The front of the school bus had a reinforced wrought-iron grille which acted as both defense to the engine and as a bulky battering ram. The devil house of the **Satanic Front** was located on a long stretch of solitary road.

It was the seventh house of the street and the last house on the left. The other houses were derelict and had long since been abandoned. Some squatters had been found in a few of the condemned homes by the diabolists recently and that group of squatters had involuntarily joined their churning cauldron of souls. The devil house had become contaminated and congested with the restless souls of those who had perished there in a myriad of ghastly fashions. It was a veritable breeding ground for poltergeists. These poltergeists had become tenants of the home in the same right that the diabolists were tenants of the home except the poltergeists roamed in the astral while the diabolists roamed in the physical. Sometimes these mad ghosts even tore bloody claw marks in the walls of the house in failed attempts at getting revenge on their tormentors. Try as they might the wrathful poltergeists could not harm the **Satanic Front** diabolists who had taken their lives. The diabolists had cast upon themselves an aura of protection from these spiteful spirits from beyond the veil. Each diabolist now wore a small silver medallion around their neck that contained inside bound locks of their victims' hair. These morbid amulets made them invulnerable to the hateful designs of the dead. The amulets gave them supreme ownership of those who had departed by their hands. A negative vortex of energy had formed within the devil house and also beneath its rotten foundation. The awful churning place of sickness and death had a way of making the limbs of the occupants fall asleep and crackle with static

on a regular basis and it had a way of leaving a permanent taste of charged copper on their tongues. It was nearing witching hour on a starless and moonless night. It was an exciting and historic night, the first domino had fallen and they were headed for an avalanche. The greatness that would soon be achieved in the days to come would surpass that of the antediluvian age where awestruck mortals built a profane and mighty altar upon Mount Hermon to honor and worship the fallen angels who brought them ecstasy, magick and bountiful weapons of war and where the Nephilim roamed and reigned. On the top floor of the devil house was a nursery with walls painted a bright blue and a low ceiling painted with puffy clouds. This is where they brought the little Antichrist that night. Looking down at the blonde-haired blue-eyed chubby toddler at first it was hard to believe that he was evil royalty and the son of Satan. When you saw the toddler using telekinesis to toss a few of his juice boxes hard enough to cascade most of the nursery room in apple juice you started to come around to the truth of his preternatural bloodline. The toddler had the mark of a moderate cleft lip near his philtrum and he had coloboma of the left eye. Coloboma is a rare congenital eye defect or abnormality that affects only one out every ten thousand babies born every year. Well this little kid sitting on the carpet before them was special alright and the unworthy world would soon see how unique, special and powerful he really was. The psychic toddler was surprisingly quiet and well-behaved besides

his charming penchant for ferociously flinging objects using his telekinetic powers. He hadn't made a single sound since they had brought him to the devil house, not a single isolated cry or scream or audible protest of any sort to his kidnapping and relocation. The prodigal toddler was sitting on the dirty blue carpet of the nursery with a content half-smile glued on his face. He had a pool of toys before him which included a dozen wooden blocks, a slew of power rangers action figures including a villainous mosquito that was missing one wing from its back as well as a white Furby that had recently been loaded with fresh batteries. The Furby's plastic eyes were closed underneath cheap shields of yellow and it was currently inactive. Oculi Satanae entered the nursery room after having recently unwrapped a piece of string cheese from its plastic packaging. Oculi was tall and the ceiling of the nursery was low so he had to duck when he entered. He handed the cheerful and quiet blonde toddler a piece of string cheese. The toddler looked upwards at Oculi with an animated expression which looked a lot like thankfulness and gratitude before grabbing the chunk of string cheese with an eager little hand. The toddler proceeded to nibble at the string cheese with one hand while playing with the blue power ranger and his others. *This is probably the most important babysitting job in all of recorded human history,* Oculi thought as he looked down at the extraordinary toddler. Oculi thought of the occult horror movie called 'The Omen' and he wondered if he parted the messy blonde mop hair of the

toddler if he would see the mark of the beast tattooed on his scalp. He was controlling the action figure in a way that made the figure look like he was hopping from foot to foot manically. He then made the action figure climb atop the wooden blocks. Without anyone touching the electronic toy, the white Furby opened its eyes and started squawking in its nonsense gibberish language. If this wasn't jarring enough to the black-robed onlookers what happened next would command their total attention. Within the span of two seconds Little Horn used his powers of telekinesis to construct a high tower with the wooden blocks. The tower of wooden blocks stopped a quarter of an inch from touching the ceiling. The rest of the toys on the carpet began to levitate in midair. The eyes of the Furby shot out of its head so violently it was as if they were ejected by steam-powered pistons. The synthetic ocular orbs ricocheted all over the walls of the nursery. Thick and acrid black smoke began pouring out of the hollow eye-sockets and bird-beaked mouth of the white Furby. The thick dark smoke poured out of the possessed electronic toy like combustion from the tailpipe of an old truck and soon the small nursery room was a black cloud of pollution. The blonde-haired toddler sat in the midst of all this insanity with the same content half-smile glued on his face. The little guy did not move a muscle or show any sign of discomfort, on the contrary it was like he was enjoying the unholy orchestra he was conducting with his mind. The black-robed diabolists erupted into fits of coughing.

Despite the unpleasant stinging in their throats and lungs from the pollution they dared not move an inch and intentionally anchored themselves to the floor of the nursery. It was important to see what happened next. *What impressive tricks did their dark master have in store for them next?* That question was answered sooner than they thought. Soon they saw Oculi Satanae's eyes roll into the back of his head, his irises and pupils disappearing into orbs of endless white. Oculi unsheathed his dagger that was placed in the sash of his robe and he walked over to the far wall of the nursery. From the portal beyond the beaked mouth of the Furby now erupted the mangled and animalistic sounds of a large beast in agony. A similar thought flashed through the spellbound minds of the Satanic observers. They thought of the compelling story from Greek mythology of the Minotaur in the labyrinth. They imagined this is what a Minotaur might sound like after one of its legs had been crushed by an Atlas stone. It was as if the possessed Oculi understood this bestial language and he started to carve cryptic symbols into the far wall of the nursery. The symbols he carved resembled hieroglyphics but they were cruder in style. When Oculi was done with his carvings he sheathed his dagger and placed it back into his sash. His irises and pupils returned to his eyes. The levitating toys in the nursery crashed to the floor and the pollution evaporated from the room. Oculi told them what Little Horn demanded must be done and the men of the **Satanic Front** didn't

question their orders. They got right to work on the macabre deeds that were asked of them. Oculi stayed back in the nursery to watch Little Horn and the rest of the militant diabolists left the room and descended the stairs and went down into the cellar of agony. In the corner of the dank and mildewed cellar was a frosted freezer. The freezer was closed but they all knew that it contained the severed limbs of at least five adult women. While some of them didn't have the palate for such things some of the men had discovered in their experiments of butchery and depravity that they had developed a taste for cannibalism. Chunks of meat were missing from some of the icy severed legs in the freezer. Manibus was a fan of the long pig cuisine but he had read some information about the disease called Kuru and he didn't want to take his chances on developing the cannibal shakes so he decided not to develop too much of an addiction to devouring human meat. That didn't mean that from time to time he couldn't snack on some human jerky though. An altar of obsidian rock graced the cellar. Many terrified and pleading victims had been bound to this cold slab of rock and sacrificed to the demonic forces and the surface of the altar had just been wiped clean of blood. In another corner of the putrid cellar was a small rusted cage which contained two prisoners inside. The female prisoners were in their early twenties and had slender builds. Their wrists were bound behind them in heavy- duty handcuffs while their reddened and swollen ankles were bound together with extension cords. Both of

the women were gagged with the black rubber balls of bondage masks. The imprisoned women were dozing off from sleep deprivation but they always seemed to jerk back awake as they were trapped in claustrophobic stress positions, squatting with their knees to their breasts. Ian Moone found a sledgehammer and lifted it up, readying the sledgehammer for action. Manibus used a small silver key to release a padlock on the rusted cage. He then stood back against a stone wall of the cellar and watched passively as the two women seized their chance at emancipation. "Goodbye gorgeous ladies. You are finally free! You have served us well. We have no more use for you. You can go home now." Manibus lied to the bruised and battered women. The women struggled and hopped awkwardly in the direction of the stairs that led out of the cellar of doom. Ian Moone stepped forth from the shadows with his raised sledgehammer. He brought the business end of the sledgehammer down on one of the women's heads and then he raised the battering instrument and brought it down on the head of the other. The lifeless bodies of both the ladies crumpled to the cellar floor after their brains had been liquefied in their crushed skulls. It was as if he was a bored farmer slaughtering a pair of troublesome cattle. It was a perfunctory task devoid of emotion. Then Manibus saw a hint of a devilish smirk form on Ian Moone's face. Manibus was glad he took some pleasure in the gory task. It would be a waste for the women's deaths to go unappreciated. Ian Moone and the

younger Ian got to work on constructing a magick wand. They followed the directions that Little Horn had given to Oculi. They used a dagger to sever the ring fingers of the dead women who had just been killed by the sledgehammer blows. They were careful so as to remove the fingers from the feminine hands in a single chop because if they failed at this requirement new human offerings would have to be killed and the whole process started over. The pair then harvested all the little fragile bones they could from those four severed fingers. Then they used fragments of chainmail and a length of black string to create a stiff and baneful wand that was about six inches in length. Bartok, Manibus and Commodus used a coil of old rope to bind one of the dead women into a spread-eagled position where she was lifted about a foot from the cellar floor. A tight noose was then used to pull her head up so she was looking forward at whoever was in front of her instead of staring at the ground. The dead woman's medium-length blonde hair was matted with filth and she stank of urine. Her own urine and probably also the urine of the dead woman she shared the cage with. The back of her skull had been demolished by the devastating downward swing of the sledgehammer but looking at her from this front angle she still looked almost youthful, vibrant and pretty. Ian Moone used his dagger to hack off most of the dead woman's hair until it looked like she was almost sporting a buzz-cut. Moone handed out locks of her grimy blonde hair to the Satanists in the cellar like sinful sacraments and they put

the locks of hair inside of the silver amulets they wore around their necks. Moone then inserted the stiff baneful wand into every imaginable orifice of the dead spread-eagled woman. He made sure to push the wand into each orifice until it reached the hilt and was coated in her internal juices. First the wand penetrated her vagina and then her anus followed by her mouth. After that her nostrils and ear canals were violated by the wand. Then the wand was held out in front of the dead woman's face and each of the diabolists took turns spitting on the magickal implement. Such sickening debauchery was a wonderful way to enchant and charge a ritual item, Manibus thought to himself. The wand now smelled of death and lust. Moone held the wand in front of the dead woman's face and the Satanist men took turns spitting on it. The baneful wand was then handed to Manibus and he went alone out of the cellar and up into the attic of the devil house. The attic was so pitch black that it was impossible to see your hand right in front of your face. In the thick darkness Manibus searched for the piece of hanging string which would ignite the light bulb. He found it and illuminated the gloom. An unsightly coiled creature at the far end of the attic started to slither towards him leaving a caustic slime trail in its wake which boiled the planks of dusty wood beneath it. The grotesque thing was at least ten feet long and had the appearance of a furry caterpillar crowned with red horns that resembled thorns of rose that had pricked a hand. When it came to species that had their genesis in Hell this unholy creature was one

of the more tame examples. Manibus ignored the creature that was harmless to the servant and soldier of Satan. Manibus had joked a few days ago to his men that they should get a collar, some dog tags and a leash for the thing. Manibus had named the nauseating monstrosity Rex. While the thing would not hurt true Theistic Satanists they had found that staring at it for too long would make you feel green enough at the gills to vomit up your lunch. Something about the way it moved emphasized how much of an unnatural abomination it was. Manibus found the object he was looking for after a bit of walking. It was a large antique vanity mirror made some time in the twentieth century. Manibus took the stiff baneful wand which was coated in saliva, vaginal secretions and particles of feces and he swirled it counter-clockwise three times with it facing the ground. Manibus then raised the rancid wand and pointed it directly into the epicenter of the mirror while he stood about six feet away. The vanity mirror seemed to vibrate and undulate like disturbed water for around ten seconds before it exploded into six fragments. Three of the mirror fragments pierced the ceiling and got stuck there. The other three mirror fragments peppered the floorboards a few inches in front of Manibus' jungle boots. Manibus placed the rancid wand in the shadowy sash of his black robe before he bent over to collect the three mirror shards. He descended the stairs all the way back into the ritual cellar. He was glad to see that the industrious men had already carved out the dead woman's eyes with a dagger and cut her

tongue out of her mouth. The severed tongue was placed on the shining center of the obsidian altar. The severed tongue sat there in the darkness resembling a hacked up section of animal liver. They were really cooking with oil now. Nothing could stop what was coming now. The **Satanic Front** were the harbingers of Armageddon. Little Horn was their infernal master and they would aid his becoming and transformation. Manibus placed the three mirror shards into their commanded destinations. Such devilish configurations would shine a blackened light upon the fire and brimstone road of the Hell-World to come. Two shards went into her empty eye-sockets and the other taller shard lodged open her delicate blood-drooling mouth. The jagged end of the tall shard drilled a hole in the roof of her mouth and held it securely in place. The Satanists now saw their robed and hooded reflections in the mirrored orifices of the dead spread-eagled woman. The striking reflection of the obsidian altar and the black-robed Satanists armed with daggers was like a decadent Renaissance painting. Bartok fetched their last remaining prisoner who was tied up in the garage. It was a malnourished nine year old boy in raggedy clothes. The boy struggled and kicked when he was free from his restraints so Bartok used his forearm to apply pressure to the boy's throat and cut off oxygen flow to his windpipe. Bartok was careful not to bring the boy to the point of unconsciousness though. He choked him just enough to make the kicking and flailing cease. The boy was brought down to the cellar

which would be his final resting place. Bartok raised the boy's body so he was face to face with the spread-eagled dead woman. Bartok took his constricting forearm off the boy's windpipe and held him still while Manibus used his Four Pi ceremonial dagger to slash the young boy's throat wide open. Once the boy's throat was slit Bartok held him to the left so the spray of his blood would spill upon the cellar floor instead of the pallid visage of the bound corpse. The deep laceration in the boy's neck vomited out what seemed to be gallons of youthful blood before it slowed to a trickle. Bartok turned the dying boy so he was facing the dead woman again and made sure that the dying breaths of the male child anointed the glass shards in the deceased woman's violated orifices. The glass shards were covered completely and thoroughly in the fog and mists of death. Bartok satisfied that they had met the ritual requirement tossed the dead boy into the lake of his blood on the cellar floor. The younger Ian lit a dozen black candles around the graveyard cellar. All the diabolists began chanting the Demonic Enn of Abaddon in unison. Bartok went over to the obsidian altar and brought the dead woman's severed tongue to his mouth. He hesitated for only a moment before tearing into it ravenously with his teeth. The taste wasn't nearly as bad as he had anticipated but the tongue was tough and resistant to his bites. It made him think of succulent and savory taffy but instead of candy it was made of slick meat. To the gloomy soundtrack of Abaddon's Demonic Enn he increased his determination and

chewed harder and harder on the female's severed tongue. Suddenly he bit down on something abrasive and unpleasant, and at first he thought it was some foreign debris that somehow got attached to the dead woman's slimy tongue but he was proven wrong on this assumption. He spit the hard obstruction into his hand and realized with surprise that it was one of his own decayed teeth. Bartok felt around with his own tongue and found a hole in the bottom front row of his teeth. He dropped the tooth to the cellar floor and continued on with his duty until the whole of the slimy severed tongue was inside of his stomach. As the last portion of the severed tongue was swallowed and the cannibalistic act was complete, the cellar was illuminated with a blinding white light as if some perverted burning angel had just descended into their pit of depravity. The awe-inspiring light was pure and celestial as if it was the divine product of some high heavenly star. Was this God himself intervening against their malevolent designs? If this was the case then this would be a laudable achievement on their end. The Satanists in the bloody cellar were frozen in wonder and confusion at this supernatural occurrence. A prolonged shriek that sounded like a hurricane rushing through a vast tunnel ripped through the confined space of the cellar. The bone-rattling shriek was so loud and amplified that it sounded as if it was being blasted out of a surround sound system in a state of the art movie theater. Bartok realized that the bone-piercing shriek was issuing forth from the mirrored mouth of the

dead spread-eagled woman as well as the blinding light. Suddenly the shrieks were filled with meaning and instruction. The Satanists gathered in a semi-circular in front of the shrieking and glowing spread-eagled woman who was now their guiding torch and their despoiled oracle. She radiated the sweetest light, the inverted light of Lucifer, it was the brightest star to be cherished and adored, the morning star that sliced through the sky revealing other worlds. The black-robed diabolists now saw visions dancing upon the glass shards of the despoiled oracle. First they saw a stretch of road which was crawling with police cruisers and armed state troopers. That congested residential road lead to the crucial destination of their quest. They saw in the visions of the glass shards the three-story home of a middle-class family and next they saw a pregnant woman kissing her husband in a pristine kitchen. Next they saw a silver spear which had pierced into a patch of green grass near a tall and mighty oak tree. The magnificent spear was located next to a residential road that was filled with wreckage and ruin. The silver spear shone forth with a preternatural majesty and the magnitude of its importance was clear. The last murderous vision the diabolists witnessed on the surfaces of the glass shards was Bartok and Commodus performing a hostile home invasion. Bartok decapitated the husband with a shotgun blast and Commodus shoved the silver spear through the pregnant woman's stomach so ferociously that he impaled her against the door of a large refrigerator. Once they had seen the events

they were intended to recreate, the visions of the despoiled oracle ceased to enlighten them. It was clear that for the enthronement of the Antichrist to come to pass, the woman as well as her unborn child had to perish. The weapon of the double homicide must be the silver spear that was revealed in the revelation. The glass shards then returned to their normal reflective state and the celestial glow disappeared bathing them in the usual oppressive darkness of the grim cellar. The amplified shrieking also disappeared and the diabolists were left consumed in a contemplative silence. They now knew what their final task was to be. Both fear and excitement was growing amongst them but these feelings for the Satanists had become one in the same and this was the secret to their success. One more great crucible was to be overcome and one gauntlet to be surpassed before the transfiguration and enthronement of Little Horn would take place. Bartok went to the place in the cellar where he had discarded his tooth and put the tooth into his pocket. He figured it could be a type of good luck charm for the dire adventures to come. The diabolists left the dank cellar which smelled of death and entered the garage which also functioned as the armory. Manibus punched in the code to the gun safe. The Satanists removed their black-robes and put on Kevlar vests before donning their green paramilitary uniforms. Tactical green pants plus black jungle boots and a brown Rothco long sleeve army shirt. Over the long sleeve Rothco shirts they put on green GI military sweaters with the **Satanic**

Front crest of the pitchfork within a black shield sewn on the right breast pockets. Manibus grabbed the hefty and powerful 30.06 semi-automatic rifle. The rest of the militant diabolists save for Bartok grabbed a Heckler & Koch .223 semi-automatic rifle. Bartok armed himself with a Benelli semi-automatic shotgun. The weapons were already locked and loaded and ready for war. The interior of the battle bus across the road was loaded with ammunition boxes and metal canteens filled with cold water. This would be the final offensive to bring about Satanic dominion of the earth. If they failed they would have to face the wrath of their masters so failure was not an option. The armed and uniformed diabolists ascended the stairs of the devil house to go check on Little Horn and Oculi Satanae. When they returned to the nursery they were confused because of the disappearance of Oculi. All they saw was the blonde toddler and a scarab the size of a Corgi. The blonde toddler was playing with the scarab's antennae and giggling with joy. The scarab's eyes were like exotic and marvelous glowing red rubies. The black carapace of the unnaturally large scarab excreted oil which smelled of relaxing lavender. The scarab's anchor-like head horn swayed slowly to the left and then to the right as if it was dancing to some entrancing song only heard to itself and no one else. Little Horn could sense the worry and concern among the diabolists so he transmitted a message via telepathy to reassure the diabolists. Then in an instant they all understood that Oculi and the scarab were

one and the same and that Oculi quite enjoyed that form but he would return to his mammalian form when the time was right. “You make for quite the impressive scarab Oculi. Who would have guessed that was your spirit animal so to speak.” Manibus said. The bulky scarab turned its upper body towards Satanae Manibus and lowered its head horn in acknowledgement with its intelligent red ruby eyes burning bright. Each of the Satanist men took turns kneeling down in reverence and kissing the center of the blonde toddler’s forehead. Once they were finished with this religious privilege which imbued them with the boundless courage of a baleful lion they all saluted Little Horn in unison. He was their superhuman commander-in-chief. “Hail the Antichrist! Long live the Antichrist!” they bellowed with sinful pride welling up in their chests. For a few alarming moments the rotten foundations of the haunted home shook violently as if under mortar fire and all the lights in the building shut off leaving them in total darkness. The Satanists took this as the intrepid Little Horn expressing his approval. The armed diabolists then left the devil house and crossed the road to begin their wicked quest. They filed into the armored battle bus one by one. Manibus took his seat behind the steering wheel and assumed his role as driver. He was the only one skilled enough and well-versed enough to properly operate the megaton beast. They all found Vietnam-era army helmets on the upholstery of the bus seats and they donned the helmets and connected the straps beneath their chins. Manibus put the keys in the

ignition and he drove off of the barren dirt lot in which the vehicle was parked. He had the map in his mind and knew exactly where they were to go. He sped like a maniac the whole way there. There was no use in following the traffic laws when you were driving in an absurdly illegal vehicle and death machine like the Satanic battle bus. About ten miles before they arrived at the residential street, in which they knew they would face down the bulk of the law enforcement resistance that fateful morning, they noticed a police cruiser tailing them with its red and blue lights flashing and its obnoxious sirens sounding. Moone opened up the emergency exit at the back of the bus and Commodus aimed the barrel of his .223 semi-automatic rifle at the windshield of the police cruiser. He peppered the windshield of the cruiser with five rounds and the fifth round went through the glass and into the cop's forehead, instantly killing him. The police vehicle careened off the road and crashed into a lamp post. Moone closed the emergency exit of the bus and Commodus reloaded his magazine. The battle bus roared and raged on towards its destination. Officer Wilson was starting to get a little bit nervous. He hated to admit it to himself but he could feel some anxiety entering his body. *Anxiety is like a terrorist insurgent,* he thought to himself, *negative electricity disrupting the calm and interfering with the natural order of things.* He inhaled deeply through his nostrils and let the exhale out slowly and softly. The cop could feel his blood pressure lower a little bit. He was sitting in the shotgun seat of the police cruiser and his

partner was behind the steering wheel. His drowsy partner was on his third cup of coffee and was looking down at an article of a folded up newspaper. The article was something about an increase in illegal immigration and illegal alien crime and how Texan citizens were getting fed up with it. Wilson and his partner were on the third night of a stakeout. They were two of about sixty police officers that were stationed on the residential road in a middle-class neighborhood. The cop cars lined both sides of the street like stern sentinels. The Kevlar vest underneath his blue police uniform was making him itchy. The cops had their standard and short barrel AR-15's placed in the backseat. This was the strangest mission Officer Wilson had ever been sent on. He was still skeptical of all the wild claims even though the snuff film video of the politician being tortured had made him more of a believer. He still had his doubts. *Since when did the police department take orders from the Christian church?* Some chaste and wholesome teenage girl had a vision in a dream that was supposedly relayed to her by an Archangel and then her story and experience spread like wildfire. The pastor started preaching it to his congregation as though it was gospel on par with scripture. Officer Wilson was an atheist himself although he wasn't above giving Christianity lip service if it benefitted him socially or professionally. *Hell, you got to play the game.* He just never saw a good reason to believe in all those Bronze Age myths; it didn't strike him as a practical and pragmatic way to live. Before he crossed the street he

used his eyes to check that it was safe to cross, he didn't cross the street on faith. Finally the contagion of the angelic vision reached the police chief and he became converted to the supposed truth of this heavenly vision. *This Satanic Panic is sure making people act in a bizarre fashion,* he thought to himself. Then again how did he explain the disturbing snuff film and the recent surge in occult crimes in the usually calm and peaceful small Texas town? He didn't know how to rationalize the frightful phenomena. Officer Wilson knew very well what the police force was looking out for on this stakeout. An armored school bus filled with heavily armed devil worshipers. It sounded like the plot of a bad low budget B-horror movie. The horizon was painted with stripes of purple and the lazy sun was beginning to rise. He better stop doubting the crazy narrative on the off chance that it was true, he told himself. He didn't want to be caught off guard by a bunch of bloodthirsty psychopathic Satanist freaks. This was his chance to prove his valor and really earn some respect from the chief and the other men. Hell, he could even get interviewed by the national news and tell his story about how he bravely helped to defeat the Satanist scourge. He could be immortalized as a small town hero if he rose to the occasion and saved the day. Officer Wilson heard something in the distance and his right hand instinctively touched the butt of his holstered pistol. The sound was like a monstrous mechanical surging that increased in volume by each passing second. Then he saw it and he could

feel his stomach lurch in discomfort while his eyes widened in disbelief. It was an armored school bus that was advancing rapidly on their position. Once he realized what was happening it was too late. He tried to open the door of his police cruiser to escape the brutal impact. The weaponized battering ram grille of the armored bus rammed into the cruiser that was parked directly in front of him and the struck vehicle was tossed into the cruiser he was sitting in. His vision went mostly black while his lungs filled with smoke and dust. The officer's head was concussed from the intensive impact and his consciousness was besieged with chaos, confusion and pain. Before he could even see again or make sense of his situation he could feel himself crawling through burning metal, smoking wreckage and debris. He could hear the barking of rapid gunfire that was exploding all around him. The wounded officer could hear screams of pain and agony and he could hear the combatants bitterly cursing at each other. He lay on his back while his ears were ringing and his head was throbbing. He could now see up into the early morning sky. He realized he was lying in a patch of green grass that was slick with morning dew. His limbs were still weak and numb and he waited impatiently for the blood flow to return to his extremities. Officer Wilson then heard a series of even louder and more abrasive eruptions which he reasoned were most likely grenades detonating. Wilson's hand reached down for the pistol in the belt holster and he was relieved to find that his service weapon was still there. He

drew his pistol and then rolled over onto his stomach. Officer Wilson saw that the armored bus was parked horizontally so it blocked a whole section of the residential street. The flashing muzzles of the death-spitting rifles peaked out of the steel portals of the bus windows and picked off police targets. Wilson was about thirty feet away from the monstrous vehicle but he was thrown off to the right side of the bus so he figured he hadn't been spotted by the combatants inside yet. He saw that at least two out of the four tires of the armored bus had been burst and flattened by police gunfire. He counted at least ten dead cops who had been struck down by Satanist gunfire and he counted many more wounded and dying. A handful of officers were taking cover behind their cruisers and would pop up here and there to fire into the center of the armored bus. Slowly but surely there was a rend forming in the center of the armored bus and most of the officers were focusing their payloads on that vulnerable section of the fortified bus. A handful of cops armed with AR-15's attempted to go into stealth mode and flank the Satanists in the bus but they were torn down in a hail of bullets. The marksmanship of the Satanists seemed to be impeccable as they were scoring many fatal headshots on the police force. Officer Wilson aimed toward the tear in the armored bus and began to fire his service pistol. He fired his weapon at the tear until it was empty and then began to army crawl towards one of the dead officers. He crawled through slimy grey matter and fragments of skull before he

gratefully wrapped his hands around an AR-15. Wilson thanked his lucky stars he hadn't been spotted by the Satanists and been fired on yet. He was now close to the rear of the armored bus and he continued crawling with a determined grimace on his face. The rapid gunfire of semi-automatic rifles continued from both directions and he could hear sardonic laughter coming from within the fortified bus. It was celebratory laughter he realized. The Satanists were winning this fight. Officer Wilson was heartened to see that two other police officers had appeared next to his position. They were crouched over and armed with AR-15's. Wilson saw one of the armored steel portals on the bus windows open up and he saw the midsection of a man wearing a green military sweater. He aimed at the open slits of the steel portal window and sprayed it with rifle far. Wilson heard a distressed grunt and then the body fell back from the steel portal and disappeared from sight. Some of the ripped fabric of the green military sweater drifted out of the armored window and fell to the ground next to the police officer. One of the armed officers crouched next to Wilson gave him a light fist to the shoulder and then a grin and a thumbs-up. The shell-shocked but determined cops continued to advance towards the front of the armored bus in hopes of finally neutralizing the criminal threat. Two of the steel portals opened and the diabolical marksman began searching for the cop that had just wounded their comrade in order to claim their vengeance. The police officers opened fire on the open portals before the Satanists could

fire upon them. The steel portals closed faster than they had been opened as the stunned Satanists ducked for cover. When the two armed cops in front of Wilson neared the front of the bus they were shocked when the door was flung open and a green-uniformed man with a shaved head was standing there holding a huge 30.06 semi-automatic rifle positioned at his hip. The Satanist fired three times in rapid succession at the cops that were below him. The powerful high-caliber weapon recoiled roughly from the awesome blasts and the ear-splitting reports of the deadly weapon wreaked psychological trauma upon Officer Wilson. The two cops in front of him were shredded into mincemeat in a dizzying instant, the two officers were beheaded and their facial features scrambled and then completely erased. Any hopes of a law enforcement victory against the Satanists vanished after this grisly sight. Now a primal fear seized him and constricted his heart. Wilson was covered in a cold sweat and he knew his death was imminent. Should he rush the Satanists by climbing into the bus and dumping his rifle magazine in their direction or should he flee and find a hiding place? This was beyond fight or flight mode, this was sheer terror. The only thing keeping him from fleeing now was the idea that one of his fellow officers might be witness to his cowardice. Officer Wilson could hear one of the Satanists walking around in the bus, possibly coming to investigate if there was any more police officers outside of the bus that were near the front door who might be preparing to attack. Wilson dropped to his

stomach and crawled underneath the bus until he was covered by a cloak of shadows. The gunfire was slowing down now and becoming more sporadic. It was hard to believe that these Satanic killers had wiped out nearly sixty police officers in the span of twenty minutes. How many of them were there inside that armored bus? Officer Wilson perked up a little bit when he thought to himself that maybe he would survive this hellish massacre after all. This was a decent hiding place that maybe the Satanists would forget to check when they eventually came outside. It was possible that he could take them out by shooting them square in the back. He didn't care if technically that was dishonorable because he wanted to survive. Plus there were no rules in war. It was time to fight dirty. These sick sons of bitches would soon learn who he was. If he had to go down then he was going to go down swinging for the fences. Bartok went to assist his fallen brother with the intention of applying a tourniquet to his wounds and stopping his bleeding with the hopes of preserving his life. Bartok knelt before the wounded man and cushioned his head in one hand while using his other hand to give the young Ian a cold drink of water from his metal canteen. Unfortunately the most Bartok could do for his gravely injured Satanic comrade was quench his thirst as he lay dying in the aisle of the armored bus. The youngest Ian of the crew had sustained three 5.56 rounds to the chest and one had pierced his heart. Soon Ian's breath was stolen from him and his chest stopped rising. He gave up the ghost

while staring wide-eyed at the roof of the armored battle bus. Sweat dripped from his brow and coated his long brown hair. His final resting expression in death looked almost gleeful and euphoric. He had been buried alive in the past and had risen in three days. Surely he could repeat this miraculous feat but this time possibly returning in a perfected infernal form. “Thank you for your sacrifice to Lord Satan and his kingdom of Hell on earth brother. It will not soon be forgotten” Bartok said somberly before he laid down the bullet-ridden body of his dead comrade. A hole the size of a prepubescent child had been torn into the middle of the armored bus by the persistent gunfire of the police officers. The law enforcement resistance seemed to have dwindled to almost nothing and now they would only sporadically hear a bullet launched in their direction. Bartok attached his Benelli shotgun to a strap on his belt and picked up the young Ian’s .223 semi-automatic rifle. “Soon we will exit the bus to execute the survivors and move on to the next phase of the mission” Manibus told his men. Bartok and Commodus went to two armored windows and opened up the portals to search for living officers. When Bartok saw no movement of cops he returned to his canteen and took a swig of water from it. Soon after this the metal canteen was ripped from his hand by a high-velocity round that entered through the tear in the bus. This round was followed by an aggressive volley of other bullets. The militant diabolists kneeled and took cover behind the upholstered seats of the bus. They

knew that this weak material would not be sufficient shields from the gunfire but it was better than nothing. A few 5.56 rounds tore through the upholstered seat of the bus a few inches away from Bartok's right ear. Stuffing of the bus seat was ejected and springs were revealed. As the bus seat he took cover behind continued to be sprayed with gunfire Bartok rolled out into the aisle of the bus in a prone position. While his circular-lensed silver framed glasses were fogged up with his hot hurried breath he laid eyes on the moving and hostile targets. Two cops were about forty feet away from the Satanist's position and were taking cover behind the burnt husk of a still-smoking cruiser engine. The two police officers' uniforms were charred and their forearms were covered in soot. The next time the police officers peaked their heads out of cover was when Bartok laid waste to them with his .223 semi- automatic rifle. The angry barking of his deadly weapon spewed out four rounds which partially detached the skull caps of the officers from their ruined craniums. Their AR-15's clattered to the rubble strewn street. Bartok could hear his Satanic brethren reloading their weapons around him and he followed suit by popping in a fresh fully loaded magazine into his rifle as well. "Satan's army, it's time to exit the bus and execute the survivors and then head for the silver spear!" Manibus ordered with a shout. The armed diabolists filed out of the armored bus and in a single file line with about fifteen feet in between each man they began trotting down the left side of the residential street with their weapons

shouldered and ready to fire. The street was covered in ruin and wreckage from the ramming of the battle bus into the cruisers as well as the grenades that were lobbed out of the armored vehicle, and the chaos and destruction that followed the massive firefight. Moone spotted two wounded cops who had crawled beneath a police cruiser. The traumatized and hyperventilating cops raised their hands up in a meek gesture of surrender and Moone squeezed his trigger multiple times and ventilated them. Soon the battle-tested men of the **Satanic Front** spotted the treasured silver spear. It was across the road in a small wooded area. The spear had been impaled into a patch of dirt and pine needles at the base of a tall and mighty oak tree. The brightness of the morning soon seemed to be consecrating the silver spear with its rays. The armed diabolists jogged across the road toward the wooded area which contained the spear. A harsh cacophony of gunfire erupted from an unknown location and Moone dropped to the wreckage littered street with a hand clutching his throat in distressed agony. Commodus responded quickly to the wounding of his fallen comrade and he grabbed him by the shoulder strap of his body armor and pulled him to safety behind a row of thick trees in the wooded area. Commodus put pressure on Moone's throat wound until his hand was painted with hot crimson vitality but he was hemorrhaging blood at an alarming rate. The other armed diabolists which had now taken cover behind thick trees were trying unsuccessfully to locate the hostile party who

had downed their friend. There was a pause in shots but now the shooting commenced. Sliced bark ejected itself from the trees around them as their wooded environment fell under further attack. They shielded their eyes from the splinters from the bullet-riddled trees which became sharpened projectiles. “Where are the shots coming from damn it?” Manibus shouted urgently at his men. “I don’t know” yelled Bartok, “I can’t see him!” “He is under the bus!” Commodus shouted moments after he came to this grateful revelation. “He is prone right under the middle of the bus” Commodus clarified. The armed diabolists took careful aim for a few moments before they all opened fire on the space beneath the armored bus. From this position they couldn’t be totally confident that they had killed the police officer but the AR-15 assault went silent and came to a rest. Moone’s face had grown twisted and blue and he gave up the ghost. His throat had been butchered by the 5.56 round and his thyroid gland was visible in the mess of gore. Commodus noted with dark amusement that it looked like a red-winged monarch painted in all that blood. The armed Satanists came out from behind the cover of the trees and Bartok with stars in his eyes approached the opulent and coveted silver spear that was impaled in the ground. Bartok reached out for the spear with his right hand and Commodus and Manibus attempted to cry out to stop him from committing this grave mistake but it was too late. Bartok gripped the chilled titanium midsection of the spear and he felt a terrible bolt of pain shoot

through his nervous system and then witnessed his hand disintegrating into a flurry of ashes only to watch the disassembled atoms reorganize to stitch and structure his hand back to normal. Bartok had forgotten the dictates of the visions that were seen within the glass shards of the despoiled oracle. Commodus was the one chosen to wield the silver spear. Bartok hoped that the unpleasantness he had just experienced was the extent of his punishment for this misdeed. Commodus approached the spear and he freed it from the hard dirt ground with an effortless tug. The silver spear was like a demonic Excalibur, and wielding it in the morning sunlight amongst the copse of trees, Commodus radiated in glorious appearance like a legendary Luciferian knight. The three remaining Satanist's set off towards the middle-class home. They hopped some fences until they were a yard away from the target home. There were six police officers armed with AR-15's guarding the back of the residence. Manibus tossed out a fragmentation grenade which severed the limbs of the officers guarding the house. Bartok peppered the mangled cops with gunfire from his .223 semi-automatic rifle. The armed Satanists climbed the fence and traversed the yard. Manibus used his 30.06 semi-automatic rifle to blast through the frosted glass door in the backyard. The husband and wife were found in the bottom floor kitchen just like the vision had promised. The couple had just separated after sharing an intimate moment. Bartok beheaded the husband with a shotgun blast

from his Benelli and the man's blood from his wasted cranium painted the marble countertops of the pristine kitchen. Commodus charged after the terrified pregnant woman and his animated blue eyes burned with a monstrous purpose. Commodus put all of his strength and bodyweight behind the homicidal effort and impaled her against the large refrigerator door with the silver spear. The sharpened business end of the spear pierced right through her swollen stomach and through the heart of the fetus. Two birds with one stone as both the mother and the baby would perish together. The unfolding of that prophetic event triggered something great and horrible. It was as if the tectonic plates of the earth had shifted beneath them and a new evil epoch of darkness had dawned. The ritual corruption of their spirits upon the horned stygian altar was complete. Now their infernal evolution would commence. Redemption through sin had brought about this eclipse of mankind into something higher and more ruthless, something hideously immaculate. The men of the **Satanic Front** made their way back to the residential street. Leaving the woman and her unborn and now mutilated child impaled against the refrigerator. Their daunting but gratifying mission was now accomplished and it was time to return to the devil house and see the destined rise of Little Horn. The diabolists would have to commandeer one of the still functioning police cruisers as the tires of the armored battle bus were now all blown to smithereens. On their way towards a police cruiser some type of sleek and black-

furred animal darted in front of their path. The animal then latched its rending jaws onto the bicep of Bartok. It was a rabid doberman wearing a spiked collar around its neck. It burrowed its sharp and frothing teeth deeper into Bartok's gouged bicep muscle. Bartok screamed out in utter shock from the bite and in intense pain from the vicious dog attack. He removed an Italian switchblade from the pocket of his green tactical pants and pressed down on the silver button which released the blade before burying the blade into a section of the rabid dog's ribcage. The doberman yelped out in torment before detaching from Bartok's arm. In the frantic struggle between man and canine the decayed tooth which was meant to act as a good luck charm flew out of Bartok's pocket and fell onto the street. The stabbed doberman curled Bartok's decaying tooth into its tongue before running off into the woods across the street. Bartok had read that the symptoms of rabies in an infected human started to show in two to eight weeks. Yet somehow he already felt feverish and delirious. He was weak from his affliction and rapidly acting infection and he could barely walk now. So Commodus sat him against the closed door of a parked police cruiser. Commodus went to the armored bus to grab one of the metal canteens. When he returned and tried to give the rabies infected Bartok a drink of cold water to ease his suffering Bartok was unable to drink from the canteen. When he heard the water swishing around in the canteen and he saw the water in the portal of the opened cap, all he could do was shiver in pure terror. The water was now the

most terrifying thing he had ever seen and he didn't want it anywhere near him. Even the mere thought of the water paralyzed him with intolerable anxiety. Bartok now remembered that was one of the worst symptoms of rabies, it was called hydrophobia. His thirst had already become extreme yet the cure to that problem seemed worse than death itself. Bartok's face and the rest of his flesh become bruised looking and sickly. Bartok stood and tried to strangle Commodus. Bartok had transformed into some type of brain-dead rabid zombie in a matter of minutes. Commodus raised his rifle and put a round through Bartok's forehead which ejected brain water through fractured skull and dropped Bartok's body to the rubble strewn street. Both Commodus and Manibus cursed at this misfortune. "A possible consequence of touching the spear?" Commodus asked Manibus. "Quite possibly" Manibus said simply and glumly, "Now let's get the hell back to base lest we be next in line." Manibus and Commodus commandeered a police cruiser after they had found the keys in the pocket of a dead cop. Manibus drove them back to the devil house. Through the windshield of the car they saw that the sun was swelling and turning black. The diseased celestial body looked as though it was about to hemorrhage and release a legion of abominations onto the landscape. The Satanists arrived at the devil house and saw that it had mutated and transformed into a gigantic throne made of ashes and the twisted bones of the sacrificed. The Satanists exited the vehicle and looked toward the malefic

throne with wonder and awe. A large scarab came crawling towards them and in a flash he become a nude man. Oculi Satanae joined them in their visual digestion of unspeakable splendor. More awe-inspiring and spellbinding than the massive charnel throne itself was the unholy deific entity that sat upon the throne. The Antichrist had the bony and jagged body of a titanic skeleton with blackened and charred bones that stuck out like sharpened scythes. Little Horn in his evolved form was at least twelve feet in height. His silver needle-like teeth were slick with some acidic substance and the gnashing and terrible teeth were like those of a gargantuan piranha. The Antichrist's head was almost cherubic in appearance if it wasn't for the curled ram horns on the side of his head as well as his reptilian tongue which flicked out from his cruel slit mouth. While his head and face were like that of a flawless porcelain doll the despotic and hateful eyes were shadowy black fractal mirrors into the yawning infinite abyss. Shrieking banshees and cloven-hoofed animals gathered around the Antichrist's throne and a deathly tornado of wraiths encircled the malevolent majesty of the Antichrist's towering form. An execrable crown sat atop the Antichrist's head and upon that corroded crown of the nightside there danced dead black stars in a counter-clockwise waltz. These dead black stars had been plucked from heaven and claimed as trophies in the eternal spiritual war. Commodus and Manibus looked upward towards their tyrannical master with pride swelling in their chests. The sovereign and

independent Satanic state would now be formed under the intrepid leadership of the Antichrist and the armies of Hell on earth would march under the triumphant banner of the **Satanic Front**. Global domination would be secured under the stomping of the cloven-hoof and under the trident of the **Satanic Front**. Next would be the storming of the gates of heaven. TOTAL SATANIC SUPREMACY! 666.

CHAPTER 15: BIRTH PANGS

The three diabolists sat relaxed and content on flowered lawn chairs in the comfortable and serene backyard of the one and only of General Manibus' homes in the state of Texas. A large flag hanged from the backdoor of his residence, flapping lightly in the gentle wind, the bold stars and stripes dancing majestically, superimposed over the stars of old faithful loomed the proud trident of **Satanic Front**. It was a few hours after noon and the bright sun blazed in the clear blue sky. It was a hot day as usual for the southern state but instead of being a bothersome nuisance, the heat from the bloated sun was vitalizing and invigorating. It was as if the natural light of the sun was transmuted in their bloodstream into abundant pure energy of forward action. All three of the markedly debauched men were barefoot and dressed casually in metal- t-shirts and woodland camouflage shorts. They were puffing away on rich cigars, drinking cold beer and enjoying their much needed

rest and relaxation. Satanae Manibus had just recently finished sending their special snuff video out to a few local news organizations and he knew they would take care of the rest for him. Let the mass hysteria begin. The painful and exquisite birth pangs of the Antichrist racked the land and the decayed teeth of his certainty was alive and cutting into the marrow of their bones. The **Satanic Front** was taking up the rancorous and prestigious mantel of The Four Pi Movement. The Four Pi Movement was a radical and extreme mutation and sulfuric sect that abysmally evolved out of The Process Church of the Final Judgment. The Process Church was an eccentric and mysterious group that was heavily interested in group meditative experiments that were aimed to develop skills of extra-sensory perception and telekinesis, this group was spawned from the minds of a married English couple who were once distinguished Scientologists. The cult was concerned heavily as was stated before with studying the results of group experiments and developing powers of telekinesis and extra sensory perception. A bloodthirsty and evil-minded-minority who were active in the group were not impressed by their tame and mediocre motivations and moved on to their own amoral boundless, mass-murderous and apocalyptic group. A devilish cult was born, a cult who believed in redemption through sin and getting their hands dirty in order to eclipse the planet into a new Satanic phase and elevate the collective consciousness of mankind. Many notorious and notable names such as infamous killer cults like the Manson

family, fanatical serial killers, and spree killers as well as mass murderers such as the .44 caliber killers also known as The Sons of Sam, the cannibalistic acid-soaked hippie Stanley Dean Baker, the Neptune Killer also known as Frederick Cowan and others had at one time or another allegedly claimed allegiance to the underground terror faction called The Four Pi Movement. Some speculate that the enigmatic and chilling Zodiac Killer was also involved. The Demonic High Priest they claimed allegiance to was an anonymous and faceless man titled as The Grand Chingon, a supremely wealthy Californian business man who had ultimate control of their atrocious operations from his luxurious and opulent base of operations, hideous manifestations of his dark will stretched all across around the United States of America. The Four Pi Movement was in control of powerful and illicit underground operations of producing snuff films, child pornography, as well as being deeply involved in human trafficking, arms trafficking, illegal drug manufacturing, narcotics dealing and much more. It was rumored that The Four Pi Movement had a portable crematorium to burn the corpses of their sacrifice victims in order to eliminate DNA evidence of their murders. It was also rumored that every member of Four Pi was gifted a custom-made six bladed dagger. The blades on this dagger were varying lengths as it was designed to eviscerate human victims, smash open their ribcages and then skewer their heart before utilizing the prized organ for ritual purposes. The **Satanic Front** stood as

the only formidable Theistic Satanist group strong enough, dedicated enough and capable enough to lift up the vaunted mantle of such a brutal organization. Satanae Manibus being the resident blacksmith of the group had designed in his forge for each member of the **Satanic Front** a Four Pi style dagger. There would be no apologies for their acts of brutality and their evil deeds. They were the unrepentant heralds of the apocalypse and the new Satanic knights of a golden age of anathema and malefaction. Following in the caustic footsteps of The Four Pi Movement, **Satanic Front** would become the most feared and militant Satanic cult and diabolical organization in the world. The current lively topic of discussion amongst the Satanic men in the backyard was the sickening and admirable history of the acclaimed rocket scientist and occultist Jack Parsons as well as his close friend and prolific science fiction author L.Ron Hubbard who would go on to found the influential church of scientology."So they were both Thelemites?" asked Moone in between deep and pleasurable draws of his alit cigar. "Yeah" responded Manibus after a mighty swig of his can of Pabst Blue Ribbon, the cold alcohol cooling his parched throat, "They were both avid students of Crowley and his peculiar brand of magick." A coyote was heard in the distance. "Ever heard that one crazy theory about the Babalon Working?" asked Commodus with a sly smirk. "What theory?" Inquired Bartok, exhaling smoke from his nostrils. "So when Parsons and L. Ron Hubbard went to the nuclear testing site in

the desert their ultimate aim was to birth a Moonchild through black magick and homosexual sex," hissed Commodus. "What?" Said Bartok both amused and repulsed, "You are telling me Parsons and Hubbard fucked?" There was an uncomfortable pause. "Yeah" replied Commodus, "the Moonchild created through their grotesque union was none other than Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino!" The air was thick with a momentary tension. "That's some wild shit" remarked Bartok, "Can't say I've heard that one before!" The continued opening of beer cans littered the conversation. "What's a Moonchild?" asked Moone in a state of stunned bemusement. "A princely demonic ruler" responded Commodus, "Kind of like an imperator under the Antichrist." Plumes of grey smoke filled the circle of discussion. "So is that just like some type of urban legend or do you think there is any truth to it?" Bartok asked. "I think it is legit." Commodus responded, "Would explain Aquino's extraordinary and unearthly malevolent intellect." The Satanists adjusted themselves signaling heightened interest. "I read about half of Aquino's book before I gave up completely. I believe it was called something like *From Psyop to Mindwar: the Psychology of Victory*. Sadly it was too high-brow for me I'm afraid, just confused me, I never quite figured out how to control my neighbors thoughts with my microwave." Commodus finished up his cold can of Pabst Blue ribbon and crushed it up in his hand before tossing it into a nearby garbage can. He rose from his lawn chair and found a shimmering raven's

feather in the grass that he took a particular liking to. He began slowly and calmly pacing back and forth in the greenery of the large lawn and started running the ravens feather in between the cracks of the wooden fencing. The measured clicking of the black feather had a mesmerizing effect, lowering the blood pressure of all those in the backyard. “You ever heard the term stochastic terrorism?” asked Manibus, breaking the temporary silence. “Nope what’s that?” said Bartok. “One day I was flipping through the channels on T.V. and I heard some dumb talking head on one of the news channels use that term, so I looked it up, did a little research and became intrigued, so I decided to perform a little caustic experiment.” Said Manibus. “Do tell.” said Moone. Manibus puffed at his burning cigar and chugged his second can of beer down to the bitter dregs before tossing it out onto the middle of the lawn. This litter was to be picked up later as he took careful care of his treasured environment. “I segregated a basement room in my home and isolated it for my magickal purposes. I completely covered the windows with black tape and made sure the ritual room was exposed to zero sunlight for a full thirty days. I painted a ritual triangle with the spilled blood of a sacrificial lamb. I then constructed a triangle of glass which contained a virgin hard drive fit for a space fitting the vessel of a computer” Manibus said. After a short and pregnant pause by General Manibus, Ian Moone asked “And then what?” There followed then a tantalizing pause. “I evoked the Goetic spirit Furfur inside of the ritual

space. I witnessed in a breathless manner the manifestation of a bulky deer with splendid and blinding angelic wings. It faded after a minute or so after leaving a strong impression. After that for the next thirty days I proceeded to direct dissonant and malicious incantations into the isolated hard drive, I always did so in a markedly deprived and intentional state of agitated hunger and dehydration." Ian acutely processed the implications. "A cursed projection of chaos out into the hungry and fertile universe" Moone mused. "Correct" said Manibus, "It was as much of an internet computer virus as it was a lethal mind curse, shot out into the ether, who it might infect was a complete mystery, a total corruption and override of the psyche." His comrade shot him a curious glance. "Do you think it was successful?" Moone asked, drawing tightly on his ashen and withered cigar. "Without a doubt" responded Manibus with a sinful grin, "As I'm sure you may well know the Goetic spirit Furfur is known to destroy technology in the environment in which he is evoked, well a black magician worth his salt knows how to reverse engineer that bitch, the spirit is then utilized as a digital pathogen, the disease is only spread when the file is opened, downloaded and consumed, I connected that potent pathogen to multiple industrial metal and black metal musical files on the internet, infecting those who might already be vulnerable to lawlessness and mass murder, the characteristic attribute of technological disruption and destruction being delayed until swarmed into the susceptible psyche of

the downloader." Evoked was the scent of death by the very words. "Any bitter fruits of the black labor to be celebrated?" Commodus asked while running the raven's feather through the cracks of the wooden fence of the backyard. "I believe so" Said General Manibus, "A mega-church shooting in the state of Colorado a few years back, four killed total in the attack not counting the resulting suicide of the triggerman, it was reported that during the violent attack the overhead lights of the congregation and overall technology had an unexplained malfunction with a mass explosion of the overhead lighting and a malfunctioning of the power units of the surrounding vicinity, it was accounted to a freak accident but of course I know better." Manibus and his men had methodically set up many progenitor covens throughout the country over the past few years. The progenitor covens' ultimate purpose was to breed the ruling Antichrist. They had many confirmed and dedicated Satanists set up in the educational institutions of the countryside. They held blasphemous orgies where the collected semen of the damnable gangbang participants were then collected into an iniquitous pagan animal-skin horn. The dreadful amalgamate genetic material was then inserted and pumped into the willing vagina of a whorish Satanic harlot. The **Satanic Front** had also set up covert undercover operatives who had leading positions in daycare centers and preschools to look out for a potential unholy Antichrist child in their midst. Telltale signs to look out for were overly aggressive and sociopathic

behavior in a child as well as telekinetic abilities and poltergeist-like activity surrounding the individual child. Just at that moment Manibus received a fateful phone call on his cellphone that would change everything and would set their infernal operations into a breakneck speed into the desired endgame. He listened intently for a few moments before responding. His temples began to sweat in grim excitement. "Understood" he said in a deadly serious tone, "Be there as soon as possible." The Antichrist child had been identified and found. Or at least there was a high chance that it was the wicked chosen one that was destined for earthly domination, at least from the striking information he had gathered. It was time to sound the horn of Armageddon. The hour of caliginous total revolution had dawned. Satanae Manibus received a phone call on his cellphone. It was of the upmost relevance. To the point where it electrocuted his very being. An Antichrist child had been bred by the rural cults. Reports of a fair-skinned, blonde-haired and blue-eyed male child with the condition of Coloboma, a rare eye-condition and abnormality which was characterized by a distended iris had been reported to him. The extraordinary child had admitted reports of telekinetic abilities and poltergeist activity around himself. The counterclockwise of ants and other insects had been recorded around the droplets of his saliva; The insects would continue their obsessed dance until they formed dead towers under their object of obsession. "Boys"

Manibus said to his men amid the building smoke of cigars, “It’s time to get in the bus!”